Hesperos

HESPEROS: OR, TRAVELS IN THE WEST.

VOL. I.

HESPEROS: OR, TRAVELS IN THE WEST.

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HESPEROS: OR, TRAVELS IN THE WEST.

LETTER I.

LAST MOMENTS IN ENGLAND—EMBARKATION—GALES OF WIND—PASSENGERS—ALARM—ARRIVAL AT HALIFAX.

Steamer at Sea—October.

I HAVE no doubt when, in the weak moments of our last parting, you exacted from me a promise that from the very moment I lost sight of your ‘waterproof’ on the Quay of Liverpool, I would commence a ‘journal’ for your edification, you fancied you were making the most reasonable request in the world. *I* , however, was not blind to the exacting nature of the demand; nor have I now to take my first lesson in the difficult art of collecting one's thoughts and writing materials, while tossing and tumbling on the wide Atlantic, a thousand miles from land; and if I *do* succeed in writing a *sea-letter* in a collected form, no one will be more surprised than myself.

Our last day at the Adelphi (last days are VOL. I. B 2 wretched everywhere) is fresh in my recollection; and I have still before my mental vision the dirty noisy waiters, who *would* persist in asking us if we were ‘going across;’ thus doing away with all the *importance* of the enterprise, and confounding the ocean with summer lakes, and river ferries, in a manner most disrespectful to the great Atlantic. Our native shores were certainly not looking their best, as the time for our adieus drew near; and though, according to the Italian proverb, *Ad ogni ucello suo nido o bello* , I must make an exception to the rule in the case of our *nest* at Liverpool. Impossible to find any poetry or beauty in the cold shining

horsehair sofa, or any sentiment in the sulky fire, and the long accumulated dirt and smoke in which the room was shrouded, I am quite certain, that however deep and sincere may be one's regret at parting from one's friends, and however much we may feel at having to say the last ‘good night’ (or ‘good morning,’ as the case may be,) to one's ‘native land,’ it is always rather a relief when the carriage drives away, and the ‘thing,’ as I have heard it called, is ‘over.’ I am sure *we* all found it so, and that even you—who I can see now in my mind's eye standing on the Quay, in the drizzling rain, and with the wet dripping from the points of your umbrella—even you, though you would be loth to confess it, were greatly relieved when you had seen ‘the last of 3 us,’ and when the rules of conventional friendship no longer obliged you to run the chance of a rheumatic fever, by standing in a Liverpool mist, to watch our departure. But *how* long that departure was delayed, and what alarms, and trepidations, we had to undergo, while (with the fear of being too late before our eyes) we jolted towards the docks, with our feet in the straw of a Liverpool ‘fly,’ and a hecatomb of portmanteaus above our aching heads, we had not time, during our momentary glimpse of your friendly face, to impart to you. But was it not a miserable morning? There were no good hearty showers, but the rain came sleepily down, as if it had made up its mind never to stop again, and what with that, and the everlasting smoke, ‘the first commercial city in the world’ wore an aspect by no means agreeable.

We were late for the steamer—or fancied we were—which, for the moment, was very nearly as bad, so the driver was hurried on, till both himself and his goaded animals were well nigh desperate; while we, conscious that our passage-money would be forfeited if we allowed the steamer to sail without us, became dead to all feelings of compassion, both for man and beast. On we galloped in a sort of convulsive canter, with an appearance of speed, (for the reality was sadly wanting,) which must have conveyed to the mind of any intelligent spectator, an idea that we were flying from the B 2 4 offended laws of our country. Breathlessly we dashed upon the quay: ‘In time for the American steamer?’ was our agitated question. ‘Last boat gone, sir,’ said an officious-looking man, of course the one present who knew the *least* of the matter. ‘Mail boat going *di* rectly, but can't take no

luggage in *her* ,' said another individual, who seemed equally bent upon our discomfiture. This was a terrible, and, for the moment, a paralyzing blow—after all our trouble, our worry, and our hurry, to be foiled at last! We looked at each other, and then at our eight trunks, in blank dismay; and I am not at all sure that visions of returning the way we had come, and of spending the winter in Paris, instead of in its kindred city, New Orleans, did not flit across the disappointed minds of each. A considerable portion of our luggage was already on board, having been sent on before with our man servant, and how we were to rejoin it, was now the difficulty. *Boseton!* 'Boseton!' 'Allifax!' 'Allifax!' screamed the newspaper vendors, adding considerably to the already deafening tumult by their offers of *Times, Chronicle* , and *Daily News* , to read on the passage out, and causing one thereby to feel perfectly bewildered, and in a most uncomfortable state of doubt, as to whether the respectable cities above-named were *really* more than two thousand miles off, or only little cockney places within reach of a sixpenny steam-boat.

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After sitting for some time in our hackney-coach, in a state bordering upon apathy, watching the falling rain, and wondering what was to happen next, a well-dressed, civil-spoken gentleman, came unexpectedly to our rescue. He did more than pity our dilemma, for he *promised* to do his best to extricate us from it; and this promise he eventually fulfilled, by contriving that we, with our bags and luggage, should by especial privilege—through him granted—be allowed a passage in the mail-steamer, to the Hibernia. After quitting the questionable comfort of our hackney-coach, we betook ourselves (at the benevolent suggestion of this friendly gentleman) to the still more equivocal shelter of a species of 'round-house,' built on the quay. It was a large building, open to all the winds of Heaven, and, for that matter to its rains also; for the October *breeze* whistled through this, its own particular temple, and the wet drifted in everywhere.

A few damp and forlorn people, waiting like ourselves, the arrival of the all-important mail-bags, were huddled together, showering abuse on all officials collectively, and carefully abstaining from any invective against *themselves;* though it was to their own tardiness

alone, that they were indebted for being placed in so disagreeable a situation. It was an odious place altogether. There was a pungent odour of bad tobacco, and noxious 6 fumes were steaming up from moist pea-jackets, and drops came heavily down upon one's shoulders from the closing umbrellas. There was, however, no help for it. To venture back into the town was not to be thought of for a moment, as any attempt to better our condition, was likely to end in the wished for mail-boat escaping us altogether. We waited a long time; so long, that we began to think the civil-spoken gentleman had voluntarily deceived us, and was, in fact, neither more nor less than some Adelphi emissary in disguise, who had adopted this ingenious method of decoying us back to the hotel. At length, an individual, bolder and more free of speech than the rest, aroused himself to meet the emergency, and, in emphatic language, ‘up and spoke.’ To do him only justice, I must say, that what he said was vituperative enough, and his language as *strong* as it could well be. After anathematizing what he, in true ‘John Bull’ parlance, called the ‘humbug of the whole affair,’ he offered in the most liberal manner in the world, to sacrifice himself to the general good, by rushing recklessly out into the rain to prosecute inquiries, and (as he said) make *the thing* sure. Our gratitude was of course great, but our pugnacious and impatient fellow-sufferer might have spared himself the trouble he was taking; for no Sooner was he gone than we received the joyful intelligence that the mail-bags had at length 7 arrived, and, with them, the time for us to embark.

Though (at the moment of bidding it ‘Farewell,’) we could not help our thoughts dwelling *little* on the land we were leaving behind us, it was a joyful sight, that of the dirty little steamer lying alongside the quay, making her notes of departure audible enough, by slight puffs from her black chimney, and with her deck already crowded with bags and passengers. On we hurried with the rest, the ladies tucking up their gowns in a vain effort to keep them out of the mire, and the gentlemen shouldering their umbrellas, and jostling one another violently. There lay the heaps of huge white leather sacks, some on deck and some still on the quay, but all guarded alike by the admiralty-agent, who stood over them watching their embarkation, and with as great an air of dignified responsibility on his

countenance as government functionaries always think it necessary to assume, whether they are intrusted with a *portfolio* , or have only a letter-bag for which they are accounted responsible. The trust, however, over which the mail-agent was mounting guard, was a very respectable-looking one after all, and I could not help thinking that the bags appeared large and numerous enough, to contain a letter from every full-grown inhabitant of the three kingdoms, to say nothing of those numerous correspondents of 8 America in the continent of Europe, who pay our little island the compliment of sending their dispatches ‘via Liverpool.’ I have a vague idea that the English government pays eighty thousand pounds a-year to have these precious bags conveyed across the water, and, if this be the case, they have a good right to be treated with courtesy and respect; certainly there was no want of either on the part of the lieutenant who guarded them, and who, in his naval uniform, looked a most important little personage. He was possessed of but one available eye, which however he never raised ‘from the *bags* before him,’ and as to ‘idly gazing,’ the business on hand was far too serious for that.

We all went below to escape the noise, and above all, the rain: and even the government *bagman* —after seeing his charge in safety—joined the company below. He was not communicative— *great* officials seldom are-and for some time, not a word was uttered. It was to the weather at last, that mighty source of English colloquial intercourse, that we were indebted for a commencement of conversation. A shy-looking passenger, who seemed to consider the lieutenant as a sort of walking ‘Murphy,’ or speaking barometer at the least, ventured to ask him what he thought of the weather, and of our chance of having a ‘good run.’ What a look of contempt the little man 9 gave him! ‘Sir,’ he replied, ‘how can I, or any man living, answer for the weather in the mouth of October?’ This was true enough, and if he had extended his indignant denial of such responsibility to all the other months of the year, no one would have been surprised. Before the dirty little steamer left the quay, its gloomy cabin, where we could barely stand upright, was brightened by the light of one kind and friendly face. The face of one who had come many a mile to

see us ‘off,’ and who was only indebted for that melancholy pleasure, to the delay in our embarkation, which had made us all so angry.

A quarter of an hour brought us to the Hibernia, and saw us, one after another, mounting the ladder at the side of the ship. All this *you* saw also, but what you did *not* see, and what I should in vain attempt to describe, was the great and alarming selfishness, which, after we were all on board, broke out all over the vessel. Each had an eye, and a very keen one, too, to his or her particular comfort and gratification, and great was the noise, and mighty the confusion caused by the clashing of these rival interests. There were such incessant calls for the stewards, and such unremitting demands upon the time and attention of the stewardess, that it was quite wonderful how the poor people contrived to keep either their senses or their tempers. I remembered Dickens's touching appeal to public, B 3 10 sympathy on the score of his sudden introduction to the narrow shelf and the unhappy etceteras of his Atlantic berth; and, if it had not been for his graphic description, I should have pictured to myself brighter things, and been wofully disappointed by the stern reality. As it was, I really did feel in a ludicrous state of bewilderment, and sat down musingly upon my carpet-bag, wondering how existence could be endured in such a place. We were indeed ‘cabined, cribbed, confined.’ There was a little corner washing-stand, with a little glass-door above it, behind which stood a lamp, destined to be extinguished by the bedroom steward, when, at ten o'clock at night, he went his rounds with curfew-like regularity. But the grand difficulty was how to dispose of the indispensable carpet-bags and dressing-cases, so as to admit of a reasonable hope that the door might be opened sufficiently to admit of egress. This seemed, on first sight, an utter impossibility; but by dint of coaxing the bags into flatness and turning dressing-cases on their sides, we at length succeeded in obtaining something like order. The door itself was a standing misfortune, for it had an inveterate propensity to opening, and falling violently back on the slightest provocation, swinging and banging against everything within reach, to the utter extinction of all comfort or repose. By dinnertime we were all hustled into our respective places, 11 the two long tables in the saloon being completely filled by

the hundred passengers on board. At the head of one table presided the captain, while the little lieutenant, who had by that time (the mail-bags being in safety, and his mind comparatively at rest) subsided into a pleasant, good-natured individual, did the honours of the other.

The passengers were principally merchants returning to New Orleans for the business-season; they were most of them English, with a sprinkling of Americans, and a few Germans. Of the ladies, one was very pretty, but she took to her bed almost immediately, and the upper-deck saw her no more till we reached Boston. Another, with at least equal pretensions to good looks, was undergoing a course of snubbing from her husband—an Englishman, *ça va sans dire* , for no other husbands in the world have the bad taste to *afficher* their domestic tragedies in public—and generally left the table, when the meal was half over, in floods of tears. Poor little woman! Every one pities her, and I often wonder whether she will become accustomed to it, or sink under the infliction. This ill-matched pair are going to *settle* in Canada, the situation in life of all others where congeniality of soul and a happy temperament are most needed.

In all, there might be about a dozen ladies grouped round the heads of either table, drinking champagne to the success of the voyage, and looking 12 very cheerful. The first day went off quietly, for the wind had fallen, and everything was still and snug. The next day was Sunday. The weather was lovely, and after prayers, (which were read by a clergyman on board,) every one went on the hurricane deck. I never saw anything in nature look so vividly green as the Irish coast, close to which we were passing; bright as the ‘first gem of the *say* ’ ought to be, her verdant hills stood out in bold relief against the clear autumn sky, and made us dearly love the last look of the land we were leaving.

On we sped, and during that first and last, and only calm day, every one ate and drank and enjoyed themselves. Breakfast at eight, not the usual miserable steamboat fare, horrid tea, limp toast, stale bread, and salt butter, but broiled fowls, kidneys, beefsteaks, cold ham, dried herrings, and eggs in profusion. Every two hours throughout the day, was the

business of eating renewed, in some shape or other, and scarcely were the remains of one meal cleared away, when the stewards again entered in a body, laden with piles of plates, which they dashed into their respective places with a force and velocity which never failed to excite my wonder and admiration.

Monday the 4th of October, was ushered in with foul high wind, which blew till the sea was gradually lashed to mountain height, and the ship 13 rocked, and rose, and plunged, causing all the ladies, with but *one* exception, to quit the scene of action, and to bury themselves and their apprehensions in the solitudes of their respective berths. Sad, and weary to *them* , must have been the days of our watery pilgrimage! But there was no dulness or tedium for those in health. Up, and on deck at seven, time enough often to see the sun

Brought forth in purple, cradled in vermilion, Baptized in molten gold, and swathed in dun;

And to remain all day and half the night in the saloon, watching the ever-changing sea, and amused at the strange variety of human life on board. Some played at chess, and others whist, for hours together, and all in perfect silence, wrapped up in their game, though often obliged to hold on with all their might to their seats, when the lurches of the ship rendered them anything but secure. The Americans kept up their national character for *liquoring* , and were, I must say, by far the most cheerful portion of the society. Their ‘custom of an afternoon,’ was to prepare and drink a favourite compound, which went by the name of ‘brandy-cocktail.’ The avowed object was to stimulate their appetites for dinner, (though for this there appeared no absolute necessity,) and as it seemed to have the desired effect, I may as well add, for the benefit of other *weak* and *delicate* individuals, that brandy-cocktail is composed of equal quantities 14 of ‘Stoughton bitters’ and Cognac. Under the benign influence of this pleasant compound, the Americans on board, though often somewhat noisy, were never offensively so, and when subjected to unavoidable sea-going annoyances, such as receiving the contents of their soup plates in their laps, or the candles against their noses, they only laughed the more, while some

of our military countrymen looked on and frowned, in all the double distilled dulness of English exclusiveness.

The cheerful Americans, meanwhile, were no-wise affected by their solemnity, and seemed perfectly contented to have all the fun and all the ‘cocktail’ to themselves.

The nights, I confess, were extremely tedious. It was what is called a bad *ish* passage, with dead lights almost always in, and head winds; while seas, heavy ones too, falling on the deck, and an incessant and tremendous noise—the mingled roaring of winds and waves, effectually drove away sleep. One of the paddles was almost always taking its ease out of the water, leaving the other to do all the work, which did not hasten our movements, and helped to cause the disappointment in the reckoning which always awaited us at noon. I shall not attempt to describe what little I saw of the *public* discomfort below. It was what it must always be, when close quarters, irritability, foolish fears, sickness, and hysterics combine together for 15 the general misfortune of the society assembled. But there was one stout, heavy, dark-eyed lady, (she was, I fancy, a West Indian, and had boasted high things of herself before the great leveller, sea-sickness, laid her low,) whose terrors took the strangest and most burlesque form it is possible to conceive. Among her sundry possessions was an unfortunate son of some eight years old, who shared her narrow cot, and was the unwilling victim of her fears. Her nights were usually spent in rushing desperately about the various passages, dragging along her sleepy and half-dressed child, and imploring aid and information from all she met with. On one occasion, after one of these nocturnal rambles, she returned to the ladies' cabin where I happened to be, and fell breathless on the sofa, moaning piteously. It was two o'clock in the morning, and, to use a sailor's expression, ‘blowing great guns;’ a bitter wind came whistling and roaring down the companion, while the only *human* sound which reached our ears, was the voice of the captain, every now and then giving orders amidst the clamour. The poor shivering exotic, who, in the shape of a white-faced, black-eyed boy, stood stupidly amongst us, would in all probability have slept the careless heavy sleep of childhood throughout the storm; but this the anxious heart of the mother forbade.

She protested that nothing should separate her from her 16 darling, and that he should sink into his watery grave in her arms! So we wrapped the wretched child in a blanket, in anticipation of this melancholy event, while his loving parent reiterated her frantic cries for the captain, and her insane assurances that *the boats were being lowered* , and that, whatever happened, she should claim a comfortable place in the safest among them. The stewardess, who was a perfect pattern of a cheerful, courageous little woman, had enough to do to pacify the fears and modify the screams which (as the gale increased) came thick and fast from the lips of some of the ladies in her charge; but at last, finding all her efforts unsuccessful, she sent a message to the captain to the effect that, as *she* “could do nothing” with some of the ladies, she begged he would come below for a moment. And down he came, and if he had actually possessed the power of stilling the waves, he could scarcely have received a warmer welcome. In the twinkling of an eye he was surrounded by female forms, heedless of curl-papers, and utterly regardless of the un-becomingness of a nightcap. ‘Oh, captain,’ was the universal query, ‘is there any fear?’ ‘Plenty!’ said the good-natured man, borrowing a standard joke for the occasion—‘plenty, but not the slightest danger, I assure you.’ ‘But, captain,’ persevered the stout lady, ‘I know I heard them lowering the boats.’ The captain laughed so cheerfully at the 17 extraordinary idea of lowering boats a thousand miles from land, in the midst of a *whole* gale of wind, that he put them all in spirits. Captains of packet-ships always *do* contrive to look so cheerful: why, I cannot imagine, for their life is a very trying and laborious one while at sea, and the responsibility ‘ on their shoulders,’ heavy and unceasing. After this, it was natural to suppose that there would have been, at least, an interval of peace; but, *la langue des femmes est leur epée, et elles ne la laissent pas rouiller* , and, as the Creole lady was *en train* , she commenced, with all the vehemence of her sex and country, a string of abuse against each and all of her particular friends and advisers in England, for having recommended her to go to sea in such weather; and added, viciously enough, that she only wished they could hear what she said of them.

A great deal of what passed in that memorable voyage has escaped my memory; but not the behaviour of the emissary of the Corn-League, whose nerves were in a sadly shattered and feminine state. Often did I hear him wander up to the deck in the dead of the night, impelled by the restlessness of fear and the desire of companionship; once even I heard him ask, as well as the chattering of his teeth would permit, whether ‘any one had been down lately, to see if there was much water in the hold?’ I have often observed that sailors 18 rarely tolerate either questions or interference from a landsman, and never from a frightened one, when he accosts him in moments of difficulty. So the officer of the watch answered, as I had anticipated, very shortly, ‘Sir, what the d—have you to do with the water in the hold? The deuce is in it if you haven't enough here, without going out of your way to look for more.’ There was a good deal more than enough where they stood, and in the saloon too, for the *scuppers* were, not sufficiently large to allow free escape for the seas that broke over us. The poor Corn-Law man wandered back to his unfortunate wife, and soothed *her* hysterical alarms as best he could. *She* did literally nothing but scream, by night as well as by day; and the ship doctor had enough to do between her and two ladies in highly interesting situations, in whom the alarm they experienced threatened to produce very serious consequences.* For their sakes, as well as my own, I often found myself echoing the Irishman's wish, that, ‘If Britannia *did* rule the waves, he only wished, for his part, that she'd just be so kind as to rule 'em straight, anyhow!’

* The doctor informed me, that on a former voyage he had attended a lady similarly situated, on which occasion twins—female infants—being born into the world, they were baptized by the appropriate names of “Hibernia” and “Britannia,” being the name of the ship they were born in and her sister vessel.

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It is a curious and an interesting sight that of an engine working its way along in the midst of a storm. To go below and watch the quiet regularity of its movements, and feel with every rise and fall of the huge piston a greater sense of security was a favourite *recreation*

of many on board, myself among the number. And yet, while admiring the *composure* of the mighty machine, which, in the midst of the awful war of the elements, still keeps on its never-ending, slow, and steady motion, it is fearful to think how slight a thing would set all this wonderful machinery wrong, and throw all into confusion and danger. To an inexperienced eye, it all seems so complicated, and so amazingly difficult to manage, that I always contemplated it with mingled feelings of admiration and fear.

There was a sort of Sam Slick on board, who held forth on steam-power to a wonderful extent. He had generally round him a knot of eager listeners, attracted by their love of the marvellous, and the Athenian-like thirst after “some new thing.” He lectured on many ingenious inventions of his own, particularly on one which he affirmed would enable mankind to cross the Atlantic in seven days. His name I forget, but I have no doubt it has since become famous in the great and mighty world of steam. He was one of a class of men often met with in the Northern States—shrewd, calculating, far-seeing, and unscrupulous; in short, a genuine 20 *Yankee* from top to toe. Play on board, though constantly resorted to, was neither a source of discord nor a cause of ill-breeding. The *Southerners* played high, often having as much as a thousand dollars (£200) on a rubber; but it was, apparently, only *pour passer le temps* , and not carried on as an *industrie.*

Our vessel gradually becoming lighter, owing to the consumption of food and coal, we increased in speed as we neared Halifax; which we found ourselves doing thirteen days after leaving Liverpool. No one rejoiced more at the prospect of seeing land than “the dark lady.” The last night before we reached the longed-for port had been the most suffering of all to this ill-fated female, for on that occasion she had so far lost sight of the proprieties of life, as to lay violent hands on the bedroom steward, (alias the *boots* ,) and to insist upon his remaining in her berth to assist her by his comforting presence through the horrors of the night; he, however, pleaded stress of business, and escaped the office. But joy beyond expression, Halifax is gained at last! I hail the welcome, though ugly, sight of its shabby

houses, and hasten to close my long letter, and to promise you that the next shall be, if not *more* interesting, at least not half so long.

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LETTER II.

IMPRESSIONS OF HALIFAX—INDIAN SUMMER—PRETTY QUADROON—ARRIVAL AT BOSTON.

Boston—October

I must give you as clear an account as I can of our wandering, since I despatched my letter to you from the Hibernia. I hailed the land of the ‘blue noses’ with proper enthusiasm; and though the houses were wooden and rickety, the streets dirty, and the general aspect of the place poverty-stricken, it was with unfeigned joy that I pressed my feet on the solid earth once more, and heard the tread of horses, and the sound of passing wheels. Three hours only were allowed us on shore, and I believe almost every one on board took advantage of this limited allowance, and strolled about the town, or into the oyster-shops. I soon found that three hours were enough, and almost more than enough for all there was to see; for when we landed the sun had set, and the streets were ill-lighted with oil and frightfully dirty. There was no pavement, except that of the slippery trottoir, which, like the houses, was of wood, and equally irregular and *uncomfortable.* The want of energy, perseverance, 22 and intelligence visible in so many of our colonies is nowhere more remarkable than at Halifax. You see it in the wretched aspect of the shops, the poorness of the merchandize, the absence of public carriages, and in the general appearance of indolence apparent in all you meet. Certainly civilization and refinement have made little progress among the blue noses, if I may judge from the *much* that I heard of their deficiencies, and from the *little* that I saw of the place. We returned to the steamer in good time, for our close shave at Liverpool had taught us a lesson of caution. To our surprise, we found that the captain had not yet come on board, but *en revanche* , a few

choice spirits were tossing down brimming tumblers of champagne, and drinking their own health, and that of their friends, in the most jovial manner possible. In short, not a few were gloriously drunk, and, for the time at least, uproariously happy. Everything on board ship seems to afford an excuse for pouring forth libations of some sort or other. On this occasion, these worthies had been enjoying the luxury of eating oysters by hundreds, and had returned to the ship to boast of their achievements, and make, as they said, a night of it. There was a good deal of delay in getting in the coal, but when it was all on board, the arrival of the captain shortened the 23 amusements of the noisy ones, who very soon grew tolerably quiet.

On we sped through the formidable bay of Fundy, of which we had heard such awful things, that we dreaded a repetition of our former scenes; but in this we were agreeably, deceived, for the wind seemed to have blown itself out, tired, perhaps, of making no impression on our stout-built ship. As we left Halifax far behind us, and advanced towards Boston, cold came the breeze from the ‘new country,’ and colder grew our anticipations as we thought on the still more northern clime to which our steps were bound; and even Niagara rose up before us as a most bleak and dreary prospect. Still, though cold, the weather was fine, clear, dry, and bracing. We were experiencing what some of our fellow-passengers called the Indian summer, and were told for our comfort that this sort of weather generally lasted through October and part of November.

After we left Halifax, I became greatly interested in one of our companions, who, having remained, during all the early part of the voyage, closely confined to her state-room, made her appearance on deck shortly before her arrival at that place. She was very young and beautiful. Her dress was in the best possible taste, with Parisian grace lurking 24 in every fold of her garments. Her hair, which was rich and luxuriant, was of a golden brown and dressed in the simplest style, but glossy and neat as that of one of Sterne's ‘grisettes.’ There was a look almost of high breeding in her small hands, and her manner was *French* and graceful in the extreme. This fair creature entered the saloon alone, and alone she remained, for lovely as she was, no one addressed her; but on the contrary, she appeared

to be purposely avoided by every one present. Even the commonest acts of civility were, in her case, neglected, and that by the very men who were generally foremost in paying *banal* attentions to the ladies who honoured the saloon by their presence. Seeing her in this deserted situation, I entered into conversation with her, and found her charming. French was evidently her native tongue, and she spoke no other; there was just enough of shyness in her manner to increase its fascination, without giving it a tinge of awkwardness, and with her vivid blush, her evident gratitude for any attention paid her, and her little playful confidences about the Parisian convent she had just left, I thought her one of the most loveable creatures I had ever seen. It will be asked by the uninitiated, and, among the rest, by you—why this fair being was set apart in the way I have described, and why she was like a *tabooed* creature, or rather a Pariah from 25 which men and women seemed to shrink as from an unholy thing. Dear—, it was this. Within the veins of this fair and delicate girl ran a few drops of that dark blood, which is supposed by many—I fear, indeed, by most in America—to place the individual cursed by so *hideous* an accident without the pale of social, existence. It mattered not that this poor girl was fair in form and gentle and kind in nature—her mother was a Quadroon! What was it to *them* that she was accomplished, and elegant in act or thought; she had what is called coloured blood in her veins, and she was proscribed! And how little, how very little, was she herself aware of the many and deep mortifications that awaited her! Her convent friends had never reproached her for the circumstances of her birth, nor had the light and warm-hearted French girls thought less highly of the pretty Louisianian because her mother was a slave, and *she* one of a despised and miserable race. In the simplicity of her heart, she longed to reach her journey's end, to see again the mother from whom during eleven years she had been separated, and the young brothers who had been her companions in infancy. I knew how different from the future which her sanguine fancy painted, would be the stern reality, and I felt beforehand the sincerest commiseration for her. lot. VOL. I. C

She mused alone! Nor did she question why No friends came near her to console or cheer; Alone she check'd the ever-rising sigh, Alone she shed the agonizing tear.

Once she was blest: the spring-time of her life Was then as cloudless as a summer's day; Unfit to battle in the tempest's strife, Love flung its radiance o'er her gladsome way.

Poor nameless girl! Those joyous hours have fled; Gay flowers no more thy weary path adorn; Thou stand'st amongst thy garlands crush'd and dead, Thy heart well nigh as withered and forlorn.

Thy gentle head in meek affliction bend; Glean, if thou canst, from solitude relief; At least 'tis something, though without a friend, That none can mock the lonely slave-girl's grief.

Poor victim of an erring nation's curse, Is there no pitying heart to mourn thy woes, To feel that life can show few sorrows worse Than those that wait thee ere thine own shall close.

Bereft of all that makes existence dear, Thy smiles the wealthy and the gay may buy; Thy hidden griefs thy sole possession here, The only hope that's left thee is to die!

It does, certainly, seem a subject for wonder (the laws at present in force in regard to the slave population being such as to render such mortifications the natural consequence of a foreign and *liberal* education) that parents can be found injudicious enough to send their daughters to pass their childhood and early youth in Europe, where the difference in habits, and in the laws of social 27 intercourse, so ill prepare them for what their existence must inevitably be on their return to their own country. How much better would it be were they to be accustomed from their early child-hood to the evils of their moral and social condition; and how infinitely is it to be desired that in addition to their dangerous gift of beauty, they should not be instructed in the many graces and accomplishments which a Parisian education is calculated to bestow! I do not enlarge upon the peculiar *tastes* which such *a course of study* is liable to produce, though they are perhaps, often productive of the greatest evils to the hapless possessor. But I cannot now dwell on this subject, though

it is one which (even in persons usually unthinking) must call forth any kindly sympathies they may possess, and which to you is, as I am well aware, one of peculiar interest and moment.

Boston is in sight, and I shall, therefore, close my letter, and send you another when I have seen a little of the country and its *natives.* C 2

28

LETTER III

BOSTON—WELL-ARRANGED CUSTOM-HOUSE—INVITATION TO A NEW ENGLAND COUNTRY-HOUSE—SLOW TRAIN—NEWBURY PORT—TEMPERANCE ORDINARY—ARRIVAL AT ‘INDIAN HILL.’

Boston—October.

My last letter closed with an announcement of my first glimpse of Boston, when (for the last time, as I fondly hoped) I ascended the slippery *leaden ladder* , and hastened up to the hurricane deck. Whether it was that the sun was shining more brightly than I had seen it do for weeks, or that I looked upon Boston as the happy means of bringing our weary voyage to a conclusion, and was, therefore, inclined to look upon it with favourable eyes, I cannot say; but the effect of its first appearance was to us, at least, very pleasing. Numerous small islands are studded over the bay, and though they are bleak and barren, and many of them only fit to afford a resting-place to ‘the weary bird blown o'er the deep,’ yet they give variety, if not ‘enchantment, to the view.’

Boston is built on a conical-shaped hill, the summit of which is crowned by the state house, with its lofty cupola, the hill itself being covered 29 with houses of an uniform white hue. On the right may be observed the obelisk at Charlestown, while in the foreground are seen the tall masts of the shipping, and from which hung pendant the colours of every nation, and through the intricacies of which *our* gallant vessel was soon to thread her way.

While occupied with making these observations, I perceived that we were steaming slowly through a narrow channel, on either side of which forts were erected, one of which goes by the name of Fort Independence, while the other is (I think) called Fort Warren. The Americans on board, who were assembled together on the hurricane deck, looked with no little pride and exultation on the imposing appearance of their great maritime city. On every hand, one heard loud boasts of the perfect security of the harbour, and unqualified assertions as to the utter impossibility of the ‘Britishers’ ever being able to make good an entry into its fastnesses. A war between the two nations is at this time so very probable an event, the Oregon dispute being at its height, that I was the less surprised at the belligerent ideas which seemed uppermost in every breast. I confess, that when I saw the extreme narrowness of the channel which formed the entrance to the harbour, and glanced at the forts on either side, I began to have some slight misgivings myself as to our chance of being able to take possession of the city if it should 30 be considered necessary to do so. A cheerful smile, however, which I observed on the countenance of an English engineer officer, reassured me. ‘There would not be much difficulty in keeping us *out* ,’ said he; 'two or three old vessels loaded with stones, and sunk just about where we are now, would effectually prevent all ingress ‘into Boston by sea.’ It was cheering to think how easily their best harbour might be rendered useless to our enemies, in case of war. The same thing might be affirmed of, I believe, almost all the American ports.

But the loud notes of departure were now beginning; already the saloon was emptied of its guests, and the long shining tables looked like those of ‘some banquet-hall deserted.’ As the vessel came slowly to an anchor, every one seemed not only *ready* to depart, but in the greatest possible hurry to rush on shore. And who could wonder at their anxiety and eagerness, suffering, as most of them had done, with such intensity for fourteen days and a half! The deck was crowded with trunks, packing-cases, and carpet-bags, awaiting, each in its turn, the usually unceremonious ran-sacking of the custom-house officers. We fancied that, it being Sunday, there would be some delay in the passing of our baggage; but no such thing occurred, and to us, accustomed to European delays, incivilities, and

extortion, it was quite astonishing to see the celerity with which the baggage of more 31 than a hundred passengers was disposed of. There was neither wrangling nor complaints, nor, as far as we could see, bribery or corruption. The fact was, that very few trunks were opened at all, whether from absence of suspicion or lack of time I cannot say, but so it was.

As far as we ourselves were concerned, we did not remain a day or even an hour at Boston after our disembarkation; for we were immediately hurried off by a *friend of a friend* , a sort of collateral acquaintance, not personally known to us before, to his residence, some thirty miles from the city. We were by no means sorry to have an opportunity of seeing the interior of a New-England habitation, and also of obtaining a glimpse of some portion, at least, of the state of Massachusets. Added to this, it being Sunday, there was literally nothing to be seen or done at Boston, and we were too much pressed for time, owing to the lateness of the season, to fritter any of it away in useless delays. Our host to *be* was a keen intelligent Yankee, a, good deal in the *Sam Slick* style, with a heart-full of hospitality, and a face redolent of fun and humour. He had a fund of anecdote which appeared perfectly inexhaustible, and was himself frequently the hero of some of the most wondrous escapes and adventures which ever *occurred* to mortal man— *to string together.*

Having described our new companion to the best 32 of my ability, I must now beg you to follow us (in your lively imagination) into our hackney-coach. Behold us, then, in a huge old-fashioned-looking machine, capable of containing nine persons, trundling quietly along, and making our way over a long, narrow, wooden bridge to the *dee-pot* , as the railway stations are everywhere called! Arrived there, we found the ‘cars’ on the point of starting, and passengers taking their tickets and places as fast as they conveniently could. We did the same, and were soon installed in what, at first sight, appeared to be an overgrown omnibus, thickly studded with windows on either side. Our entry was made by climbing up through a door behind, and when seated, we had full leisure to look about us. There might be assembled in this human menagerie about sixty people, *gentlemen* and *ladies*

of all descriptions and conditions, (for the distinctions of first and second class carriages are unknown here;) and one and all were arranged on small horsehair seats, with wooden backs, each capable of containing two very small people, and no more. These seats were placed, to use a nautical expression, *athwart ships* , instead of *fore* and *aft* , and every two people turned their backs on the two behind, and so on to the end of the carriage. Through the middle (for the seats extend along each of the bare wooden walls of the caravan) is a narrow pathway, through which every newcomer 33 walks to his seat, by this means (and it is no trifling advantage) avoiding the foot-treading, gown-crushing, and begging-pardon process, to which, under different arrangements, unfortunate travellers are exposed. At the *door end* of the carriage a small placard was pasted on to the woodwork, and on it was a notice to the following effect—'Gentlemen are requested neither to smoke or spit in the carriages.' Below this was a piece of advice, still more characteristic of the habits and manners of the country—'Gentlemen are likewise recommended not to hang their legs or heads out of the windows while the cars are in motion.' We did not travel fast—indeed, we were rather disappointed at the little locomotive progress made by a people who boast *that, if they were going to ride on a flash of lightning, they would delay their departure in order to put their spurs on;* nor can I think that I do the railroads injustice when I say that we never achieved more than twenty miles in the hour; but to make amends for the slowness of our progress, the noise was terrific. This is owing, I fancy, partly to the foundation of the road being of stone, and partly to the great number and the ill-fitting of the windows, which kept up an incessant rattling, and effectually prevented our hearing any of the good stories of our Yankee friend, who, however, persevered in telling them in despite of all difficulties. C 3

34

On a first introduction to American railroad travelling, it is impossible not to be struck with the extreme deficiency in *state* and circumstance, visible in the whole arrangement of the affairs. In England a railroad is really somewhat imposing, with its liveried attendants, its stone-built stations, and its bells and whistles. In America there is nothing of the kind,—a

little feeble *tinkling* warns you to take your seat; and, instead of a well-fed, authoritative-looking official opening the door with a bang, and calling imperatively for tickets, a spare New-Englander, with lank red hair, and clothed in a blanket coat, walks perpetually up and down the carriage, talking occasionally to its occupants, and stopping every now and then to ask for a ticket, if he does not chance to see it (an omission which is extremely rare) inserted into the band of the passenger's hat.

Notwithstanding the placard which so kindly warned us of the chance of breaking our heads, if we obtruded them through the windows, I found it quite impossible to retain *mine* within the carriage. There was, in the centre of the carriage, a stove, heated with anthracite coal; and what with that and the evident and general dislike to fresh air and water, and the universally prevalent custom of stuffing green apples (one of the staple commodities of the country) into the pockets of coats and petticoats, an atmosphere was created which only those 35 who have been in a similar situation have any chance of imagining.

Newbury Port, to which we were to travel by the cars, is a considerable town, about thirty-six miles from Boston. It was a dreary country through which we passed, and the land poor and stony, though in many places highly cultivated. In the neighbourhood of Boston are extensive salt marshes, the presence of which, it must be allowed, does not in any part of the world tend to give an agreeable impression of the place which they surround; the trees are also few in number, and stunted in growth, and are for the most part firs of various kinds. The suburban houses are numerous, and are, many of them, large imposing looking villas, though built chiefly of wood; by far the greater proportion, however, are small cockney affairs, pert and white, and adorned with green jalousies—in short, *des veritables maisons de perruquiers.*

As we advanced, the scenery did not improve; nothing could be less picturesque than the straggling settler's fence, or more desolate-looking than the blackened stumps of the burned down trees, in the newly cleared lands. To *grub* up these stumps is one of the

severest labours of the settler, one, also, which he is very apt to neglect, leaving to time and nature the task of reducing the offending objects to a level with the soil. Large granite 36 blocks are often to be seen rearing their heads among the scanty vegetation, and recalling to one's mind the fact that, however much the industry and untiring perseverance of man has done towards improving and cultivating the soil of New England, nature has dealt forth *her* favours with a niggardly hand. Take it as a hunting country, it would be unrivalled—immense grass fields, moderate fences, and generally level ground, form a good *ensemble* of advantages. We were told, too, that *the* great desideratum was not wanting, the foxes being in considerable numbers. They are, however, so large and strong that none of the dogs of the country have any chance with them. The farmers wage fierce war against these troublesome and predatory creatures, and they are shot in great numbers for the sake of their skins, which are here worth two dollars apiece.

Newbury Port is a remarkably clean, pretty-looking town. The houses are all freshly whitewashed, and the green Venetian blinds, which, owing to the heat of the sun, were all closed, gave *them* a very bright and *riant* appearance. The town itself looked, however, as if actually deserted by its inhabitants. The ‘Great Plague’ might have been there, and buried every human being in one common grave, for any vestige of existence which greeted us in our walk from the *dee-pot* to the inn. Not a human being was to be seen in 37 the wide streets, neither were there any horses or dogs, or even the face of a Christian peeping through the window-blinds to look at the strangers. It was true it was Sunday, and Sunday is kept with great decorum and solemnity in New England, and, moreover, we had arrived during the period when divine service was being performed; but even this circumstance seemed scarcely sufficient to account for the appalling stillness which reigned over the place.

After walking for about a quarter of an hour through this *peopled* solitude, (for we concluded, perhaps rather rashly, that there must be humans, as the Americans call them, inside the houses,) we arrived at the *hoe-tel.* It was a large, shambling, red brick building, and could boast of a time-worn look, which in this country is a rare sight. The sign which

swung before it, high in air, was a very amusing one; it represented a sober, middle-aged gentleman, invested with a three-cornered hat, an English general officer's uniform, and a great look of English dignity and contempt for the rest of the world. The costume was that of the last century, and excited my curiosity so much, that I insisted on a close examination of the antiquarian treasure. With no inconsiderable difficulty I contrived to discover some nearly effaced characters, purporting that the military hero was no less a man than General Wolf himself! After making out ‘this 38 transient mention of a dubious name,’ I raised my eyes a little higher, and lo! above the warrior's head I saw inscribed in large letters, ‘Mérrimac Hôtel.’ I confess that I was greatly relieved at not finding the name of some blustering Yankee appended to any portrait—however rough and unsightly—of one of our greatest heroes.

On entering, we found the interior arrangements no less eccentric than the outside. Unlike any other place of the kind I had ever been in, a silence as of the grave pervaded every part of the house. I was shown by an apparently speechless woman into a large, square, venerable-looking room, through which the hot sun glared fiercely, and the accumulated dust of years came out to sport in its beams. The air was redolent of stale and pent-up tobacco smoke, and the domestic flies were thronging the windows, and indeed all parts of the room in such prodigious quantities, and hummed and buzzed so noisily in the dust and sun, that I soon found their companionship unbearable, and went out to reconnoitre. After some time, having lost my way more than once in intricate and most mysterious passages, I was fortunate enough to ‘chance upon’ a *help.* Not that I was either much happier or wiser than before, after my short conference with the dignified damsel I accosted, for when (knowing the impossibility of procuring a private meal) I asked her when ‘ordinary’ 39 dinner would be ready, she replied with, ‘Right away, I expect.’ I was as much in the dark as if she had answered my question in Hebrew. After making this oracular reply, the ‘young lady’ disappeared, and I was left with no other resource but to return once more to my flies,—verily their name was Legion. Had I known at that time that ‘right away,’ in the new and improved (?) version of our language which is current in

America, signifies ‘directly,’ I should not have been without some hopes of being speedily summoned from my retreat; it would appear, however, that in this case my informant had spoken unadvisedly, for another half-hour went by before the welcome, though stunning sound of the gong was heard.

But how shall I describe that dinner!—how bring before you the wonders of that silent banquet; or how picture to you the entrance of the guests, who, one after another, dropped quietly into their places, with a gravity and decorum I never saw equalled; or the food itself, which even to a hungry woman, (and I *was* hungry,) was almost too fat and coarse to swallow! Not a word was spoken during the repast, and as silence is infectious, so we also naturally attuned our voices to whispers, and at last refrained from speaking altogether. The dinner consisted of very fat boiled pork, surrounded by, and adorned with Haricot beans, as infallible a Sunday dish in *New* England, 40 as roast beef is in *Old* ditto. There was beef, but it was greasy; and poultry, but it was tough; and the afterpiece was a pleasant wind up, in the shape of an enormous pudding, composed of Indian corn and molasses. *Squash* made its appearance in various forms; and altogether, though the food was not *recherché* , there was plenty and to spare. An attenuated, pale-faced young lady, who appeared to think, that waiting upon us at all was a great act of condescension on her part, walked slowly round the table at stated intervals, with a water-jug in her hand, from which she replenished the goblets of the guests. No one drank either wine or spirits, though some ventured to commit the excess of washing down their platefuls of fat pork, with brimming glasses of milk! I longed greatly for a glass of wine and water after the fatigues of the journey, but I felt it would never do, to take such a *strong measure* in this—the head quarters of the Temperance Society. The meal, plentiful as it was, and ample as was the justice done to its varied merits, did not take long in the discussion. No one paid his neighbour the compliment of waiting for him, but no sooner had a *gentleman* or *lady* ‘had enough,’ than he or she got up without any ceremony, and left the room. This was my first initiation into the mysteries of an American table-d'hôte, and very original I thought it, I can assure you.

41

‘Well, sir, I've chartered a carriage,’ shouted out, at last, the loud cheerful voice of our friend, as he stood at the hotel door—‘I've chartered a carriage, to take us all on to Indian Hill, bag and baggage.’ And there in fact *was* the carriage; a heavy lumbering thing, but drawn by two little active wiry horses, who, as we soon found, could take us along at a very fair pace. Up little hills, and down equally diminutive dales, we ambled along for rather more than an hour. The scenery improved in beauty and variety as we progressed; the granite blocks were larger and more frequent, and the trees were higher, and of thicker growth. I began even to have some faint idea of the extreme beauty of an American forest in the autumn. I saw the rich crimson of the maple, and the bright golden tints of the hiccory, mingled with the browns and lingering greens of the other children of the forest, and the brilliant sunset glowing over all:

Earth and sky one blaze of glory.

The country seemed to be very thickly populated; and, moreover, there was not a poor-looking house to be seen; all was prosperous and comfortable-looking. What a change from those early days, when the pilgrim fathers of old first ‘moored their bark on the wild New England shore!’ Still, even as then, do the ‘breaking waves dash high,’ and the ‘rocking pines of the forest roar’ 42 to the accompaniment of the wild Atlantic gales: yet almost everything else has changed. Roads intersect the country in every direction, railway smoke shoots up among the thinned forests, and the hand of man is everywhere! The ancestor of our new friend was one of those bold and independent spirits, who, two centuries before, had come over in the gallant ‘Mayflower’ to seek in this distant land ‘freedom to worship God.’ There, in the irregularly built, and consequently picturesque abode, which we were approaching, had the stern Puritan sojourned with his family; and within the house were still to be seen some of the identical furniture which he had brought in the days of religious persecution from his native land. Among these interesting relics were his clock and his Bible.

LETTER IV.

THE NEW ENGLAND FARM—TRADITIONS—EXTERMINATION OF THE INDIAN TRIBES—EDUCATION IN NEW ENGLAND—COTTON MILLS AT NEWBURY PORT.

Boston—October.

INDIAN Hill was the name of our friend's residence. It was a curious structure—a mixture of castle, farm-house, wigwam, and Swiss cottage. In the centre of the principal front was a portico, raised almost to the roof, and supported by four columns composed of the trunks of trees, from which the rugged bark had not been stripped. Round these rustic pillars twined beautiful creepers, their foliage already crimsoned by the autumn cold; and beneath the porch stood many a roughhewn seat and cumbrous table; suggesting the idea that on summer evenings, the family were wont to assemble beneath its pleasant shade, when the labours of the day were over. Immediately over the porch was a large, ancient, and most respectable-looking clock, whose office it was to warn the labourer when his hour of toil was over; and from the roof of the house, pigeons were fluttering in and out of their pretty dovecot. On our arrival, the wife of our host came out to meet us, and then 44 began our introduction to the truly patriarchal life of new England country-gentlemen. The remainder of the family were at ‘meeting,’ and it was not till some time after our arrival, that the pretty daughters of the house, and some other guests arrived. The abode contained an immense number of small rooms, which were adorned by old family pictures; and ‘heir-looms’ (without price to *them* , for their antiquity, and traditional interest) were thickly scattered about. For six generations, the family of our host had lived on that spot, and cultivated the ground around it as far as the eye could reach. They had fought bravely, and suffered severely in the war of independence, having been among the first to join (what *we* call) the *rebel army* at Boston. An old, and far spreading maple tree in front of the house, was pointed out as one, under which grave deliberations had been formerly held; and beneath whose sheltering branches every blanket, and every linen article belonging to the

family, (the produce of long years of household labour,) had, on one memorable occasion been spread out, and willingly sacrificed to the wants of the republican soldiers.

We lost no time in bending our steps towards the summit of ‘Indian Hill,’ which is a high mount not far from the house. On this rising ground had an interesting scene taken place between the *first* white man and Red-Indian chief— 45 heretofore the lawful proprietors of the soil. *There* , had the single-minded and confiding Indian stood with his white friend, (for the puritan was *apparently* honest in all his dealings,) and had said to him, ‘My white brother is just, and therefore all this land that he sees before him and behind him, and round about him on every side, shall be his; and for it he shall only pay me that which is right.’ So there and then, the bargain was struck, and the puritan took possession of the red-man's land. What he gave in exchange for it does not appear, but in all probability it was nothing of greater value, than a few coins or miserable European trinkets; or possibly some of the dangerous ‘Fire-water,’ the abuse of which brought so many evils upon the Indian tribes. The puritan now looking upon that vast tract of country as his own, sold it in small portions to other settlers, retaining for his own use about two hundred acres only, which constitute the present ‘Indian Hill’ farm.

For some time the wandering Indians and the emigrants went on well together; but after a while the latter began to tyrannize over the original inhabitants, and at last proceeded to such acts of open aggression, as enraged their wild neighbours, and prompted them to retaliate by petty and constant depredations, which, as may be supposed, rendered their neighbourhood very troublesome to 46 the settlers. Then began the long postponed struggle for power, which ended, as such struggles have always done, in the total dispersion, and, in fact, almost entire annihilation of the original race.

From the eminence on which we were now standing, might have been seen, about two centuries ago, a prospect widely different from the present. Then the wigwams of an Indian village were scattered about; and the prospect was enlivened by dark forms going forth in the gorgeous colours of their war paint, or returning from their hunting grounds with food

for their families. Where were now the descendants of those warlike tribes? Gone, as if they had never been, swept from the face of nature by the besom of civilization wielded by the unscrupulous hands of the white men. The Battle of Mistic, one but little known in the brilliant records of European butcheries, settled their fate for ever; and to the shame of the puritans it must be added, that they (despite the avowed *liberality* of their opinions) were the first to make bondsmen of their fellow-creatures whom their superior intelligence had conquered. Hundreds of captive Indians were reduced to slavery in their own land, while many of these unfortunate wretches were shipped off to Bermuda, and there condemned to a similar fate. Since these sad events took place, the experience 47 and industry of civilized man have contrived to render prolific, a soil naturally sterile, and in lieu of the *picturesque* idleness of the half-clad savage there is cultivated ugliness everywhere. Not an *aged* tree was to be seen, for none of those which greeted the pilgrim fathers on their arrival were left standing. I inquired why, in exterminating the primeval forests, they had not left, here and there, some ‘mighty monarch’ of the woods, if only as a memento of the past. The reply to my question was, that in every instance where such a thing had been attempted, the trees so left alone had gradually withered away and *died.* There is no poetry in the nature of a New-Englander, so they *tried* to persuade me that they died because their roots were short, and they had no hold of the earth; if I had said to them, that the pitiless storms of life are felt in solitude too keenly to be endured, and that like the rose in the garden, the aged tree could not ‘inhabit this bleak world alone,’ no one would have understood me.

The land is divided into small farms, upon each of which its individual proprietor lives, and to a certain extent flourishes. He does not often become what is called a ‘moneyed man,’ it is true; but every animal want is well and plentifully supplied, and his children have the advantage of an excellent and practical education, *free of cost.* This is a privilege to which both rich and poor 48 are equally entitled, and its advantages are duly appreciated. The little money actually *realized* , is usually invested in the cotton manufactories at Newbury Port, or Lowell. These manufactories are in a very flourishing condition, and the share-

holders receive a comfortable per-centage for their money. A large family in New England is considered anything but a misfortune, or an incumbrance. The possession of healthy children is in fact a positive blessing, and they are turned to immense account almost as soon as they can walk. From their earliest infancy they learn to be of assistance to their parents; and thus they acquire, both from natural instinct and the force of example, a degree of smartness quite astonishing to our less practised senses. I have seen a little fellow of ten years old, sent off alone and at night, in a high carriage, with a pair of horses to drive, and a difficult commission to execute some thirty miles off. No one (not even his mother) seemed to think the undertaking a dangerous one, and as to the necessity of any grown-up person being sent to take care of the youthful charioteer, they would have laughed at the idea. He was the son of our host, and the *smartest* little Yankee I ever saw. It was some time before I became aware that *smart* , in Yankee-English, means *clever;* and that the term *clever* is never applied in this part of the world, 49 except to *good, well-meaning* people, who are rather to be pitied for being just that, and nothing more.

It is difficult to imagine a more truly primitive state of society than that which prevails in many of the country-houses in Massachusetts; and if an almost entire absence of temptation, few wants, simple habits, and a nature eminently industrious, may be considered as conducive to happiness, this portion of the Union ought to be singularly prosperous.

Nowhere in the world is general education so much promoted and so ably conducted as it is in New England. The instruction given with so liberal a hand, is not confined to mere *secular* knowledge for lessons of morality, and especially of religion, are, perhaps, more strictly *given* than those on any other subject. How far the seed thus sown may take effect on the *rocky* nature of Yankee character, and whether it does *ever* bring forth the fruits of honesty and good works, may be matter of doubt, so long at least as the ‘wooden nutmeg’ and other overreaching systems, continue in practice. I have, however, the high authority of an English divine, (who visited the country, and whose piety and excellent judgment have never been questioned,) for asserting that the New Englanders are, both as regards

education and *outward* observance, pre-eminently regardful of religion— VOL. I. D 50 more so, perhaps, than any other country in the world. Had I not an idea that in England there exists an opinion that the reverse of this is the fact, I should not perhaps think it necessary to mention that there is a Bible in each bed-room of every hotel in this part of America, and that they are also invariably found in the steam-boat saloons. Temperance and other religious tracts are also constantly dispersed about, which have at least the merit of reminding the company assembled of the *existence* of the virtues which they recommend to their notice.

I have stated in a former work, how rapidly the United States were improving in the manufacture of cotton and woollen goods, and how highly probable it appeared, that in a very few years they would be enabled to rival us in the sources of wealth which England has hitherto almost monopolized.

I find that there are in the northern and central states of the Union more than thirteen hundred cotton manufactories, with a capital employed, amounting to about fifty millions of dollars. There are nearly fifteen hundred woollen manufactories, in which a capital of sixteen millions is invested, and these two branches of industry alone find occupation for a hundred thousand human beings.

It had been our original intention to devote one day, before our return to Boston, to a visit to Lowell; but we gave up our project on making the 51 discovery that there are several manufactories at Newbury Port, which are conducted on precisely the same principle as those at Lowell, and only differ from the latter by being more extensive, and by their being worked by *steam;* whereas the motive-power at Lowell is the Mérrimae river.

Our host was interested in several of these manufactories, which made us consider him a very useful and proper *cicerone;* so, one morning, we started on our ‘voyage of inspection,’ immediately after breakfast, in order that we might have the benefit of a long day at the mills. The one we first visited was an enormous building of five or six stories, and in which

about twelve hundred people were employed. We first inspected the steam-engine on the ground-floor, and were afterwards conducted through the different *flats* or *stories* in succession; we were attended in our progress by one of the directors, who explained to us the process of manufacturing cotton in all its various stages. Everything we saw filled us with admiration; the arrangements were in each department so excellent, and the good order and cleanliness of everything and everybody most remarkable. But what appeared to me to be the most striking peculiarity in these mills was the air of respectability (I might almost coin the word, and call it *ladylikeness*) observable in the female operatives. There were several hundred women and girls employed D 2 52 in this factory, and I was assured that the moral character of each was subjected to the strictest investigation before they were engaged. The dress, appearance, and manners of these females are very much on a par with those of the ‘young ladies’ in a milliner's shop in London; but we were told, that so high was the standard of character among the factory girls, and so elevated their tone of feeling, that any one among them who was suspected of lightness of conduct was shunned by the rest, and was, in most cases, expelled from the factory. I have seldom seen so many pretty girls collected together as at the Newbury Port Mills, and they all looked *as* healthy as Americans usually do—which, perhaps, is not saying much.

From the women to the children is a natural transition, and I am happy to say that very few of tender years are employed in the manufactories. It is with great respect that I quote the following from a work I have met with here. ‘By a statute of the commonwealth, it is provided that no person *under the age of fifteen years* shall be suffered to work more than nine months of any year in a manufacturing establishment, the remaining three months to be passed at school.’ This rule is strictly enforced, and before a child can be admitted into a mill, a certificate is required, signed by a justice of the peace, that the terms of the statute 53 have been faithfully complied with. On the whole, the system pursued in these factories seems to be a most admirable one, and I cannot help thinking, that if a similar system could be followed in England, the most beneficial results would be obtained.

Nearly all the manufactories we saw were worked by companies, and almost every one employed in them had one or more shares in the concern; the value of each share being fifty dollars. It is against the regulations of the company for any one person to have more than a certain number of shares; I forget how many are allowed, but the amount was very small. The object of the company is, of course, to induce the operatives to become shareholders, and the advantages of this proceeding is manifest, there being necessarily a much greater degree of interest felt by those whose capital, however small, is embarked in the concern, than by the mere human machines, who, in England, swell the already colossal fortunes of our wealthy manufacturers.*

* Our operatives at, home (if even they could by hard labour contrive to lay by a small sum) have no opportunity of investing their savings in the particular branch of industry in which they are themselves actively employed, and which they consequently *understand* better than they do any other.

The *young ladies* employed in these manufactories are generally the daughters of respectable 54 farmers or storekeepers, and, as I said before, are remarkable both for their good looks and their pleasing deportment. The wages they earn are never less than three dollars a week, and in many cases they realize more than double that sum: the expense of their board and lodging is a dollar and a half a week. By these details you will see that, by prudence and economy, a sum sufficient to purchase a share is soon laid by. A great deal has been said of the learning and accomplishments of the factory girls; of these I can give no opinion, beyond that afforded by the perusal of some numbers of a periodical written solely by the factory girls, the title of which is the ‘Lowell Offering.’ Many of the contributions have certainly great merit, and I understand that Mr. Knight, the London, publisher, has reprinted some of the best among them.

I cannot feel myself justified in taking leave of Newbury Port without making honourable mention of it as the birth-place of the far-famed ‘Siamese Twins.’ These *gentlemen* are now settled as respectable *husbands* and *fathers* in a more southern state of the Union.

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LETTER V.

RETURN TO BOSTON-BUNKER'S HILL—THE MONUMENT—FANEUIL HALL—VIEW FROM THE STATE HOUSE.

Boston—October.

AT length, I can sit down, if not quietly, at least contentedly, and tell you a little about Boston. We spent three days with our hospitable entertainers, and then “took the cars” (the favourite term here) for Boston, at which city we arrived late in the evening. The Tremont is *the* hotel, *par excellence* , of the place, and it is one of those gigantic buildings which seem capable of affording accommodation for a small army. On this occasion, however, it was crowded to overflowing, and not a room of any description could be obtained. The Pavilion Hotel is the next in importance, and we were told we should find it very nearly as good as the far-famed ‘Tremont’ in every respect. It was, however, neither clean nor comfortable, but we were obliged in the absence of any alternative to submit.

The ‘Indian summer’ was decidedly a cold one—so cold, that we should have been most thankful to the ‘Irish gentleman,’ who condescended to come 56 up one time in twenty that we rang the bell, if he could have induced the little fire that was smouldering in the stove to burn with anything like spirit. After many attempts, we gave it up as a hopeless case, both man and fire appearing to have a sulky, independent will of their own, from which we could extract no warmth of any kind. The next day, (to use the mercantile language of the country,) we chartered a carriage, a very comfortable one, though it *was* all glass and red leather, like a well-lined lantern, and set out on the necessary business of sight-seeing.

We began with ‘Bunker's Hill,’ partly in obedience to the wishes of our driver, who seemed to think that nothing would give the strangers so much pleasure as to witness the scene of their first dearly-bought victory. The Yankees, notwithstanding their repulse, still flatter themselves that in this hard-fought battle they ‘had the best of it;’ and the fact of the loss on their side having been only four hundred and fifty, while that of the British troops amounted to no less than one thousand and fifty, would give some colouring to the idea. Certainly, our military expeditions in America have not answered, for a strange and wretched fatality, in almost every instance, has attended them. Even our Peninsular troops, with their hard-earned laurels still fresh on their brows, were not (though they had so lately ‘struck the lion down’ 57 more successful than their countrymen had been in America forty years before. This can only be accounted for by the entirely different system of tactics required, and by the admirable qualifications of the Americans and their country for Guerilla warfare. Had it been (as with the Chinese) our custom to put our unsuccessful generals to death, we should have had fewer generals, but I doubt whether our troops would have been more victorious.

Bunker's Hill, where the battle was fought, is immediately in the rear of Charlestown. It is situated a mile north of Boston, and is connected with it by two wooden bridges four or five hundred feet long. The monument which has been erected in commemoration of the battle is built on the summit of Bunker's Hill, in a commanding position, and has altogether a very good effect. It is an obelisk of granite, two hundred feet in height, and in the interior is a flight of stairs by which you ascend to the summit. It is entirely without ornament of any kind, and in its unpretending simplicity is worthy of the cause, for which the heroes it commemorates fought and suffered; and we, too, travellers from that distant land, whose encroachments on colonial right gave rise to so many disasters, could sympathize with the feelings of the oppressed, and feel that their cause was a just one. Do not call me either unpatriotic or democratic: D 3 58 England *was* unjust and grasping, and the mighty power of the *people* made itselt felt at last.

Not many days before our visit, while digging a well in the vicinity of the monument, some workmen had found a few trifling relics, which must have been buried there at the time of the engagement. There were a few officers' buttons, on which we with difficulty traced that they had belonged to the 43rd and 47th regiments, and some pieces of broken shells on which the *broad arrow* was apparent. Had these things been for *sale* , I might have been doubtful of their origin, and set them down as of recent manufacture, notwithstanding that they bore in their battered appearance evident marks of the conflict. Near some remains of British accoutrements was found the almost entire skeleton of an English soldier. The hair was perfect when the bones were first discovered, but it fell into dust when exposed to the air. I looked at these sad remains with a sort of melancholy respect. Doubtless, years before, the death of this slaughtered soldier had made a ‘ghastly gap’ in ‘his own kind and kindred;’ and now, what remained but a few dust-covered bones handed about for the inspection of the curious! The man who showed us the relics did it with something approaching to veneration in his manner; and as to boasting! there was not a sign of it; on the contrary, he showed great delicacy and consideration 59 for our feelings, which (as the fact of his countrymen having won the battle formed evidently a portion of his creed) spoke greatly in his favour.

Boston, take it altogether, must be, I think, one of the most interesting cities in the Union. It is certainly dull to a degree of which few people can form an idea; but it has *some* historical associations, and these, from their rarity, are valuable in America. Faneuil Hall is a ‘great place,’ full of wooden-looking portraits of ‘stern republicans,’ and ‘uncompromising puritans,’ who, by their joint efforts, brought about the independence of ‘the greatest country in the World.’ One is expected to admire both the market-place and the state-house; the situation of the latter is admirably chosen, being on the very summit of the hill on which Boston is built; it is a fine building, and has a dome copied from that of St. Paul's Cathedral. From the top, there is an excellent panoramic view of Boston and the surrounding country. It, is from thence, easy to see that the town is built on a peninsula in this fine bay, (the bay of Massachusetts,) and that, radiating from it in every direction,

are narrow wooden bridges, several hundred yards in length, the whole thing having very much the appearance of a huge spider with outstretched legs. These bridges connect the city with the mainland, and also with East Boston, which is built on an island in the harbour. As I 60 told you before, the bay is dotted over with islands, which diversify it as much as the innumerable white houses do the surrounding country; both together form a charming coup-d'œil, and one which (were I a resident in Boston) would make me often climb to the summit of the state-house.

The most aristocratic part of the city is called the *common* —rather a misnomer, as around it sojourn a society approaching, perhaps, nearer to exclusiveness than any in the Union. We shall not spend sufficient time in Boston to enter much into its society, but the little I see of the people leads me to infer that the opinion generally entertained of the Bostonians is correct—namely, that they are generally speaking more given to intellectual pursuits, and less addicted to *chewing* and its consequences, than the inhabitants of any city in the Union. * But more of Boston and its peculiarities in my next letter.

* I afterwards made many acquaintances amongst them, and saw no reason to change my opinion.

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LETTER VI.

PHLEGMATIC CHARACTER OF THE BOSTONIANS—MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY—FRESH POND—LIBRARY—MUSEUM—LADIES' SALOON.

Boston—October.

AMONG the peculiarities which afforded me pleasure in Boston, I must not forget to mention the total absence of smoking in the streets, *and their consequent cleanliness.* The satisfaction I felt was not so much on account of the freedom from personal annoyance as from the astonishing fact that *smoking* on the *re* public highway is forbidden by law in

Boston! Verily, I could have fancied myself in St. Petersburg; and certainly in no other of the cities of Europe would such a law (even if enacted) be submitted to without resistance. In Boston, no one seemed to think of evading it, though the great fondness of the people for the ‘noxious weed’ must have rendered obedience an irksome task.

I hardly remember to have heard a laugh, or seen a smile, all the time we have spent in this city; and it would take some trouble to convince me that cheerful sounds ever echo through their streets, or that joyous faces are *ever* seen among 62 them. They *may* have their jokes—Heaven forbid they should not! and they *may* sometimes brim over with merriment, and shake their sides with *larter* , as other people do; all I can say is, that *I* never saw them do so, nor could I in my wildest flights of imagination bring myself to believe a Bostonian capable of such acts of flightiness.

In most of the northern cities, the burial-grounds are points of great attraction, and often places of favourite resort, and to the Bostonians they seemed to be congenial and meet spots for recreation. I had no peace from the solicitations of my friends till I had paid a visit to the Mount Auburn Cemetery. It is a place of interment somewhat after the fashion of the far-famed Père-la-Chaise, but with some striking differences. These are attributable partly to the widely opposite characters of the French and Americans, and partly to the comparatively few monuments to the dead which are seen at Mount Auburn. In Paris, the friends and relations of the deceased deck the graves of the departed with wreaths of never-dying flowers, and thus *seem* at least to keep memory alive in their hearts. The less sentimental Americans, on the contrary, content themselves with a magnificent tomb, and then bury their dead and *their* memory (to all appearance) in one common grave.

The cemetery is about five miles from Boston, and near the town and university of Cambridge; it 63 is of great extent, though *how* large I did not inquire; this, however, I know, that we wandered about till I was fairly tired out, up hill and down dale, and through the most beautiful woods, and along well kept and sequestered paths and carriage drives. There is an entrance to the cemetery between two lodges; they are built of granite, and

are in very good taste, and over the gateway is the beautiful and appropriate verse, ‘The dust shall return to the earth, from whence it sprung; but the spirit shall return to God, who gave it.’ Most of the tombs are very simple in their character, the stern religion of the descendants of the puritans rendering all ornament and appearance of decoration very obnoxious to them; neither did we find many with any particular notice of the departed, further than the name and age engraved on the stone. Here and there, however, the family vaults of some of the wealthy inhabitants of the city were conspicuous, from their being monuments of white marble, instead of granite, of which by far the greater number were constructed. The favourite emblem—and, indeed, it was almost the only one—seemed to be the *broken pillar* , and this, seen through the gloom of the cypress trees, has a very beautiful effect. A small chapel is in progress of erection; its site is well chosen, and it will be, when completed, a very fine work of art. It must be remembered that these silent memorials of the 64 dead are not thickly crowded together, and that in this respect Mount Auburn differs greatly from Père-la-Chaise; you come upon them unawares, in sequestered and sheltered nooks, and little wooded hollows, or nestled under gentle eminences. There are an infinite number of paths and roads in the burial-ground, each of which bears a separate name, generally that of a tree or flower. In every direction you perceive boards fastened to the trees, bearing such names as ‘Violet’ or ‘Mossy Paths;’ I noticed also, ‘Narcissus,’ and ‘Holly,’ as well as ‘Cypress,’ and ‘Cedar Avenues.’ Each walk is named after the particular plant, tree, or shrub, which in it or around it most abounds; by far the most impressive of these avenues is ‘Cedar Path;’ there is something in the contrast of the dark gloom which hangs about it, with the glaring sunshine without, which fills the mind with sensations of awe and reverence. There,

Cedar and cypress threw Singly their depth of shadow, chequering The greensward, and, what grew in frequent tufts, An underwood of violets, that by fits Sent up a gale of fragrance.

The sight of this really *romantic* cemetery, so different from, and so superior to, any which our less utilitarian country can boast, raised the character of its Boston founders

immeasurably in my estimation, for I could not previously have believed it 65 to be in the nature of these unpoetical and unideal people, to dedicate to their dead so lovely a resting-place. Exactly opposite the entrance to the burial-ground there is a spacious *hoe-tel* ,* where the wants of man can be supplied ‘to any amount,’ and if you may put any faith in the liberal announcement on the sign post, the afflicted friend may quench his thirst, and drown his sorrows in any cheering liquor he may happen to prefer. *Temperance* , however, has so many disciples here, that I should doubt ‘tavern keeping’ being so profitable a trade now, as it was some years ago.

* The way in which that word is almost invariably pronounced in America.

About a mile from Auburn is ‘Fresh-Pond,’ the magnificent lake of pure water to which the London world are so deeply indebted for its liberal supply of ‘Wenham Ice,’ the clearest and most beautiful in the world. It is a very pretty spot, and indebted to nature for many a rural charm and pleasant prospect. The ice is cut into blocks twenty-two inches square, by means of a machine invented expressly for the purpose, and called an ice-cutter. It is then packed in sawdust, and sent all over the world.

We devoted one day to the Public Library and Museum. The collection of curiosities in the latter is quite in its infancy, and it therefore contains at 66 present but few objects of interest. I ought, however, to except a very fine and perfect specimen of the mastodon, for the purchase of which a subscription has been set on foot by the heads of Cambridge College, with the intention of transferring the mighty skeleton to the museum of that institution. The library is, in most respects, an excellent one, and contains about thirty thousand volumes of the best and most sterling kind. Works in English, French, Italian, and German, and modern as well as less recent literature, with all the ancient lore usually found in foreign libraries, are met with here. The gallery of sculpture is also worth visiting, and the Bostonians are not a little vain of the native talent it displays. A bust of Webster, by Powers, is extremely well executed, and there is a statue of Orpheus worthy of a place in any gallery in the world. I had, however, what may be thought the bad taste to be most

pleased with the embodying of an exquisite imagination in the shape of ‘Oliver Twist.’ The attitude of the reclining figure is one touching in its abandonment; the cap by the side, and even the *torn trouzer* , are executed with wonderful fidelity; and though poor little Oliver is only a stone figure, you feel moved to pity as you look at him. I heard with great satisfaction that the artist was an Englishman, and had been a pupil of Flaxman's. Talent of every kind meets with great encouragement 67 at Boston, and they pique themselves here on its being the only city in the Union where there is anything approaching to an aristocracy of literature. I should imagine, however, that Philadelphia could fairly compete with Boston in this respect; and why the former should arrogate to herself this superiority over her literary rival, I am as yet at a loss to imagine.

We were shown a small theatre, which we were told was frequently devoted to other purposes than that of the ‘legitimate drama.’ Just now, Professor Lyel is giving within its walls a course of lectures on geological subjects, which are extremely well attended. Some years ago a Boston gentleman, of scientific pursuits, bequeathed a considerable sum of money, the interest of which was to be spent in furthering the pursuit of ‘knowledge under difficulties.’ It was specified in the will of this patriotic Yankee, that a certain number of lectures were to be given. during the year, the expenses of which were to be defrayed by his bequest. The only, subject expressly mentioned was that of natural religion, and on this a stated number of lectures were annually to be given. On what branches of science the others were to treat, was left to the discretion of the trustees.

The Boston people are great as merchants; there is no denying this, and among their principal *imports* we ought not to forget to mention that of 68 ‘book learning.’ Their literature of home manufactory is not extensive, and for the most part is of inferior fabric. Like other things, it will doubtless improve both in quality and quantity; but at present, like much of their other ‘native produce,’ the little that there is, is not properly valued, for verily ‘prophets are not honoured in their own country.’

There is an idea very prevalent among foreigners, (and especially among the English,) who have either *not* visited Boston, or *have* done so without proper credentials and introductions, that the wealthy inhabitants of this mercantile city are wanting in hospitality to strangers. Even supposing this to be the case, (which, however, even from my limited experience, I am very much inclined to doubt,) who, in their sober senses, could wonder at it? It is only necessary to ask, what return English travellers have generally made for the attention and kindness of Americans, to convince ourselves that the bestowers of hospitality have had but little encouragement to pursue the conciliating system, as far as their ‘cousins’ across the water are concerned. How can they be expected, willingly, to take a spy into their camp, whose only object is, as they well know, to *pick up* and exaggerate their absurdities? If it be asked with what purpose this is done, I should say, and I speak advisedly, *in nine cases out of ten to make 69 a book of them* , and such a book as, by its ridicule of their entertainers, will ensure to itself popularity in their own country.

I must confess, for my own part, that the great *want* I felt at Boston, was that of finding something, or somebody to laugh *at* , or failing that, to laugh with. But the thing was impossible. I never saw people so little curious about other folk's matters, or so imperturbably and seriously engrossed with their own, in my life. As for the table-d'hôte dinner, (*alias* ordinary,) it was, without exception, the most gloomy banquet it was ever my bad fortune to assist at. *Milk* in glass jugs was placed by each guest, and the ‘strong men,’ having bolted large quantities of the meat fit for them, washed it down with large draughts of the ‘food for babes;’ and, as might be expected, seemed in no way enlivened thereby. After a very cursory examination (for we only dined twice at the ‘ladies' ordinary’) of the component parts of the society assembled at the Pavilion Hotel, I decided, that, far from being surprised at the want of *life* and good fellowship which they displayed, it would be rather more odd were it otherwise. What can possibly be expected in the way of friskiness from the descendants of *Englishmen* , who had been transplanted to a soil and climate still more ungenial than their own; and whose children have 70 been for two centuries

exclusively occupied by business, and mercantile affairs? What, I ask, could you expect from such a beginning but—A YANKEE?

The ladies' saloon was very fully occupied all the time we were in the hotel. It was a large, well-proportioned apartment, with a good many rocking-chairs sprinkled about, on which the fair occupants sat and swung themselves for hours together, after the manner of restless and uneasy parrots in their huge brazen rings. The young ladies looked just as *desœuvres* , and were quite as noisy, and very nearly as gaudy. I scarcely ever did more than look at them on my way to my own apartment, and I invariably saw them on the same chairs, and in the same attitudes, *doing* nothing, and apparently *thinking* as little. Some of them were very pretty, and delicate looking, and moreover would have been well dressed, if they could have contented themselves with fewer colours. If I could summon up a wish about them, it would be, that they would pitch their voice in a lower key, and if possible not speak through their noses. Why is it that, throughout ‘the whole of this vast continent,” the nasal twang should invariably prevail? I have given up trying to account for this peculiarity, and greatly fear I shall go to my grave without being enlightened on this interesting 71 branch of physiology. I have heard that the same manner of speaking prevails in New Holland, in quite as remarkable a degree, And now, farewell, my next letter shall be from Albany.

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LETTER VII.

DEPARTURE FROM BOSTON—PRETTY COUNTRY—ARRIVE AT ALBANY—TEMPERANCE HOTEL—UNHEALTHY MODE OF LIFE IN AMERICA.

Albany—October.

WE started from Boston at eleven in the morning, leaving much to be seen at a future period, as well as some friends of whom we would gladly have known more. Our first resting-place was to be Albany, but we did not intend to stop there, as our object was to

make our way in all haste to Niagara, so as to arrive there before the trees should be quite denuded of their many-coloured leaves. The distance is about two hundred miles, and the time occupied by the journey, ten hours: the usual allowance being twenty miles to the hour. It was a very severe day. Five dozen poor human beings were packed together as closely as possible, and the suffocating stove, and the unpleasant results of the pocketing of apples (New England is unfortunately a great *producing* country for that fruit) had all to be endured over again. If a window was opened near me, a very polite, closely-shaved Yankee, invariably came up with a request that it might be shut. ‘Sir, a *lady* would 73 be obliged to you, if you'd just close that window, we feel like catching cold here.’ I must not forget to remark, that whenever an American wishes to obtain any little travelling privilege, he is sure to invoke the magic name of ‘lady,’ and he is then certain that everything and everybody will give place. If the cars, on leaving the *deepôt* happen to be full, a *single* gentleman, who arrives too late for a good place, may wait in vain for any attempts made by the passengers to afford him room. On such an occasion, if he is a *smart* Yankee, and very few of them are not, he will proclaim aloud (whether with truth or otherwise, no matter) that a *lady* is expecting him, and immediately he is invited in; while every one seems ready to compress themselves into the smallest possible space in so sacred a cause.

The country between Albany and Springfield (at which place we stopped to dine) is rather pretty—at least, for New England; but when we again set off, after devouring our dinner in a shorter space of time than I could previously have believed possible, I grew every moment more pleased with the scenery. As we approached the mountain range between the Connecticut and Hudson Rivers, the features of the country became much bolder. There is a great deal of engineering skill manifest in the making of this road, but notwithstanding this, the hand of man has not succeeded in greatly spoiling VOL. I E 74 what nature has made so fair. The train passed through pretty glens, and along hills covered with timber, nor were there wanting rocks and mountain streams to fill up the picture, which was a prettier one than any I had yet seen in America. We crossed the

‘lordly Hudson’ in a steam ferry-boat, a most disagreeable interlude in a railroad journey. There was a tremendous rushing and struggling for the best places on board, which lasted till we were half way across; and then began a violent effort, on the part of every one in the boat, to get the furthest ‘forward,’ so as to be the first to land. The crowd was great, and the smoking vehement; moreover, there was a ‘liquoring bar’ on board, which had no lack of customers; still, and notwithstanding these amusements, the first and most anxious affections of each passenger were evidently (for the moment, at least) fixed upon his own particular seat in the cars, and on his treasures of hat, cloak, and umbrella. As we approached the land, it was amusing to see the energy with which those adventurous spirits, who had (by dint of bodily strength and perseverance) gained the envied spot, jumped eagerly to the land before the boat had touched it. One, and one only (to my surprise), got a wetting, having overrated his powers of activity. We, after untold exertions, found ourselves, we scarcely knew how, shuffled into our places again, and (what in any other 75 country would have been still more surprising) our *plunder* (in English, *luggage*) was *as we left it.*

The railroad arrangements here, with regard to luggage, are excellent. No *quantity* is a source of difficulty or expense; and it is only necessary to have a ticket put on each article, while a corresponding one made of *tin* is given to *you* , which must be delivered when you again require your property. Our English servant always arranged this for us very cleverly, and never had the slightest difficulty about it.

Arrived at Albany, the ‘empire city’ and capital of the state of New York, we repaired, according to our directions, to Delavan's Temperance Hotel. It is considered the best here, and is delightfully new, clean, and comfortably furnished. Positive luxury is to be found in all the rooms, and the *toilet* arrangements are worthy of England. A gong summoned us to the dining saloon directly after our arrival. It was an immense room, containing two long tables, and more than a hundred people. The meal was a compound of dinner, tea, and supper. Huge beefsteaks (I often wondered how they came to be so large, for they looked like half-a-dozen fastened into one, *flat-wise*) smoked on a metal dish, with fire beneath

it, and *Mr. Delavan* himself sat at the head of the table, and carved out gigantic lumps for his guests with incredible rapidity. The quantity and variety of E2 76 other comestibles, including roast chickens, mutton-chops, sweetmeats, stewed oysters, eggs, and pumpkin pies, were as marvellous as the celerity with which it all disappeared from the surface of the table. As usual, it was all washed down with milk, and then each person pushed his chair back *gratingly* on the uncarpeted floor, put his *quid* into his mouth again, and walked off. The attendants were numerous, and almost all of sombre hue. Their dress contrasted finely with the shining black of their complexions, being composed of snow-white *vests and pants;* in our language, they were clothed in white in the matter of waistcoats and pantaloons.

The ladies' saloon is by many of the uninitiated supposed to be unapproachable ground, and quite sacred from the intrusion of the male species. ‘No admission either on business or pleasure,’ is supposed by some misguided travellers in America to be the motto of their *reserved* and *exclusive ‘females.’* I can, however, assure them to the contrary; and can venture to assert, that even if gentlemen are not sufficiently provident of their own comfort to travel with a female relation, (in which case they become without question asked honorary members of the ladies' community) they will enjoy the privilege of entrée equally well, by acting as escort, real or nominal, to any *female* acquaintance they may possess. 77 These little arrangements are by no means uncommon when travelling in the United States. It is here not at all unusual for ladies to travel alone, nor is it considered as *contre les bienséances* for them to avail themselves of the escort of any polite stranger they may happen to meet with on the journey.

The pianoforte in the ladies' saloon at Delavan's Hotel seemed to be in great request; for we underwent a constant succession of noisy songs till one o'clock in the morning. The burning of the sulphurous *anthracite* coal, and the suffocating atmosphere produced by its fumes, and by the universal use of close stoves, is altogether very disagreeable. The high temperature of their apartments, and their unhealthy mode of heating them, are, I have no doubt, some of the causes to which we may attribute the pale looks and sunken

jaws of the Americans. From the first hour after our landing, I had been struck with the absence of healthy colour in individuals of both sexes, and of all classes. It is very rare to see an American with a clear, fresh complexion, and still more uncommon to find one who is possessed of good or white teeth. And as for the children! taking into consideration *their* pallid faces, and generally unthriven appearance, it is almost a subject for wonder that they do not grow up into ‘ *humans* ’ still more blighted-looking 78 than the full grown men actually are. I quite longed to see a rosy-checked child, and was still more anxious to prevent the little miserable animals from eating the quantity of unwholesome food in which their parents and guardians allowed them to indulge. The young free-born citizens of the Union seemed to me to be seldom occupied in any other way than in devouring raw apples or hiccory nuts; and it is highly probable that (even if it were possible to convince their papas and mammas that such a proceeding causes many of the depressing complaints to which so many of them are subject) no efforts to induce the children to give up the obnoxious habit would be resorted to. The *coercive* system in America is too unpopular to be used even with their own children, and from their earliest infancy the watchwords of ‘liberty,’ ‘equality,’ and ‘fraternity’ are understood, as far as they can be, and reasoned upon by the young Republicans.

I believe that the Americans themselves do not dispute the fact, that (as *a race*) they are considerably inferior in physical strength to their ancestors. That the ‘Anglo-Saxon’ breed has degenerated, as far as outward appearance goes, is undeniable; but why it is so it is impossible to say. It is, perhaps, still more difficult to account for the different breeds of English sheep becoming invariably in America wretched animals instead 79 of fine ones. It is, in fact, quite as unusual a sight to meet a really fine-looking man in New England as it is to taste a good leg of mutton. The biped grows up long, thin, and weedy, with hollow cheeks, narrow shoulders, small hands and feet, and a good deal of nose: as for the woolly animal, there is *no* apparent reason why it should not retain its peculiar characteristics of ‘Leicestershire’ or ‘Southdown’ to the end of time; but it does not, and though the greatest care and attention are paid them—though the parent stock is imported

from England, and not unfrequently their own shepherds also—though turnips are grown for their support in winter, and no expense is spared by the New England farmer to keep up the breed in perfection—nothing succeeds. The experiment has been tried in the barren soil of New England, in the fertile valleys of Kentucky, and also in the wild mountains of Georgia, and always, I have been told, with the same ill success. I have devoted so much time to *mes moutons* , that I must close my letter, and will write again after I have been to Trenton.

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LETTER VIII.

DESCRIPTION OF ALBANY—UNINTERESTING COUNTRY—SCHENECTADY—THE MOHAWK RIVER—PICTURESQUE VILLAGE—ARRIVAL AT UTICA.

Utica—October.

SUCH was our impatience to reach *the* wonder of the western world, that we agreed not to devote more than one entire day to seeing what *was* to be seen at Albany. Immediately after breakfast, we ordered ourselves to be driven down to the river, where, having climbed to the upper deck of one of the large steamers lying along the quay, we had an excellent view of the city. We were, however, more impressed with respect for its commercial appearance than with admiration for the charms of its situation. The river is a noble one; and the quays and basins along its banks were crowded with shipping. The city (which, by the way, was christened after our James the Second of unlucky memory) has more the appearance of a Dutch than an ‘American’ town. It is built on what can barely be called rising ground, though there is certainly a declivity towards the water; I should say, however, that no part of the city is more than one hundred feet above the 81 level of the river. Looking to the south, you catch a glimpse of the Katskill Mountains; and far away to the north are seen the distant hills of Vermont.

I find that Albany is considered by its inhabitants one of the finest cities in America; its streets are, however—most of them—insignificant and irregularly built; notwithstanding that in them you do occasionally see very handsome-looking public buildings, particularly among the *hotels.* Its very *fussy* and business-like air renders it particularly unattractive to a mere idler, and I felt no wish that our stay should be prolonged. Albany appears to be the very focus and centre of commerce, for the Erie and Champlain canals enter the Hudson River six miles above the city, at Troy. This strangely named town is classically situated between Mounts Ida and Olympus. It is a very thriving place, and has already taken a great deal of business from Albany. This is owing in a great measure to its being nearer the ‘head of navigation,’ and this, I am told, is considered a great advantage in the commercial position of all American cities. In ‘ *land privileges* ,’ however, the Albanians have the advantage over the Trojans, for they are on the direct line of railroad from Boston to Buffalo.

There are many public institutions here; colleges, museums, and upublic libraries—the regular things, in short, which, good, bad, or indifferent, E 3 82 one is doomed to *inspect* in any hitherto unknown city where one may chance to find oneself. All these doubtless we *ought* to have seen, but we resisted every solicitation, and recommenced our pilgrimage to Niagara without delay. I must, however tell *you* , who are so particularly interested on the subject of the state of religion in America, that there is no want of churches in Albany for people of all persuasions. In short, there are different places of worship for each of the following sects: the Episcopalian, which I put first, as in duty bound; the Methodist (African); Baptist (coloured); and Lutheran (ditto); the Unitarian (which has a great many followers in this part of the States);* the Dutch Reformed, Roman Catholic, and Independent churches; to say nothing of Jewish synagogues, *Mission Houses* , and Bethnal and ‘Friends’’ meeting-houses. There is liberty of conscience in religious matters, if in nothing else in America.

* The religions tenets of Cambridge University are Unitarian.

It was a bright bracing morning when we bade adieu to Albany. It had frozen hard during the night, and it was sufficiently cold to cause travellers to walk briskly to the cars, and, when there, to crowd round the stove in their blanket coats for warmth. The carriage was as crowded as usual, 83 and a long-haired, thin-faced, unkempt man, who sat near us, having premised that he ‘ *expected* ’ we were *strangers* , entered into conversation. ‘Well, Sir, I guess you've no travelling like this in the old country; I do expect we've a long chalk afore you in steam, anyhow.’ This was said with that sort of—' Contradict me if you can, but I know you can't,' look which speaks more eloquently than words, and then he went on through the usual dictionary—‘Go a-head!’ ‘Steam up!’ ‘Flash of lightning!’ &c. &c. &c., nearly all the way to Utica. We inquired of our voluble acquaintance, before we started, whether two o'clock was not the time when we might reasonably hope to arrive at our journey's end. ‘Well, I expect that *is* about the *calculation* ,’ was his oracular reply, and with this we were obliged to be contented. Just at this moment, there was a banging of doors, a loud cry from the conductor of ‘All aboard,’—‘go a-head,’ and we sped away to Utica.

The fondness evinced by the Americans for calling places by high-sounding and ancient names, has been often remarked upon by travellers. This *fancy* , though perhaps more ridiculous, is even less excusable, as an error in good taste, than their habit of resorting to the mother country for such appellations as Manchester, Birmingham, or Chatham. There is something praiseworthy in the vaulting ambition displayed in the former 84 choice, but why they should prefer our modern-world names to the soft-sounding appellations originally bestowed by the Indian tribes, I am at a loss to imagine. Their doing so is a great mistake, as besides the actual beauty of the sound, there is generally a meaning attached to the Indian word, which adds greatly to the interests of the place.

We travelled for miles through a barren and uninteresting country, the soil of which is sand, and the surface thickly covered with stunted pines. Occasionally we passed farms and cultivated lands, but the general character of the scenery, till we arrived at Schenectady, was that of a barren and uncleared waste. This place, which is here called

(in common with every small collection of houses) a city, would not certainly have been dignified by us with a high-sounding title. It lies on the Mohawk River, and was originally settled by the Dutch as early as the year 1620. It was called by the Indians, in their poetical and meaning language, Schagh-nac-ta-da, which being interpreted, means ‘Behind the pine plains;’ and is one of the very few settlements which have retained anything like their original name. It is now, however, shortened into the less euphonious appellation of Schneckidy. It is a prosperous place, and contains, I believe, about eight thousand inhabitants. In its neighboarhood is ‘Union’ College, an institution which 85 is said to be admirably conducted. It derives its name, not, as might be supposed, from the union of *states:* but from the circumstance of its founders (though members of various religious persuasions) having offered the advantages of their college to men of every faith.

After passing Schenectady, we travelled through some exceedingly beautiful scenery. The railroad skirted the Mohawk, through the rich valley of which river our course lay; and here I think it advisable to remark, that there are no such things as railway tunnels, or *cuttings* , in the United States. The engineers infinitely prefer going round the hills to working their way through them, and perhaps in this peculiar country they are in the right. The workmen employed are mostly Irish; indeed, it would appear that one of the few uses to which an Irishman can be put, is to make a *navvy* of him. The race are neither better nor worse than adverse circumstances, and their own reckless natures, have made them in other parts of the world; but spirits here are unfortunately cheap, and this, with their own inherent love of independence, renders them perhaps somewhat more dangerous characters than they are at home, where they have not so wide a field for their exploits.

During the latter part of this day's journey, we passed through several pleasant looking villages, the beauty of one of which, with its truly rustic 86 cottages and happy-faced inhabitants, deserves to be recorded by the magic pen of Miss Mitford herself. It lay imbedded between high granite rocks, from the clefts in which the pine and the cypress shot their dark-green foliage; while a beautiful fall of the Mohawk dashed along through the narrow valley, and glistened and sparkled in the sunshine. Altogether, I thought it one

of the most lovely spots on which my eyes had ever rested. Its name is ‘Little Falls;’ of *course* , it has its manufactories, but they are not offensive to the sight, and only add to the prosperous aspect of the place. A great deal of woollen and paper manufactures is carried on at Little Falls; and the mills are worked by the river Mohawk, which has here a fall of upwards of forty feet, within the distance of half a mile.

No sooner did the cars arrive at Utica than the agents of the different hotels rushed tumultuously forward, hemming us in on every side, and boasting as volubly of the merits of their respective establishments, as the noisiest French *Commissionaires* who ever gained their living in a similar manner. Some of them thrust printed papers into our bands, one of which contained, greatly to my amusement, the following curious announcement: —‘Civil and *gentlemanly* porters are always at hand, to attend to the wishes of the *guests.* ’ We have taken up our quarters at 87 ‘Bleeker's Hotel;’ it is an immense building, but a considerable portion of it is shut up for the season. But I find that I must now close my letter. I have lingered so long on the Utica journey, that I must send off this dispatch, and trust to sending you an account of Trenton Falls (not a description, that, I know beforehand, would be impossible) in my next letter.

LETTER IX.

DESCRIPTION OF UTICA—TRENTON FALLS—MAGNIFICENT SCENERY—RETURN TO UTICA—ABSENCE OF POVERTY.

Utica—October.

I NEVER saw so busy a place as Utica. The stores, which are large and handsome, seem to contain everything that the most unreasonable person possibly could desire to purchase, and the demand was evidently as great as the supply was good and plentiful. This was the more remarkable, from the circumstance that Utica has sprung up with mushroom-like rapidity in the very heart of the wilderness. The Erie canal and the railroad,

both of which run through the town, have done wonders for it, and the surrounding country is now one of the richest and best cultivated districts in the United States. I found, on inquiry, that land could not be purchased for less than fifty dollars an acre, and that much larger sums were frequently paid for it.

Of course, the main objects of our curiosity were the celebrated Trenton Falls, and we were determined to lose no time in gratifying it. The morning after our arrival, therefore, we rose be-times, 89 and having hired a light barouche, drawn by a pair of good-shaped, active horses, we prepared to set off on our expedition. The distance from Utica to the Falls is about fifteen miles, and the owner of the vehicle informed us that the road was ‘first-rate.’ The morning was fine, and a crowd of well-wishers were assembled at the door of the hotel to see the *Britishers* set off. The landlord took especial care in providing for our comfort, and, as we rattled off, there was a cheering shout “All right!’ ‘Go a-head!’ which was heard half way down the street. We had not proceeded more than a quarter of a mile, when we began to suspect that the ‘first-rate’ road existed only in the imagination of the livery-stable keeper. The ruts were often nearly a foot in width, and there was a yielding depth of soil, and an abundance of large stones which defied all attempts at rapid motion. Nothing, in short, but the distant hope of arriving at last at Trenton Falls would have supported us through the bumping and jolting we underwent. ‘Dreadful nice horse, that!’ said the driver, looking first with undisguised fondness and admiration at the *near* animal, and then over his shoulder at his luckless passengers. ‘Dreadful nice horse, that —and can go a spell, I reckon!’ We did not offer to disprove his assertion; and certainly, if by ‘dreadful nice’ he meant to imply that the creature was sure-footed, fast, and enduring, he was fully 90 justified in his panegyric. No less than four times during the journey did we stop to give the poor animals water, and this, not because they appeared exhausted, but from the custom which is followed here of allowing horses to drink largely on a journey. I have no doubt that to this cause, as well as to the heating nature of *Indian corn* , may be attributed the great number of broken-winded horses that one meets with in America.

In spite, however, of repletion, the willing little steeds took us *along* at a good, steady pace, down steep hills, covered with large stones, sometimes trotting at the rate of twelve miles an hour, and never making a false step. It seemed a dreary country to live in. The farm-houses are generally long distances apart, and there is a vast deal of land still in process of clearing. The blackened stumps of the burnt down trees were, in most of the fields, still standing in great numbers, and rendering (as they always do) the culture of the ground difficult and laborious. Again, the unsightly ‘settlers’ fence' offended the eye, and the scarcity of human habitations gave us an impression of gloom and desolation. The price of an acre of good land, in this part of the country, is about fifty dollars; but then it must be *cleared* land, or it will not fetch the half. When the immense amount of labour and expense which is incurred in bringing the 91 soil into a proper state for cultivation, is considered, the sum demanded for it, which is about ten pounds of our money, seems barely sufficient to enable the seller to realize any important profit.

In the course of three hours, and not before—for there is much *up hill* as well as *down hill* work—we reached the inn to which travellers in search of the picturesque must fain betake themselves, for it is the only house within sight of the Falls. The hotel is situated on the borders of the forest, and looks over a great extent of open country; but on arriving at its door, which stood invitingly open, we were quite unprepared to find such grand scenery so immediately in its neighbourhood. Owing to the lateness of the season, the house, like all those which depend on summer visitors for their support, was nearly without inhabitants. Guides or *helps* there were none, but we were told that we could not mistake our way to the Falls; so, without any delay, we followed the path pointed out to us. On arriving at the high bank of the river, which is a few hundred yards from the hotel, we had to descend a long flight of steps, rather a perilous undertaking, as they are cut (without much regard to security or convenience) in the perpendicular rock, which is here more than a hundred feet in perpendicular height. However, we performed the feat in safety, and then found 92 ourselves at the bottom of a chasm, down which the river rushes with inconceivable force. The platform on which we stood was a smooth slab of stone, broad, level, and slippery,

and the black and brawling stream was on a level with this natural pavement. The river was not wide, and as we watched it pursuing its vexed and tumultuous course within a few feet of where we stood, I could almost have fancied it some living thing, fretting at the vast and insurmountable impediments which nature had placed in the way of its occupying a greater and more extended space. On either side of it, at the distance of about twenty feet, rose perpendicular rocks, composed of black limestone. The strata of the rocks was so exactly horizontal and equal in thickness, that one could hardly help imagining it to be the work of human hands. About half way up these natural and fearful boundaries grew small and stunted trees, clinging for life to the narrow fissures in the rocks, and bending down their heads towards the mighty torrent. Above these dwarf cypress and hemlock shrubs, rose high in air the giant trees of the primeval forests, which nearly met above our heads. And there *above* was the glorious sky, reduced to a narrow *strip* of blue by distance, and the awful rocks on either side of us. We turned our eyes upwards to gaze on it, and then the sensation of awe and wonder was complete.

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It is ‘a weight of awe not easy to be borne’ that falls upon one's spirit while in the midst of such a scene as this; and truly I felt, at that moment, with the poet, ‘such solitude should teach men how to die.’ It was too oppressive to the nerves and spirits, and we gladly turned our thoughts to the business of the hour once more; and I confess that I never felt better pleased with the sound of the human voice than when that of my companion roused me from my trance of almost painful admiration. At this time, the Falls themselves were still hidden from our view by a projecting elbow in the rock, at the very base of which the angry waters rushed with tenfold impetuosity. Round this point it was absolutely necessary that we should make our way, with the waters boiling at our feet, and washing the side of the precipice; and above us, that smooth, black wall, which, even at a greater distance, had looked so inexpressibly awful. The path along which we had to creep had been cut in the solid rock, and was very narrow—certainly not more than a foot in width —and in some places not exceeding six inches. At the worst place, *staples* had been

placed in the rock, to which a chain was attached, and to this I clung with a grasp rendered convulsive by a sense of the imminent danger of our position. It was only in consequence of the sad death by drowning of two poor young ladies, who fell into the stream at this point, that 94 the slight security afforded by the chain was thought necessary. Having rounded the point, I was amply repaid for all the terror I had undergone. The gorge beyond it becomes considerably wider, and as we looked *up* the stream, a succession of magnificent waterfalls greeted our sight, and the ‘dread peal of swelling torrents’ filled the air. The lowest of thesè falls was spanned by a frail bridge, but to attempt to describe the scene upon which we gazed from it would be vain. A wild waste of glittering and turbulent waters below, and the glorious forests above and about us, formed a picture which must be seen ere it can be appreciated.

When we returned to our inn, which we did by the way we had come, our host urged us to take a view of the falls from some high ground, about a mile and a half from the house. The view from this point was, he assured us, even more beautiful than the one we had seen; but we had had (for that day, at least) enough of such exciting scenes, and we agreed to spend the night, with what comfort we could, in the half-deserted hostelry, and put off, till the next day, the sequel of sight seeing. The sun rose in all its bright autumnal beauty, and saw us early on foot; and that forest walk, even if there had been no cataract view at the end of it, would, I think, have repaid me for any exertion. We did not miss our way, though we had great difficulty in tracing the path, so completely 95 was it hidden by fallen leaves. After a time, however, the task became easier as the distant roar of the falls guided us to the spot from whence we were, to view them. None of the trees were of large size, for they grew very closely together,, and much of their foliage was gone, though enough still remained for beauty, and the tints were exquisite. A thick undergrowth of sycamore and yew covered the ground, while here and there a fallen tree, green with the moss of years, and shaded by fern-leaves, offered a tempting seat. Many a little grey squirrel, startled by our voices, tripped up the stems of the trees, or sprang from one leafless bough to another for greater security. I neither saw nor heard a single bird,

though the day was warm, and the sun shone brightly. Many, I suppose, had already taken their early flight to some brighter land, like sensible birds as they were, for a winter in this rigorous climate would not leave many alive to tell the tale of their sufferings.

The falls, above which, after many *restings* and delays, we arrived at last, are indeed beautiful. I was able to approach near enough to feel the light spray upon my face, and to find our voices rendered perfectly inaudible by the din of the falling waters. There is a perpendicular rock, over which the water falls from the height of a hundred feet. In the centre, the fierce torrent divides, leaving the rock bare for a considerable space At the base of 96 the rock the two torrents unite again, on a broad flat surface, from which they again descend, boiling and foaming down rocky steps and gigantic stones, till the whole falls together into the deep natural basin I have before attempted to describe. The stream I have been talking so much about is called the West Canada Creek, though it might with the greatest possible poetical truth be called ‘the Styx’ of the upper world. There are, in all, six regular falls within a distance of a mile and a half, and the descent of the water within that distance is supposed to be between three and four hundred feet. I have said what I *could* of Trenton Falls, but after having done so, I am only the more convinced of the utter impossibility of conveying to the mind of another any adequate idea of the reality of their overpowering beauty.

Our return to Utica was effected in a much shorter space of time than it had taken us to traverse the same road the day before. To enliven the way, we met numerous farmers' carts returning into the country from the business of attending the market at Utica. Some of these we recognised as having seen before, when ‘bound’ for the city, on which occasion they were laden with the farmer himself, his wife, and his tubs of butter. In exchange for the latter commodity, the wagons returned filled with sugar and molasses, besides numerous other articles for home consumption, 97 and some of household furniture. Everything was heaped on the wagon in a strange state of confusion—chairs came peeping out between the casks of molasses, and paper parcels, and perchance a child or two, half hid the mistress of all this heterogeneous mass of property from our

sight. One great charm that must be felt by every one travelling in the United States is the total absence of any appearance of poverty or distress. Every man, woman, and child, one meets with, looks well-dressed, and, at least, comfortably off in their domestic circumstances. When I recollected the wretched objects which everywhere greet one in a journey through over-populated Europe, and the incessant calls made by the aged, the deformed, and the starving, upon one's compassion and one's purse, I felt the contrast afforded by the prosperous inhabitants of the American continent as doubly delightful. My next epistle shall be dated, I hope, from ‘the Cataract Hotel.’

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LETTER X.

LEAVE UTICA—RAILWAY JOURNEY THROUGH THE FOREST—LOQUACIOUS TRAVELLER—ARRIVAL AT AUBURN—CAYUGA LAKE—GENEVA—ROCHESTER —GENESSEE RIVER—PICKPOCKETS—RAPID GROWTH OF ROCHESTER—ITS PROSPERITY.

Rochester—November.

WE left Utica by an afternoon train, intending—steam willing—to reach the city of Auburn the same evening. The first part of our road lay literally through the uncleared wilderness. On either side of us stretched, what appeared to be, almost interminable forests, and these were composed of such thick masses of tall trees, that the eye could not penetrate above a yard or two into their depth of gloom. The obscurity was literally ‘impervious to the eye.’ Through these vast and time-honoured forests the busy and restless hand of man had cut a narrow pathway—a work, apparently, how insignificant, but in its results of what immeasurable importance! It was, in truth, a narrow pathway, for there is but one line of rails through the whole country we traversed. Occasionally, however, double rails are laid down for a 99 short distance to enable trains to pass each other. This arrangement is often a cause of considerable delay, as the trains are not always remarkable for punctuality. I

was particularly struck during this day's journey by the absence of that peculiar species of awe and *distant* respect which is shown in other countries, particularly in our own, for a train in motion. i really think there must be some natural affinity between Yankee ‘keep-moving’ nature and a locomotive engine. It may be that in America the carriages do not move with the terrific speed that they do in the old country; but whatever the cause, it is certain that the ‘humans’ seem to treat the ‘ingine’ as they call it, more like a familiar friend than as the dangerous and desperate thing it really is. The Transatlantic gamins are even sufficiently reckless of the mighty power of a moving train as to jump up behind the cars when they are in motion; and they hardly, seem to think it worth while to get out of its way as it passes by.

It was yet daylight when we passed through the city of Rome. Why this name was given, it would be in vain to guess, for the town does not even stand on *one* hill. It has, however, a bellicose association attached to it, from its being built on the site of Fort Stanwix, so celebrated in the first American war. The approach of evening, and the tall trees among which we were almost literally F 2 100 buried, soon wrapt us in darkness—darkness, rendered visible now and then by the sparks and splinters that flew into the carriage from the burning wood, and from the lantern of some solitary pedestrian, who occasionally, but very rarely was met, or passed by our *locomotive.* We stopped, every now and then, to take in wood and water, but in spite of this, and also of the rattling noise made by the train when we *were* in motion, every one in the carriage soon slept, or at least appeared to do so, excepting one old man and myself. He, poor gentleman! seemed to be undergoing great uneasiness of mind, from want of knowledge of the locality. His intention and wish was to stop at Syracuse, and he was in great alarm lest, in the darkness of the night, he should overlook the place, and be carried on he knew not where. Railway travelling was to all appearance new to him, and from his consternation at what he evidently considered the immense rapidity of our movements, I could see that he was quite capable of echoing D. Crocket's remark, when he first saw a swiftly passing train, *Hell in harness, by Jupiter!* At every stoppage for wood, his high-toned nasal voice was heard exclaiming, ‘Well! I

guess this *is* Syra *cuse* ’ (an immense accent on the final syllable)—‘well, I guess this is Syra *cuse* , at last; I wonder where these tarnation' coons are going to!’ No answer was vouchsafed to this remark, for 101 every one who could have given him a satisfactory one was asleep. As for me, greatly as I commiserated his situation, I could do nothing towards relieving his anxiety—my state of ignorance being as deplorable as his own. After a short pause, he began again. ‘I say, you eternal nigger,’ addressing a black man who was standing by the window—‘I say, you eternal nigger, is this Syra *cuse?* I tell you I'm bound to go to Syra *cuse* ! I've bought an everlasting lot of cattle, and I tell you I could buy all the city, I could. Every one knows his own business best, and I *pre* sume I know mine.’ In this manner he went on, whether we were stationary or not, till at last, in utter despair, he gave his next neighbour a rousing push of no gentle kind, and called out in his very ear, ‘Well, sir, I ask you once more if this a'ant Syra *cuse* , and if it a'ant, I wonder what, under the Almighty compass, it is!’ The awakened sleeper was evidently taken by surprise, but as it is quite contrary to a Yankee's creed to be astonished at anything under the sun, he soon recovered himself, and, greatly to the relief of the worthy grazier, (for such he appeared to be,) gave him the desired information, which stopped his mouth for the time, and as he eventually reached his destination, we saw him no more.

Arrived at Auburn, which, though far from being ‘the loveliest village of the plain,’ is nevertheless a pretty and a well-built place, we drove to the 102 ‘American Hotel,’ which is clean, comfortable, and orderly. The disproportionate number of the churches must strike every stranger on first visiting the cities in the United States. This peculiarity was very remarkable in Auburn, and was, in fact, the only thing which we much noticed in that place. I will not, however, venture to say that other travellers who stay longer may not discover a great many more wonders; *we* only remained a night at Auburn, and have, therefore, no right to give an opinion on the subject. About fifteen miles from our night's halting-place, the prospect was agreeably, and rather unexpectedly, varied by a large lake, which burst suddenly upon our view. We had become so thoroughly wearied of the monotony of the uncleared' forests that we hailed Cayuga Lake with delight. It is a much more beautiful

feature in a landscape than the American lakes usually are; for its width is not so great as to prevent the opposite shore from being distinctly seen. Its length is about forty miles, and its width about four. That steam-boats ply upon its surface I need not say, for where in America does not the mighty power: hold its sway? The fishing in this lake is said to be admirable. There are great quantities of large trout, perch, white fish, and pike. There were other kinds I knew mentioned to me but their names I have forgotten.

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The railroad crosses the lake, and that, too, in a manner which it would be death to a nervous person even to dream of. For a distance of more than two miles, the rails are laid on wooden posts, which are driven into the earth at the bottom of the lake. There is but just room for the line of rails, and no *fence* whatever on either side. A dreary waste of waters is seen from the windows, and over this highly unsatisfactory bridge one is hurried at full speed. Frequent were the exclamations of alarm which broke from the ladies, particularly from those who now for the first time trusted themselves on the insecure fabric, and felt the peculiar shaking movement, and heard the hollow sounds caused by the echoing of the novel style of bridge along which we were being propelled.

Ten miles further on is Senecca Lake, which very much resembles the one we had previously crossed. The railroad skirts its shore for a considerable distance, and thus we had fall time to admire its beauties. Before taking leave of this lake, we came to Geneva, a town situated on its borders, It is not *quite* unlike its namesake, and though ‘Lake Leman *did not* woo *us* with its crystal face,’ Senecca was not a very bad substitute. We were of course obliged to *imagine* Mont Blanc, and all the other accessories. At some distance from Senecca we passed another beautiful sheet of water, called Canandaigua Lake. It is eighteen miles long, and 104 from one to one and a half broad; the banks are beautifully wooded, and the trees, which grow close to the water, dipped their pendant branches into the stream. This lake is six hundred and seventy feet above the level of the Atlantic Ocean.

We had been very fortunate in having sunshiny weather ever since we left Boston, nor did its cheering influence fail us after our arrival at Rochester. This place, which is one of the most remarkable and flourishing cities in the Union, is situated on the Genessee river, which runs through the very centre of the town. Numerous handsome bridges are thrown across this broad and most useful stream, and one of these—namely, that nearest to the celebrated Genessee Falls, is appropriated to the railroad. From this bridge the traveller catches a splendid view of the Cataract, which is not fifty yards from it. The water here falls from a height of more than a hundred and fifty feet, *perpendicularly* , into the river below.

We took up our quarters at the ‘Eagle Hotel,’ a large, overgrown, wooden building, but which, notwithstanding its huge dimensions, we found full even to overflowing. It was ‘court time,’ as the assizes here are denominated, and young judges, (every lawyer seemed to be a judge,) were bustling about, not exactly in wigs and gowns, but with as much importance as if they wore them, and as much apparent haste in their movements as I have 105 seen displayed by our own young barristers in a county town in England. There was no getting out of their way; at every turn they jostled and hustled one another in the long passages of the hotel; and it was impossible to go a yard without encountering a busy-looking, eager young gentleman, with a bundle of papers—not a blue bag—under his arm, and an air of defiance on his brow. There seemed, indeed, to be a considerable call for the exercise of their talents; and of this we were made aware on our first entrance into our sleeping apartments. On the doors, notices were painted in large white letters, warning all ‘guests’ to look their bed-room doors previous to retiring to rest. The caution is by no means an unnecessary one, as thieves and pickpockets, all of whom are extremely expert in the exercise of their profession, abound in the United States. I heard of one man, who was so perfectly *au fait* at the sleight of hand required for this peculiar branch of *industrie* , that he succeeded in drawing the coat from under the head of a sleeping traveller, (where he had placed it for greater security,) and, after abstracting the purse, replacing the bereft garment in its original position. The notices affixed in conspicuous places at the several *dee-pots* , are also very significant of the class of gentry who overrun the States;

there, as you enter, you see in large characters, ‘Beware of pickpockets,’ and at Boston we were told that F 3 106 the greatest care and caution were required to protect one's property while travelling in the States. It is said, and there seems no reason to doubt it, that America is indebted to the human importations from the Old World, for the possession of these light-fingered gentry. The depredators are, I believe, for the most part, London thieves, who, finding their own country a somewhat dangerous residence, have crossed the water on speculation; and, notwithstanding the proverbial acuteness of the Yankee character, not a few of these adventurers have succeeded in realizing considerable sums.

Rochester is one of the most curious instances (among the many to be found in the United States) of the rapidity with which a small and insignificant village can become a large and important city. Almost before it seems possible to a looker-on that the walls can be completed, suddenly he sees that a house is inhabited, and, in all probability, in a few more days it will stand conspicuous as a store of rising eminence. And so it has been with Rochester; and the Americans themselves, whom few things in the way of celerity seem to astonish; quote the rapid growth of this city as a first-rate instance of ‘go-a-headism.’ Like most of the cities in the United States, it is indebted for its prosperity to the advantages of its position, and to the great water privileges afforded by the falls in the Genessee. 107 The descent of this river within the city, and the immediate neighbourhood of Rochester, is more than three hundred feet, and it is quite unnecessary to add that the natives have made the most of it. There are already nearly one hundred mills and factories, in which water power is used, established on this part of the Genessee; about twenty-five of these were, as we were told, flour mills, grinding about thirty thousand bushels of wheat daily. The demand for labour is great, and wages, consequently, high; altogether, the history of this one city would alone give the observant traveller an insight into the futurity of wealth and importance which await these long-headed and persevering people. I have often, in my own mind, compared the Americans, (the northern ones most particularly, who strive so unceasingly for gain,) to a nest of ants in full activity. Who has not watched these little animals when busily employed in their work of accumulation? Who has not respected

the industry of each member of the little republic in his persevering efforts to increase his hoard? Each insect seems intent upon his own purpose, never turning to the right hand nor to the left, but working on untiringly to gain his ends, and increase his own store. Do not you see something in the busy selfishness of these little creatures which assimilates greatly with the Yankee character? There is the same toiling for accumulation, the same concentration 108 of their faculties in the great aim of dollar-making, and the same want of variety in their *main* views and objects.

We were told that provisions at Rochester are as good and plentiful as in any city in the Union—New York not excepted—and certainly there seemed every appearance of it. The *ordinary* was excellently well supplied, and as for the stores they were really beautiful, and rich with the treasures of London and Paris. How indigenous is the love of *finery* in all our hearts! Here, in the very heart of the wilderness, were found shops full of the expensive toys which, wherever women are, are—

Bought because they *may* be wanted, Wanted because they *may* be bought;

And ladies walked about, as they invariably do in America, with twenty dollars' worth of Parisian *coiffure* on their heads, and the prettiest little French *brodequins* in the world. As I shall have another opportunity of writing again from hence, I shall now close my letter.

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LETTER XI.

UNHEALTHINESS OF ROCHESTER—NUMEROUS MILLS—FALLS OF THE GENESSEE—COURT OF ASSIZE—MOUNT HOPE CEMETERY—SHORTNESS OF HUMAN LIFE ISN AMERICA—ITS POSIBLE CAUSES—INCREASE OF TEMPERANCE.

Rochester—November.

THE city is only six miles from Lake Ontario, and is on the line of the Erie Canal. A great number of families from the old country, English, Scotch, and Irish, have come out to settle at Rochester, and have, for the most part, succeeded in earning a comfortable living. Those among them, however, with whom I talked on the subject, complained very much of the unhealthiness of the climate, (ague seemed to be the prevailing complaint,) and the numerous doctors established in the city made, by all accounts, a rich harvest out of the shaking frames of the poor emigrant Britishers. The servants in the hotel were most of them Irish, one of them, the *help* who attended to the ladies' room, was a pretty country-girl from Derry. She had a rich, soft brogue, which, after listening to the high-pitched Yankee voices, was as music in my ears; and, moreover, 110 she had not been in the country long enough to become anti-Irish in her heart, for her bright black eyes seemed almost to dance with delight when I talked to her of her native country. After the *ordinary* dinner, which was at about four o'clock, we walked out to look at the Falls. In order to do this, we passed over a bridge to the eastward, and turning down a street which runs parallel with the river, we soon reached the outskirts of the city. The spot on which we stood was a wide open space, covered with short turf, well trodden by the feet of the pleasure seeking Rochester citizens, who, on Sundays, come with their wives and families to wander along the ledge of the precipice which overlooks the falls, and not a few of them to *liquor* in one or two *quinquette* looking *stores* on the ground. The view is, indeed, a grand one, and would be much more so in any other country; but here the mills and breweries and distilleries, which rise up in every direction, *unpoetize* the whole scenery, and I found myself wondering that, in the zeal to make the most of everything, the spirited Yankees had never yet thought of establishing some cotton factories at Trenton, or of grinding corn, with unheard of rapidity, through the means of the great *water privileges* of Niagara.

The river rolled along a hundred and fifty feet beneath us. Looking *up* the stream, the water poured down this tremendous fall in one unbroken 111 sheet, and its width is (I should say) more than a hundred yards. It was a relief to look *down* the Genessee, and

thus escape the sight of the odious factories; for *there* flowed along the shining river, with its beautifully wooded banks just tinged by the setting sun, and though on its placid bosom a steamer or two *were* to be seen, they were too far off to be unsightly features in the landscape. We tried to catch a glimpse of Lake Ontario, so celebrated in Indian story; but in vain—not even the least portion of it was to be seen.

The American tourists, though very proud of these falls as a ‘fine location,’ feel less interested in them as a beautiful specimen of nature's work than as connected with the tragical end of poor Sam Patch the Jumper. This celebrated character, whose name will be remembered as long as the Genessee Falls shall last, was a Yankee sailor who had a wonderful, and certainly very unaccountable, passion for throwing himself off great heights. He had escaped unscathed through ‘imminent, deadly’ perils, having jumped off half the bridges, and exhibited his prowess in all the harbours in the old world. Nothing remained to him so worthy of his adventurous spirit as the great waterfalls of his native land. To these, then, he turned, and being without either a human rival or companion in his perilous feats, he was fain to associate himself with a *bear* , thinking, doubtless, 112 that such a *friend* would render his exploits more interesting to the numerous spectators who assembled to watch his *saltatory* efforts. The bear, which was a remarkably fine animal, had been trained to follow him in his leaps, and had invariably accompanied him. The performance which eventually proved too fatal to the unfortunate Sam, was not his first one, as regarded his jump over the Genessee Falls. The scene was not new to him; but he seems, nevertheless, to have had a melancholy presentiment of the fate which awaited him. By the accounts I have heard, it appears that though he showed no symptoms of fear, he resolutely forbade the attendance of his pet bear, which he had never before done. He then, with a courage worthy of a better cause, sprang boldly from the ledge of rock, and, to the horror of the assembled multitude, the unfortunate man never rose again.

The morning after our arrival, we were awoke early by the noise and bustle attendant on the departure of travellers by the early train. There was no use in attempting to court a return of slumber under such circumstances, so we rose; and, after an expeditious

breakfast, in which, as usual, hot *corn* bread formed the principal *staple* , we proceeded to the Court House. We were in great hopes of witnessing some of those scenes which have often been described to us both in 113 books and *viva voce* , of judges, clothed in blanket coats, or, peradventure, without any upper garment on at all, and one and all wittily *impudent;* we expected, also, to find the self-same judges smoking and chewing, and each gentleman busily employed with his whitling knife, We were, however, grievously disappointed in the reality. There was nothing in the Assize Court either racy or ridiculous, and all we saw was decorous and uninteresting to the greatest degree. The court was well arranged in every respect, and, excepting the floor, perfectly clean. As to the men of law themselves, there was nothing in their outward man to distinguish them from others. A black silk waistcoat formed, as it does all over America, an invariable article of dress. Who that has ever been in this country has failed to notice those ‘everlasting vests?’ they may, in fact, be considered as quite a national costume. What struck me most was the eternal and perpetual shaking of hands. It was going on whichever way I turned my eyes, and yet there was no apparent pleasure or satisfaction on the countenances of those who made these friendly demonstrations, but always the same eager, watchful, suspicious look which I have observed as peculiar to the gentlemen of the Northern States. There was a very dull case being argued when we went in. The particular judge (who happened to be speaking) made mighty but 114 quite ineffectual efforts to make himself understood. He invariably began every sentence with the accustomary, ‘Well, sir!’ and never failed to repeat each remark twice over; but all would not do, and it was quite evident that the sense of the subject (if there were any) remained wrapped in obscurity. Still, however, the judge went perseveringly on, and we left him continuing his speech with as much industrious dulness as when he began it. The only pauses he made were to get rid of his mouthfuls of tobacco juice, which he did without any ceremony or attempt at performing the horrid deed in secret.

In the evening we took a drive in the environs of the city, and, at the instigation of our host of the ‘Eagle,’ we paid a visit to the Mount Hope Cemetery. We could not admire it

so much as we did the burial-place near Boston, for it is neither so beautifully laid out, nor is there as much care bestowed and money expended upon it as there are at Mount Auburn; still the drives about the former are pretty, and it is tolerably spacious; some of the monuments, too, are really beautiful. The cemetery is of somewhat recent creation, so that the number of those who sleep below in their last quiet resting-place is not yet great. Still, with all its imperfections, (and, strange to say, the want of *occupants* of the *ground* was pointed out to us quite apologetically,) the good citizens of 115 Rochester are evidently proud of their cemetery. You will ask perhaps *why* it is that these people *are* so proud of these melancholy spots. It would be difficult, I think, to assign a satisfactory reason for this anomaly in Yankee character. It certainly does not proceed from any feeling analogous to the respect paid by the Red-Indians to the bones of *their* dead, for there *are* instances, and not unfrequent ones, of the Americans having run railroads through the more unpretending *grave-yards;* and that, too, when they might just as easily have gone round them. It cannot be pride of ancestry, and a wish that their fathers' names should go down to posterity on the marble tablet, for they have no ancestral honours of which to boast. What can it be, then, but because their cemeteries are more to be admired, and exceed in beauty any that are to be seen in Europe; and that jealousy of the *old* world is the great *spur* to *all* improvement in the *new?*

It is impossible, while reading the inscriptions on the tombs in most of these burial-places, not to be painfully affected by the proofs they afford of the shortness of human life in America. After reading the dates of births and deaths on these marble monuments, we found, that out of some hundreds of those who lay under the soft and yielding turf, very few had seen more than forty summers, and that by far the greatest proportion 116 had been summoned to their last account before their fifth lustre had been passed. We had long before this remarked, how rare a sight an aged man or woman was in America. There are no drooping forms or decrepit figures, no grey hairs or wrinkled faces: in short, it would appear that *age* does not, and cannot exist in the busy growth of this *new* country. All here is early, active existence, and the young have enough to do, without being obliged to fulfil

what would appear to them the unprofitable task of ‘rocking the cradle of declining years.’ It would be a stretch of fancy, to which I confess myself perfectly unequal, to imagine in this utilitarian country, aged forms leaning on the protecting arm of a child, or a grandchild; nor do I think that if there *were* old gentlemen and ladies indiscreet enough thus to ‘intrude upon posterity,’ their delay in quitting the stage of life would be much approved of. I have often thought that this absence of old people; this want of—

A record which together binds Past deeds and offices of charity,

may have a bad effect on the character. The rising generation, even if haply inclined to the un-American virtue of veneration, have no field for the exercise of sympathy and thought; and the silent monitor, the aged and helpless parent, is seldom there to call forth the most holy and beautiful 117 feelings of our nature. There is a link, too, wanting in the chain of human sympathies, which connects the rising generation with the ‘ *long ago* ’ past, when the timeworn figure of the octogenarian is never seen ‘with solemn steps and slow’ among the robust and young—the prosperous and unthinking of the world. The Americans, however, have no *past.* The *present* is theirs, with its daily cares and pleasures; but they have so little to look back upon that they naturally glance a-head to what is to come. The future is before them, with its compound of vague hopes and fears, and they ‘guess’ and ‘calculate’ and ‘presume,’ that it will be a glorious one, when the brilliant *past* of the old world shall be the only treasure to which *it* can lay claim.

But I must return to the supposed causes of early deaths in the United States. Amongst the complaints to which the Northern Americans are subject, consumption stands first and foremost. That this fearful disease should find so many victims is not to be wondered at. The changes in the climate are extremely rapid, and the extremes of heat and cold very great. For these changes, the Americans never seem to be properly prepared; their dress, particularly that of the ladies, being ill calculated to defend them from the rough assaults of a biting wind, or from the unwholesome humidity with which the atmosphere is frequently 118 loaded. The demon of dyspepsia stalks about everywhere, with almost undisputed

sway; and is, in all its varied forms, a ‘fruitful source of human ill.’ The medical men generally attribute the prevalence of this complaint, in a great measure, to the universal practice of stuffing themselves with hot corn-bread; and, as if these *dough doings* were not sufficiently poisonous in their effects, the benighted people wash it all down with immense quantities of new milk—a habit not approved of by the American faculty. Any one who has seen them perform their wonderful national feat of bolting beafsteaks, will also agree with me that there is nothing wonderful in their suffering a *little* after them. But notwithstanding the shortness of life observable in the United States, great men *have* sprung up among them. They have *now* their historians, their sculptors, and their poets; and who would deny them the hope that they will continue to produce remarkable men and women in every department? Just now, however—and I regret to see it—the species of *native* talent, which meets with the greatest encouragement amongst them lies among ballad-singers, dwarfs, and men monsters.

The virtue of Temperance is as much practised in this portion of the States, as we found it in New England, and the name of Father Mathew is infinitely reverenced. It very rarely happened 119 that either wine or spirit made its appearance at the public tables. Whether they indemnified themselves for their abstinence in secret, deponent saith not, but no opposition is made to the zealous endeavours of the Temperance people to make proselytes, and there is great sobriety of life, at least ostensibly. It often happens that both in rail-roads and steam-boats, orators are found who are nothing loth to exert their powers in favour of Father Mathew's doctrines: in general their audience is tolerably large, and they are attentively listened to, for the Americans are very fond of oratory, and they have, many of them, a great talent for declamation. A mighty reform has certainly been worked in the Northern States in the matter of drinking; but whether preachers would be listened to with equal complacency, if they were to take it into their heads to inveigh publicly against the little less offensive vices of chewing and smoking, remains to be proved. The evils attendant on smoking are, perhaps, not so glaring, but they are more insidious than those which await the drunkard. Drunkenness may and often does lead

to misdemeanours of various kinds, and even to the commission of crimes—and this we know by the experience of past ages to be too frequently the case; but the very violence of the consequences of intoxication, renders it of necessity a vice to be shunned, and the person addicted 120 to it, to be contemned and avoided. But it is not so with the lover of the noxious weed. He is still, strange to say, tolerated in society though degraded by the dirty and unwholesome custom of chewing filthy tobacco, and of defiling the ground on which ladies are obliged to walk, *by the consequence of his atrocious and disgusting habit.* Men, under the circumstances, are, or ought to be, considered, by all persons of cleanly habits, as objects too dirty and disagreeable to be admitted within the pale of humanized society, and as living proofs of an observation that I have just read, that 'Tobacco is the grave of Love.' It is not necessary to remind me that my tirade against the use of tobacco is by no means a novel one: I am perfectly aware that the same thing has been said by every English traveller who has visited America; but as I am *as* equally certain that every former hint has done some *little* good in diminishing the consumption of tobacco in the States, I have added my quota of admonition and advice to the general stock.

Before I close my Rochester letter, I must give you a proof of one of the few good effects of the system of universal suffrage. It is this. Before we left England, we were charged with what appeared to us rather a vague commission by an old servant of the family. It was to discover and see her brother, who she *thought* was settled at Rochester, 121 and to report of his well being. Our only clue to him was our knowledge of his name, a particularly common one, and our certainty of the fact, that he had *once* lived at Rochester. Our chance of finding him seemed small indeed—a humble English individual was so easily lost among the twenty-five thousand inhabitants of such a town as this—so we almost gave up the business in despair. On hearing of our dilemma, our landlord brought us a thick octavo volume, on the pages of which were inscribed the names of every *free and enlightened citizen* of the county of Rochester, and by the help of this 'universal' suffrage book, we soon discovered the object of our search, and having fulfilled our promise, we

shall soon prepare to bid adieu to Rochester. But I must now close this long letter. VOL. I. G

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LETTER XII.

A NIGHT AT BUFFALO—NIAGARA RIVER—FIRST DAY AT THE FALLS—WHIRLPOOL—DEVIL'S HOLE—CROSS TO THE CANADIAN SIDE—BURNING SPRINGS—FAREWELL TO NIAGARA.

Niagara Cataract Hotel—November.

THE next morning we were on our road to Niagara! To obtain a sight of this mighty wonder had been, from my earliest years, one of the most eager, but, at the same time, the most hopeless longings of my mind! How nearly impossible, how vain, and wild, had ever seemed to me the realization of that intense wish! And now it was on the very eve of being gratified! A few more miles, and a little more patience, and this wonder of the world would be before me! We left Rochester at three o'clock in the afternoon, and reached the city of Buffalo, which is only thirty miles from Niagara, at nine o'clock the same night. Buffalo almost rivals Rochester in the rapidity with which it has sprung up into *showy* existence. I use the word showy; for there seems to be a greater number of fanciful looking buildings in it, than are generally found in American cities. They did not look very solid either, and were, I fancy, 123 for the most part built of wood. I felt bitterly disappointed at having to spend the night at Buffalo, as I had fondly hoped to have reached Niagara before I slept, and to have awoke the next morning within sound of the cataract's roar. There was, however, no help for it, as not a single conveyance could be obtained at so late an hour, and thus, at the uninteresting city of Buffalo, we were constrained to spend the night.

The next morning we departed in good time. The cars were very crowded and disagreeable, rather more so, in short, than usual; but our minds were too full of anticipation to pay much heed to personal annoyance. For several miles before we

reached the terminus, we saw and admired the broad Niagara River, stretching out before us, and giving us rich promise of the beauties which were still hidden from our view. There are small headlands jutting out into the stream; and these are clothed with a deep mass, (I will not say of verdure,) but of foliage, brilliant in its varied tints. These headlands are on the Canada side of the river, and are extremely picturesque. At length we neared the town; for town, alas! there is, and that much too near the cataract. I had gradually worked myself up to a perfect fever of expectation; and so intense was my state of excitement, that though this was the moment I had so ardently wished for, I now almost dreaded the accomplishment G 2 124 of my desires. Ah! if Niagara should disappoint me after all! I tried to compose my mind, and to look quietly about me, and forget, if possible, what I was about to behold. The town of Niagara is, in fact, nothing but a straggling village; it contains, however, an infinity of hotels, the principal of which is the 'Cataract.' The railway terminus is within a hundred yards of it, so we had not far to walk. To this hotel, then, which is on the way to the falls, we bent our steps, the noise of the rushing waters sounding in our ears, louder and more loud, as we approached them. We passed quickly on, without a guide, (for I could not have supported the presence of one of those human machines,) and arrived at a small grove composed of hiccory trees: this we traversed with rapid footsteps, and so, with a beating heart, I approached Niagara. One sudden turn in the narrow path, and it was before us!—before us in all its tumultuous grandeur and unequalled magnificence! Do not be afraid, I am not going to inflict upon you a description of the cataract. No; Niagara has been already too much poetized and prosed about, and as no one single writer has ever yet succeeded in conveying to the mind of another the most remote idea of what it really is, it is, I think, much better not to attempt a description, which must of necessity prove a failure. As far as regards my own sensations, they were over-powering, 125 and, do not laugh at me for my weakness, but I must confess, that my first view of Niagara was through blinding tears. It was, indeed, a sight never to forget —awe-inspiring, and most overwhelming to the poor weak human mind. I have often asked North American travellers whether the falls answered their expectations. To my surprise (but this was before I found out that it was the fashion to *say* so) many of them

have told me that Niagara fell short of *theirs.* My reply to such a question would be, that though it immeasurably surpassed all my previous conceptions, it was totally different from what I had expected to see. The Niagara of my dreams was higher, and not so broad, but infinitely less sublime. I was not prepared for the extent of the Horseshoe Fall, or for the indescribably beautiful *colour* of the mass of water in its descent. The pillar of rising spray is also a feature in the scene, which must completely defy the art of the painter, and so are the brilliant rainbows which glitter across the foaming torrent. Thankful indeed am I, that I have seen Nigara, not (as a travelled young GENTLEMAN once said to me of a Turkish city) because I can say that I have *done* Niagara; but because I trust that as long as memory holds her seat, so long shall I retain the impress of that great and magnificent scene. Now that I have actually beheld the watery ‘giant of the western 126 world,’ I may hope, that in the stillness of night my imaginations will be able to recall the vision of this most wonderful of nature's works; and that I shall again feel, as I did when first I beheld Niagara, that the Mighty Power which gathered the waters in a heap, is mostly to be praised and admired in his works, and that man is indeed weak and insignificant beside them.

Here speaks the voice of God! Let man be dumb, Nor with his vain aspirings hither come; That voice impels those hollow-sounding floods, And like a Presence fills the distant woods; These groaning rocks the Almighty finger piled For ages here *His* painted bow has smiled, Marking the changes and the chance of time— Eternal, beautiful, serene, sublime.

Not bad *sounding* Yankee lines, you will say, though what the author meant when he composed the last line but one, I cannot guess; and, moreover, I do not think he knows himself.

It was long before I could stir from the spot in which the glories of Niagara had first opened upon us, but at last we *did* move forward, and continued our walk over a long, unsafe-looking bridge, built above tumbling waters, to Goat Island. But few leaves were left on the trees, which grew thickly over the island, but the paths were strewed with them, and the

fitful November blast caught them up, and blew them in circling eddies round our feet. It was a day to see Niagara in all its wild 127 magnificence. The wind bent the tops of the tall trees, and the leafless branches creaked above our heads; but we hailed the stormy sounds with welcome, for they seemed to harmonize with all we saw. We walked round the island, and about it in every direction, and found many views *as* fine as the one we had left. There is literally a waste of waters. The wide river above the falls stretches broadly out between the rival shores, but there is no repose on its bosom, and woe to the boat or living soul that trusts itself on its treacherous surface. The burning of the ship Caroline, during the last war, was described to us by an eye-witness. She was set fire to, and then sent over the falls in a burst of flames. It must, indeed, have been a splendid sight, that of the fierce contention of the rival elements. The strife, however, did not last long; and afterwards, not one morsel of the planks, or even a stick of timber of the doomed vessel, was to be seen, to bear a record of her fate. The force of the cataract had ground her to atoms. After hours of wandering, we at length returned to everyday life, and the Cataract Hotel. Having been told that from this hotel the voice of Niagara was distinctly to be heard, I was rather disappointed to find that this was not always the case; I must tell you, also, that the noise of the waters is greatly overrated, and the distance at which it may be heard much *elongated* in travellers' stories. The 128 aspect of the entire neighbourhood of the Falls disturbed my ideas of the beautiful and appropriate. I had not only imagined that we should find very little artificial existence around this wondrous place, but that *the* hotel would be the only building *close* to the falls. And what was the reality? We were located in a comfortable hotel, (I should greatly have preferred a wooden shanty,) and this hotel was in a good clean *street!* Imagine my dismay at finding myself in an actual street within a hundred yards of Niagara! Opposite the window of the hotel was the post-office; and the post office was also a Notion shop, and was flanked on one side by Allan, the tailor, and on the other by Quaig, the boot and shoe maker! It is perfectly true that, in the present state of society, and especially in so cold a climate as this, human beings must have it in their power to purchase articles of clothing; and as the Indians are no longer in this part of the world to set the fashion of scanty apparel, the necessity becomes still more

imperative; but why could not these (I have no doubt) respectable tradesmen have set up at a more respectful distance, and have spared the magic regions of Niagara the contrast of their unromantic avocations? I had no patience with the utilitarian Yankees, and, at that moment, could have seen a fire break out in the town rather with satisfaction than otherwise.

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There are always a few Tuscarora squaws lingering about, with specimens of coarse bead-work for sale. Their dress is very picturesque, but as they speak tolerable English, and are by no means wild or savage looking, I take very little interest in them or their wares. Several of these women carry their ‘ *papoose* ’ with them, which papoose, when the mother is tired, is placed upright on its board against any house or fence which happens to be near. One little red thing amuses me exceedingly. It is a fat and unwieldy child, of about two years old, which is strapped closely down to the plank, its legs being tightly swathed together in red cloth, so that it has all the appearance of a gigantic carrot, with something slightly resembling a human head on the thick end of it. The only part of its person over which it appears to have any control, is its eyes; and those it rolls about in such a comical manner, that I can never look at the little animal without laughing.

The second day after our arrival, we hired an open carriage, in order to visit some of the principal points of interest on the Niagara river. Our first *lion* was the Whirlpool, which is about three miles below the Falls. It is in the midst of fine scenery, and is what may be called *fearfully* beautiful. A tremendous force of water rushes through a narrow channel —not more I should imagine than from fifty to sixty yards in width, and it flows between G 3 130 rocks three hundred feet in height. I suppose there are peculiar causes for the *circling* motion of the water, which has caused the name of the ‘Whirlpool’ to be given to this spot. It foams and whirls, and rends everything which is sucked into its vortex with savage fury; and it is a giddy thing to stand upon the rocks above, and look down upon this watery Pandemonium. We saw huge trees, which had come down the rapids, gradually

sucked into the whirlpool, and it was curious to watch the wild manner in which they were tossed and whirled about.

We next visited the ‘Devil's Hole,’ which is worthy of notice, not only for its individual beauty, (though the name does not promise much,) but owing to its having been the scene of a fearful tragedy during the ‘war time.’ The guide, who kept a sort of ‘liquor shop’ by the roadside, and who was far advanced in years, told us ‘all about it.’ How that a party of defeated Britishers had been hotly pursued by their adversaries, till they arrived at the ‘Hole,’ and that *there* , not being aware of the nature of the ground, they had perished miserably. The ‘Devil's Hole’ is a narrow ravine, four hundred feet deep, and opening out into the river. The summit of the rocks were, and still are, so concealed by trees and underwood, that no one can be aware of the proximity of danger, till he finds himself actually on the brink of the awful 131 precipice. Of the unfortunate Englishmen, who, in their haste to escape, fell over these treacherous rocks, but one, we were told, escaped. This lucky individual was the drummer, who was happy enough to find his fall, by some means or other, broken by his *drum* , and thus his life was saved. He made his escape eventually with great difficulty, skirting the narrow and shelving banks of this formidable stream, and by this means avoided his pursuers.

From a high bank, a little above the ‘Devil's Hole,’ we obtained a distant view of Lake Ontario, and could even trace the narrow and winding Niagara, till its waters mingled with those of the calm and distant lake. It was a striking image of the quiet and repose of the latter years of life, after the stormy passions of youth have subsided, and the wild tumult of eager hopes and the cares of high ambition have been lulled to rest; when the grief which shook the strong man like a reed shall have passed away; and when, after having been drawn into the fierce whirlpool of the waters of strife, and hurried unresistingly down the maddening torrent, whatjoy to find himself, at the last, buoyed upon those pleasant waters, and approaching a haven of safety at last!

We devoted another day to an expedition to the Canada, or ‘British side,’ so it is here called. To descend to the water's edge, there are two hundred and fifty-seven steps. The last three flights are not 132 (like the upper ones) roofed over, and they are, in consequence, rendered very wet and slippery by the spray from the falls. The weather was, in one respect, very unpropitious. The wind was high, and it blew directly *down* the river, the consequence of which unpleasant state of things was, that we were ferried across in a perfect shower of spray. The sun, however, shone out brightly, and the rainbows were consequently in their most perfect beauty. Though, at first sight, it appears rather a formidable undertaking, to cross the river so immediately below the falls, there is, in fact, little or no danger attending it. Owing to the eddy, the boatmen do not find it very hard work to keep their course; they, however, complained bitterly of the labour, and the lowness of the toll.

On arriving at the Canada side, a carriage (which we had previously ordered from the Clifton Hotel) was in readiness to convey us up the steep, winding road, to the summit of the high rocks which bound the stream. The full view of Niagara is more perfect on the Canada than it is on the American side. The Horse-shoe Fall *belongs* to the former, and is divided from what are called the American Falls by Goat Island. The scenery, however, on the American shore is immeasurably superior to what it is on *our* side, and, moreover, there are a hundred different and lovely views to one on the Canadian bank. I had no wish, therefore, 133 to spend more than a couple of days out of the short period of time which we could devote to Niagara at the Clifton Hotel. The point from which the finest view can be obtained of the whole mass of falling water, is from the Clifton Ledge, about one hundred and fifty yards from the hotel. There, the eye can compass the whole—the Horseshoe and the American Falls in one glance. The background of the picture at this spot is, indeed, beautiful, embellished, as it is, by Goat Island, the rapids, and the distant woods. Still, to my fancy, the actual enjoyment is greater on the American side, for there the variety is delightful; and, moreover, there are mossy banks to rest on, and comfortable seats, whereon the beauties of the scene may be contemplated without fatigue. The

contrast which all this affords to the barren and treeless walks on the Canada side, is as striking as it is pleasing. There is a projecting ledge lodge of tablerock above one of the highest parts of the cataract; on this ledge is the *shanty* , where travellers write down their names, and chronicle their poetical effusions, for the benefit of posterity. We did not enter the building, having read Dickens's severe, but I have no doubt just, remarks on the nature of the inscriptions therein indited. The rock is evidently breaking away, and at any moment, and without a warning of any sort, the portion that remains may be precipitated into the depths below. Not 134 six weeks before our visit, there occurred a frightful accident about fifty yards below this spot. A party of Americans from the hotel were viewing the falls, when one of them (a young lady) in stooping to gather a flower which grew at the edge of the rock, lost her balance, and fell over the precipice, which is here about three hundred feet in height. Her mangled form was carried up to the Clifton Hotel, and, strange to say, she continued to breathe for three hours after the accident. My informant, who was an Englishwoman, and had lived twenty-six years in the country, wound up her account by saying, ‘They are so reckless, *them* Americans!’—and so, in truth, they are.

The following day we saw everything that was to be seen within the compass of a drive. The museum, which contains all sorts of inanimate monsters, besides two *living* and very savage buffaloes from the Rocky Mountains; and the ‘burning springs,’ which are objects worthy of great curiosity. After journeying along a very sandy and indifferent road for about three miles, we came to a small wooden building on the brink of the river. This building you approach and enter, being guided in your course by a sulphureous smell, which is anything but agreeable. In the centre of the building you perceive what appears to be a shallow well, the water contained in which rises very nearly to the surface. In the middle of this reservoir is a machine, 135 resembling nothing so much as an upright *churn,* and through the upper part of this machine projects an iron tube. An attendant damsel, the priestess of the shrine, applies a lucifer match to the orifice of the tube, and forthwith a flame bursts-out, lurid, broad, and fierce! The attendant then removes the *churn* , sets a light to the *water* , and lo! the whole surface of the well is as a huge burning mince-pie

at Christmas! Being curious to know how and when these springs were first discovered, we ascertained, that in the commencement of the struggle for independence, some mills which then stood on this spot were burnt, and that, long after every apparent combustible had disappeared, the flames continued to ascend from the place with scarcely diminished activity. This circumstance gave rise to investigation as to the cause of this singular phenomenon, and, eventually, to the discovery of the sulphureous springs beneath.

In the afternoon, we descended, by a spiral staircase, close to the falls, and having arrived at a ledge on a level with the river, we, after walking a few yards, found ourselves at the entrance of that mighty arch formed by the rock and falling water. The roaring of the mighty cataract, and the trembling of the rock on which I stood, combined to render me so nervous, that I was fain to creep back again the few yards I had come, and take shelter in a little shanty which has been erected at the end 136 of the descent. From this place of refuge, I could contemplate, with a greater feeling of security, the watery tumult which was going on around me. But it was altogether too overpowering, the noise too deafening, and the nervous sense of danger too great, for the situation we were in (in spite of its grandeur and sublimity) to be an agreeable one. Over head was the tottering table-rock on which we had stood, projecting forty or fifty feet over the water *and our heads* . I repeat it was not pleasant, and I was not sorry to say ‘Good-bye’ to the thundering concert in the Niagara arch. We found so little to amuse or interest us on the Canada side, that we gladly returned to the *United States* . Here our time passed only too rapidly, for we were soon, alas, to take our farewell walk on this island!

It is said that, during the ‘season,’ from two to three hundred persons daily *pay their shilling* to cross the bridge, which leads to this beautiful island, and enjoy the variety of beautiful walks that are found on it. The property belongs, I believe, to a wealthy family of the name of Porter; and if we may judge by the names which have been carved on the trees and benches, the Browns, Greens, Blacks, and Whites, have been very numerous, and must have proved a fruitful mine of wealth to the proprietor. I was most thankful that their *names* were all I saw of them, and daily 137 and hourly congratulated myself that

we had visited Niagara at a time when the sight-seeing portion of the public are generally content to remain at home. It was to me almost disagreeable to see *any* human habitations on the banks of Niagara. I would have had it one glorious natural temple, dedicated to the God who formed it from the foundation of the world. I do not exactly say that I would wish the speculating Yankees *themselves* to be hurried into the rapids, but the saw-mills and the stores I would gladly see made an offering to the cataract. I *think* I would spare the hotel, but it should be well hid among the trees, and not allowed to show its great glaring white face in the shameless way it does at present.

Brilliantly did the sun sink to rest in this our last evening at Niagara, and brightly, too, did the evening star shine out of the heavens as I watched its twinkle from the balcony of the hotel; but, alas, it glistened over a ‘drug store,’ and not above the uncleared woods! And now we had to bid adieu to everything at Niagara—to the old baldheaded eagle who watches you from his perch every time you go to the falls—to the tempting ‘curiosity shops,’ and to the many stores of hiccory sticks and articles of Indian workmanship. The last adieus were paid to the cataract itself, and I left the river's banks with a feeling of regret which it would be difficult to describe. In the course of 138 the ten days we had spent at the falls, I had become so intimate with their beauties, that I had learned to regard that which had at first sight inspired me with awe, with a feeling only of delighted and reverential wonder. I had become familiar with Niagara! And when for the last time I looked upon the face of those mighty waters—when I reflected that for long ages after we poor puny mortals should have ceased to cumber the earth, Niagara would be still pouring down her gushing torrents, even as for thousands of years she had done before,—when I thought upon all this, I felt that the tremendous cataract of Niagara was, indeed, an awful testimony to the omnipotence of the Creator, and that man should tremblingly adore the hand that formed it, and confess that ‘His *power* endureth for ever.’

Great Spirit of the Rushing Waters! Thou art here! Thy Voice is all around us—and thy Presence near. *Here* hast Thou heap'd the waters in a falling Sea, And bade their thunders roll on everlastingly!

Great Spirit of the Rushing Waters! Trembling came The low deep murmuring of the Almighty Name, When first the wild Red Indian, still and awestruck stood Upon the giddy margin of Niagara's flood.

Great Spirit of the Rushing Waters! This the cry Which rose in wondering worship to the sky, Whilst Echo caught the praise that filled the distant air, And untaught wanderers *felt* that God was there.

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The Indian saw and trembled—But a ‘still small VOICE,’ Though heard amidst the thunder, bids a world rejoice; For HIS the Bow of Hope that spans the watery cloud, The Bow no storms can quench, though wintry vapours shroud.

Sound on Niagara! thy dread and ceaseless roar! For countless ages yet thy mighty waters pour! Till Time shall pass away, and Hope's bright Star on high, Shall set in gleams of Glory o'er the Rock Eternity!

M. C. H.

We leave Niagara to-morrow.

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LETTER XIII.

TUSCARORA INDIANS—EMBARK ON LAKE ONTARIO—HURRICANE—IMMINENT PERIL—RETURN TO ROCHESTER—A NIGHT AT SYRACUSE—ALBANY.

Albany—November.

The morning we left the falls, I perceived that there had been a fresh arrival of Indian women during the night; and two of the young squaws were really not at all undeserving of admiration. Very few persons (at least, in America) seem to take any interest in these poor ill-used people; however, the two I mention were women that few (even among those not possessed of my taste for wild specimens of human nature) could have overlooked. They had fine eyes and magnificent figures, and their walk was particularly free and dignified. I watched them from the window as they lounged about, wrapped in the graceful folds of their blankets, and waiting for the arrival of the trains. The Indian women are generally to be seen on the platform of the cars, entreating the passengers (after the fashion of our unauthorized beggars) to purchase their little embroidered pincushions and needle-cases. The men of the neighbouring tribes are often much less seen in the 141 settlements than the women, and when they *do* make their appearance, it is very rarely in *full costume* . About a year ago, however, the inhabitants of the village were, we were told, surprised by the appearance of, at least, twenty Tuscarora Indians, in all the *splendour* of their war-paint, and their national ornaments. Their object in making this inroad was not known, but it was an event so uncommon as to excite considerable interest. Their costumes not unfrequently exhibit specimens of most elaborate workmanship. We saw a dress of this description which had formerly belonged to a Mohawk chief, and which was embroidered with great skill and ingenuity. The man who originally owned this costume had once been a celebrated warrior, and had ‘fought for King George’ in the American war. As a reward for his services, a medal had been presented to him by the English government, and this testimony to his prowess still hung conspicuously on the breast of the time-worn leathern shirt. His son, now an aged man of some fourscore years, had *lent* this garment to the owner of the curiosity shop where we saw it. He was, though suffering severely from the miseries of poverty, so determined to preserve this precious relic in his family, that he steadfastly refused to part with it, though he had frequently been offered a considerable sum if he would consent to do so.

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The Indians (the few at least that remain of these rapidly disappearing people) have of late years become much more moral in their conduct and temperate in their habits than they formerly were; notwithstanding this, the women did not appear to be happy—at least, there never was a trace of anything approaching to mirth in their countenance. It may be, however, that they are only *serious* from habit, and from the dislike of *showing* emotion which prevails more or less among all the Indian tribes. The progress of civilization has gone on so rapidly, almost within view of the northern tribes of Indians, that they are no longer liable to the sudden shocks of amazement that in the south have been known to startle the grave and dignified savage out of his propriety. I certainly should extremely enjoy the introduction of a wild Comanchee Indian to the wonders of a locomotive engine, and to put him suddenly on an express train. It would be delightful! Poor Indians! their astonishment will not long be a source of amusement; the Yankees, with their untiring energy, have already joined the Hudson with the Mississippi, and effected a communication by water between the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico. They are even now ‘calculating’ the distance between the Atlantic and the Pacific; and their next project will (I have no doubt) be to construct a railroad from Lake Michigan to the Columbia 143 River, in the Oregon territory. The plan of this favourite project is even now before Congress. Thus, in a very few years, the southern Indians will, like those of the northern tribes, be ‘used up entirely,’ and their names will pass away from their happy hunting-grounds for ever.

We hired a carriage to convey us to Lewiston. It was one of those roomy and most wonderful vehicles intended to convey nine persons, and when filled I can imagine the sufferings of those packed into its confined space. Four hours were employed in a journey of not more than twenty miles, and at the end of that time we reached Lewiston, a village on the shores of Lake Ontario. From Lewiston the steamer started which was to convey us to Kingston. Having gone on board at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, we were told that we should reach Kingston by three o'clock the following day. For the first hour or two there seemed every chance of this promise being fulfilled; but alas! we had made but little

way when the wind, which was dead a-head, began to freshen, and the captain, greatly to our discomposure, allowed himself to talk of five o'clock instead of *three* as the hour when he *expected* we might hope to arrive at the end of our voyage. The boat was long, narrow, and top-heavy, one of those frail, fine weather boats, with a gorgeous saloon, and weak timbers, only fitted for the calmest and 144 quietest of summer days. This was to be her last trip for the season, all the other boats having been laid up a full week before. To *us* it soon appeared somewhat more than probable that this would be the last trip the *good* boat would take in *any* season; for when eight bells (midnight) were struck, it blew a perfect hurricane, and our danger was manifest to the most inexperienced eye. No one who has not witnessed them can form any idea of the force of the autumnal and winter hurricanes on these inland seas. The steamer, distressed with the amazing weight of her second *story* , strained, and creaked, and laboured in a most frightful manner; while the decks were deluged with the heavy seas that broke over them, and at every lurch the breaking of crockery, and the rolling about of loose casks added their noise to the general uproar, confusion, and alarm. Besides myself, there was no ‘female’ on board, excepting the stewardess, and my companion being almost constantly on deck, I was left entirely to my own resources. I soon found it quite impossible to remain in the saloon, for none of the chairs were *lashed* , so I betook myself to what I hoped would remain a tolerably dry seat—namely, a heap of trunks which were piled on the deck. The water, which had free access through the unbulwarked sides of the vessel, frequently came up within a foot of the station I had chosen, and the seas broke 145 over it frightfully; but still, though wet to the skin, and anything but comfortable, I had at least the advantage of seeing and hearing what was going on, and that in itself was a great satisfaction.

I soon made up my mind, from the pallid countenances of the captain and mate, that we were in great and imminent danger; indeed, the former officer, contrary to custom, made no secret of it, and not being (at least apparently) blessed with much presence of mind, the contradictory orders he gave, and his evident ignorance of what was best to be done, were not calculated to raise one's spirits. I even heard him at one time say to the mate, in

a voice of great alarm, ‘Well, I do say it is *eetarnal* risky going into that harbour to-night; I'd give something *con* siderable that we was safe in.’ The next remark I heard was, ‘Well, I do expect we'll have an almighty smash against the pier, and no mistake at all. If all the wood war'nt so near gone, darn'd if I wouldn't keep on for Oswego.’ Soon after this I heard the second in command put in *his* word, and a highly unsatisfactory word it was: ‘Well, cap'em, she do strain awful, and that's a fact; but she's had a'most enough of it, I reckon, and if I *wause* you, I'd just try and git her in any way.’ All this time the hurricane continued to increase in violence, and the seas rose higher in proportion. There was no buoyancy VOL. I. H 146 in our motion—no *lifting* to the seas—the wood was nearly exhausted, and it was evident to all present, that, in some way or other, our dangers must soon terminate. It was now two o'clock, and the darkest November night it was ever my lot to witness. To go forward as long as possible, or to dare the dangers of the harbour at once, was the question, and it was one that it seemed extremely difficult to solve. At last, a gentleman, who had all this time remained perfectly quiet, was aroused, by the imminence of the danger, to exert himself: ‘Gentlemen,’ he said, ‘we are close to the Genessee River, and our only chance is to try and get in there. We *may* be dashed to pieces against the pier, but we *must* be drowned if we stay outside, for the boat can't hold out for another half hour; and, moreover, you have no fuel—so make up your minds. I tell you, however, that I am an officer in the United States navy, and I'll do my best to take her in, if you'll trust to me.’ It was a great comfort to know that there was such a calm, sensible person on board, one also who appeared as able as he was willing to act for as in our great emergency.

The captain appeared quite ready to take his advice, and ascended with him to the upper deck. We were now very near the harbour, for occasionally, through the murky darkness of the night, we caught glimpses of the lights at the extremities 147 of the stone piers which jutted far Out but into the water. It was *only* , however, at rare intervals, and between the mountainous waves, that we saw the lights, for in general their view was shut out by a watery wall, and there was then nothing to guide the helmsman on his way. There was no one but the steward to whom I could apply for information, as to the amount of danger

we were in, for he was generally the only person within call. He was, though very pale himself and ill at ease, still inclined to give me all the comfort he could. He even carried his philanthropy so far as to sit down on the trunk, and endeavour to reassure me. This, however, was early in the night, for as the danger increased, I discovered that he had enough to do to keep up his own spirits, an object he at length succeeded in effecting by the aid of a very potent glass of grog, on the strength of which he even began to wax contemptuous; and in reply to a question of mine, which betrayed my consciousness of danger, he said, in a very disdainful manner, ‘Well, I somehow guess, you arn't ever been on Ontario before, so we mustn't blame you if you are just *skeered* a few.’ The second officer was very diplomatic in his replies, and committed himself no further than to say, ‘Well, we may be *fixed* in twenty minutes, and it's *tarnal* likely we mayn't never be fixed at all.’ There were some moments of intense anxiety as we neared the pier, and each H 2 148 man held his breath, as we were dashing through the narrow entrance to the harbour, for all felt how great was the probability that that moment would be our last. There were but a very few feet to spare between the boat and the pier, as we rolled over on the crest of a monstrous wave into the entrance of the harbour; but those few feet were enough, and at length our perils were over, and we were in smooth water! Thankful indeed were we that our lives were mercifully saved, and cordially did we all shake hands with the skilful officer who had been so mainly instrumental in bringing us in safety through the perils of the storm. How pleasant was the change that a few short moments had wrought in our bodily and mental sensations! After spending hours shivering in the cold night-air, in all the terrible alternations of hope and despair, and with the prospect of shipwreck before our eyes, it was indeed delightful to find ourselves in safety, and in the quiet enjoyment of stationary seats placed round the lighted stove; and with what satisfaction we gathered round to warm ourselves, and talk calmly over the dangers we had run, may easily be conceived.

A common peril certainly makes one acquainted with chance companions in a marvellously short space of time; and I grew more intimate with a stout elderly New-

York merchant in one hour, than I should have become in a year of ordinary 149 acquaintanceship. He was not the first American I had met with who asked questions: but he did it in so very agreeable a manner, and was so quietly acute and quaintly facetious, that I was much pleased with him. As usual, it was quite a matter of wonderment to him that we could be travelling in America with any other object beside that of business. He questioned us of our whereabouts when in our own country, and tried all he could to discover our *real* motive for 'coming over;' thus making it very evident that he could not credit the alleged one. He ascertained, however, as many Americans of *his* class do, a great but involuntary respect for independent travelling Englishmen, and he quoted 'the Marquis of Waterford's' yacht the Gem,' with all a Yankee's overweening respect for rank and riches. When the time approached for our leaving the steamer, he appeared buried in thought, but roused himself to shake hands and bid us 'Good-bye.' His last words, which were evidently the result of his cogitations were characteristic enough. 'Well, Ma'am, I wonder now if your husband, who's got nothing to do but to *spend* his money, is as happy as we Americans, who are busy *making* ours. I doubt he isn't.' And then followed, as usual, the most cordial invitation to make his house our home during our stay at New York, and all the demonstrations of hospitality, which, on the 150 part of our American brethren, is never an *empty* show.

We were landed into an omnibus at four o'clock in the morning. The vehicle was crowded, the road as bad as could be, and there was not a ray of light to be seen. Our fellow-travellers all agreed, (and most of them appeared to have had much experience in lake voyaging,) that this was the worst weather they had ever known on Ontario: there was an 'intelligent Scotchman' in the carriage, (one of those men who are to be met with whenever there is an *opening* of *any* kind, or in any country,) who obtained great respect by his description of the fearful and far more 'risky' dangers of Lake Michigan, near which he was located. He had his pockets stuffed with specimens of ores from the 'mining districts,' and appeared very anxious to make victims of some of the passengers.

Happily, we had not more than six miles to travel before we arrived at our old quarters in the Eagle Hotel, at Rochester. Our original intention had been, after landing at Kingston, to have gone down the St. Lawrence by another steamer to Montreal and Quebec, and then to return by Lake Champlin and the Saratoga springs to Albany. The experience we had of the lake steamers, and also the reports which reached us that the St. Lawrence boats would, in all probability, have ceased 151 running, induced us reluctantly to abandon our Canadian tour, and to make our way as quickly as possible to New York. We spent one night only at Syracuse, and the next day found ourselves once more in our comfortable hotel at Albany. Here we learnt that our escape from the dangers of the storm on Lake Ontario was a subject for still greater thankfulness than we had first imagined. Numerous had been the disasters, and immense the loss of life on that awful night: indeed it was said, that of all the vessels that were exposed to the fury of the hurricane, ours was the only one that had weathered the gale in safety.

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LETTER XIV.

STEAMING ON THE HUDSON—BEAUTIFUL SCENERY—DUTCH SETTLEMENTS—WEST POINT—MAJOR ANDRÉ.

West Point—November.

I WAS very glad (for a time, at least) to bid adieu to railway travelling. I was wearied of its *slow* monotony—its constant delays—and its numerous inconveniences. How we longed for the hastening and comfort giving presence of directors, railway kings, policemen, and a pace of forty miles an hour! It was quite provoking to hear every one repeating, ‘Well, I expect there's no getting along like this in *your* country;’ and the exclamations of the *ladies* of ‘my!’ and ‘possible!’ when I ventured to tell them that our express trains went at the rate of fifty miles an hour, tried my patience sorely—they evidently thought me such an ‘ *everlasting* ’ storyteller. We found the steamer in nothing different from the ordinary run

of river steam-boats here; of these you have, of course, read so many descriptions that it would be absurd to fill up my letter with another; at the same time, I will briefly suggest, that if you can imagine another story or two 153 piled on the top of one of the London or Paris ‘Floating Baths,’ it will assist your fancy well.

The sun rose so mistily that nothing could be seen of the distant prospect. The banks of the river during the first hour were not at all interesting. Numerous rather *cockney* -looking villas were passed, as we literally *rushed* down the stream. Every house seemed built on the same plan, with wooden porticoes and pillars, and was equally destitute of fine woods, or even of ornamental pleasure-grounds. We saw some islands here and there, one of which was pointed out to us as having been the boundary of the old Ranselaer colony. It completely commands the *passage* , and must have been an admirable point of defence against any approach by the river.

The Hudson is, however, even before arriving at the more hilly shores, a fine, wide, handsome river, busy with steamers passing to and fro, and occasionally embellished with banks sloping to the water's edge, and tolerably well wooded. As you advance, you see many houses near the river side, the appearance of which is thoroughly and unmistakably Dutch. In one of these, a substantial-looking red farm-house, flourished, we were told, three young ladies—sisters, who measured, one with another, twenty-one feet in height!! They had been *raised* on the Hudson, and the gentlemen of the neighbourhood seemed very proud of the H 3 154 existence in their ‘State’ of these ‘dreadful fine gals,’ as they called them. The pure Dutch families are rapidly becoming extinct in this part of the country; formerly they were very numerous, but now it is comparatively rare to hear a Dutch name mentioned. As they were the first people who settled in the State of New York, they of course chose for themselves the best land they could find, there being little, however, but what was decidedly poor; still, in the valleys through which the river flows, there is *some* rich land, and in such localities as these you may be certain to find a Dutch family. In the valley of the Mohawk, there is still a large though diminishing colony of these people, and from thence, round to the Katskill Mountains, wherever there is a spot of

tolerable ground, their course may be traced. This boasted state of New York seems in many respects deficient in natural advantages: the soil is in most parts so poor, that it does not pay the farmer to raise corn, and labour is so expensive that they cannot afford to improve it. There was a very intelligent New Yorker on board the ‘Troy,’ holding forth on this subject. ‘I've been down lately,’ said he, ‘a good deal among the farmers buying corn. And to see these young farmers! It's quite a warning. A fine young chap of eighteen or nineteen, without a dollar in his pocket, takes and marries a handsome gal of the same age, and with just as few cents in 155 her purse as himself. And what happens next? Why, there they are—everlasting slaves, with their noses at the grindstone, worse a deal than *serfs.* Now, if that young feller had only *waited* , and saved his wages for a year or two, he might have bought some fine land *Tennessee-way* , at government price—dollar an acre, and *then* gone back and married the gal if he liked it. 'Tis poor land, and that's a fact, and I a'ant agoing to deny it; but just look at New England—there's land for you! If you stump the world, you won't find such cold inhospitable land as *that* on the face of the tarnation earth. Well, *no* people but those puritans could have done anything with it; and just look what riches there is in that country! But we're getting along, sir—going a-head. No fear of an universal Yan *kee* ,—whenever there's an operation to be done, you're sure to find a Yankee at the bottom of it—.” He was now fairly off on the never-dying subject—the wonders of the U-nited States, so, knowing all that by heart, I left him to his little knot of eager listeners, each of whom was entering heart and soul into the popular theme. I then tried another, and, as I hoped, a quieter part of the vessel, but I had no sooner seated myself on one of the side benches, when a stout gentleman, having unceremoniously placed his chair within a few inches of my face, commenced smoking his cigar, &c., without paying the least 156 regard to my national prejudices. I was, however, repaid for the annoyance I felt by my extreme amusement at the remark of a very pretty and well dressed young lady, who sat near me. I suppose my countenance expressed my distaste for what was going on, for as I was preparing to change my quarters, she remarked to me, with extreme gravity, ‘Well, you do feel considerable like *fighting* , I expect, anyhow.’ They were the first and last words she spoke to me, for, after delivering her sentiment, she did

not appear to entertain the slightest wish to carry on a conversation so auspiciously begun. Soon, however, the surpassing beauty of the scenery occupied all my attention, and left me none to bestow on petty annoyances.

The weather had now cleared up, and we had a magnificent view of the Katskill Mountains, rising three thousand feet above us, and covered with woods. On the summit we could easily distinguish the hotel, which is a great place of resort for summer tourists, and I longed to be looking down from one of its windows *on* the scene *through* which we were, so far, too rapidly passing. The scenery grew more and more beautiful every moment, and we began to allow to each other that the charms for which the Hudson is so celebrated are not exaggerated by its panegyrists. We passed a very fine-looking *château* , (for that is the best name for it,) built by a Doctor Somebody, whose 157 name I forget. It has been given the name of Hyde Park. Immediately after passing the ‘corner,’ and with the name still grating on our ears, we arrived at the little town of Poughkeepsie. This name is a corruption of the Indian word Apokeepsing, which signifies ‘safe harbour.’ Nothing could now surpass the river in beauty. All the essentials were there—rocks, woods, and water. It was the Rhine without its associations, with no ruins, but with even more of grandeur and variety. The whole was rendered a thousand times more interesting to us by the eventful scenes which had been enacted there in former days, and many of which have been so well and so romantically described by Cooper and Washington Irving. We passed by Milton and Marlborough, and then Newburgh. There, too, was the house still standing, which had so long been the head quarters of Washington. And we viewed it with interest as the spot where the father of his country refused the crown that was offered him, and where he had eventually the happiness of receiving the intelligence that peace was established, and the independence of his country secured.

Soon after leaving Newburgh, we entered the highlands. These hills, or rather mountains, are arange of thirty miles in length and fifteen in width, and extending *across* the river in a north-east and south-westerly-direction. On our left, rose the two 158 highest peaks, one of which is called the ‘Great Sachem,’ and the other *Anthony's Nose* , rather a

bathos, as it appeared to me. Soon after this, we reached West Point. Here we landed, and, after undergoing the usual questioning from the sentry on duty, we were speedily comfortably established in the hotel. The Military College at West Point seems to me to be quite perfection as an establishment of the kind. The cadets are two hundred and fifty in number, and receive instruction in every branch of science; and there can be no doubt that some of the most accomplished and agreeable men in the United States are those who have been educated at the Military College. Their minds become enlarged, and the nature and end of their pursuits make them gentlemen in the best sense of the word, and free them from many of those prejudices so apparent in many of their countrymen. The situation of West Point is calculated to foster any patriotic feelings which the young Americans may possess, as well as to excite within them a love for all that is most beautiful in nature. The loveliness of all they see around them, must surely increase their affection for, and admiration of, their *fatherland* , and surely the feeling cannot be decreased by the knowledge that in the immediate neighbourhood of their academy were enacted some of the most remarkable and glorious events in their early history.

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We did not fail to visit both Fort Putman and Fort Clinton, and in Kosciusko's Garden, we sat and read, and mused. Arnold's treachery and the execution of poor André have been the subject of many tales, and romances, and, to my surprise, I found the subject rather a popular one with the Americans. More than once this tragical affair was, in our hearing, alluded to by the Yankees, with considerable self-satisfaction. I could only repeat with Corneille, It is not the *scaffold* , but the *crime* which makes the shame; and certainly, if this be true, the shame should be entirely on the side of the Americans.

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LETTER XV.

WASHINGTON IRVING—DINNER ON BOARD THE STEAMER—ARRIVAL AT NEW YORK—ASTOR HOUSE—INCONGRUITIES OF BROADWAY—BEAUTY AND INDEPENDENCE OF THE LADIES.

Newk Yor—November.

ON the afternoon of the second day after our arrival at West Point, we again embarked for New York, and soon came to the conclusion that the Hudson certainly far surpasses in beauty any of our European rivers; with its bold rocky promontories through which the lordly river winds its way, and every now and then its openings into lakes, surrounded by granite rocks, with wooded summits, it stands pre-eminent amongst rivers.

At length, we came to Ferry Town, celebrated for its model prison, but still more for the romantic interest, with which the magic pen of the ‘Wizard of the *West* ’ has invested it. In a pretty situation stands the abode of the enchanter himself, and it was pointed out to us by some of our fellow-passengers, with a pride which I could understand and appreciate.

But it is very difficult to indulge in romance 161 on board any steamer, and in an American one, almost impossible. In the midst of a reverie, in which I was endeavouring to conjure up the forms of Rip Van Winkle, and the Headless Horseman of Ferry Town, I was roused by a summons to dinner. An appeal of this kind is, on such occasions, not to be neglected; for everything in the shape of comfort depends on being in time. This conviction is, however, so firmly impressed on every one's mind, that the rush to dinner is tremendous, and the exertions to secure the best place most strenuous and determined. The noise occasioned by the hungry multitude effectually broke the spell which the memories connected with one of my favourite authors had woven around me; and instead of those pleasant fancies, I had to content myself with a crowded saloon, a coarse but plentiful dinner, and the immediate companionship of one of the very shortest and stoutest of elderly ladies with whom I ever came in contact. This personage, who was about fifty years of age and extremely loquacious, had clung to me pertinaciously through the day in

spite of my efforts to shake her off. She was without a *compagnon de voyage* of any kind, and had she been a degree less stout or less of an age to take care of herself, I should have been touched by her feminine sense of dependence. At dinner, she seated herself by my side, and with well-meant kindness, pushed me with her round elbow, whenever 162 anything she considered particularly tempting was placed on the table. Her appetite was prodigious, and I looked on with absolute amazement at the disappearance of the eatables within her reach. Plate after plate was emptied of roast beef, stewed oysters, mutton, and what she called *sarce.* Still the cravings of her appetite seemed but little diminished, for having picked the bones of half a grilled fowl, till not a morsel of meat remained, she sent the unlucky remnants from one side of her plate to the other with a vicious jerk, and muttered, ‘Well, I expect, I can't make any hand of those bones anyhow!’ After this, she solaced herself with an unlimited quantity of squash pie, which national-dish she declared to be an especial favourite of hers. But what surprised me most was the extraordinary dexterity with which she contrived to remove the apples from a dish on the table, to the safe custody of her own pocket handkerchief. I will not pretend to say *how* many apples found their way into her possession; I only counted six, and as she slid from her chair, and waddled after me the moment I, left the table, it is but fair to conclude that her depredations went no further, and that this was the extent of her peccadilloes.

There were some very fair faces and graceful figures in that motley crew. Some New York families had been *picked up* at their villas at 163 Poughkeepsie, and other places on the river, and were returning to the city for ‘the season.’ Many of these were distingué and unexceptionable in dress, manners, and appearance: ladies, of whose *ladyhood* it would be impossible to doubt. But let them do anything but *speak* , anything but drawl forth their words, and scream out their surprise, and say ‘What,’ and ‘Ay,’ and ‘Ha aw,’ in a lengthened tone, of which it would be impossible to convey an adequate idea. This is a great pity, for the American ladies are often agreeable, and almost always well read; indeed, I have every reason to think that they are as superior to *us* in general knowledge and erudition, as they are in acuteness of observation. All these good gifts are, however,

marred by a want of softness of manner, and by a deficiency of those ‘good gifts which grace a gentle *woman.* ’ The ‘guessing’ and ‘expecting’ are also by no means confined to the gentlemen, and the frequent use of those favourite verbs would, in my opinion, spoil the charm of any conversation.

It is highly probable that the Americans (who fancy that they alone speak English with correctness and purity, and that in the old country no one understands his own language at all) may be equally, and as disagreeably struck by some of the conventional terms which *we* are in the habit of using. They pique themselves on their power of ‘guessing’ the name of the very county in England 164 in which you had the misfortune to imbibe what *they* consider your peculiar incorrectness in speaking your mother tongue; for instance, I was once informed by an ‘officer's lady,’ that she was ‘sure I was London raised by my talk.’ After this, when I found myself making use of some term, or form of speech not in general use in America, I have come to the conclusion that those present were of course finding quite as much fault with our English, as we habitually do with theirs.

The lower part of the Hudson is not so picturesque as it is in the neighbourhood of the Highlands; but the Palisades which extend for twenty miles, nearly to the city of New York, are extremely curious. They take their name from the Columnade Rocks, which form cliffs rising up three or four hundred feet perpendicularly from the water's edge. We passed along through the dark water, overshadowed with this rocky wall, and close underneath it. It was late in the evening when we arrived at New York, and there was, as usual on such occasions, a tremendous crowd at the landing, which crowd contained a vast number of pick-pockets, officials, and hotel agents; there were no *idle* people among them—no *desœuvres* spectators, as there would have been in the Old World; all were occupied in some business of their own—whether innocent or otherwise. We drove directly to the Astor House, and took possession 165 of a delightful suite of apartments looking upon Broadway. It was a gay and exhilarating sight—the open square before the windows,

the brilliant gas-light, and a sort of ‘Egyptian Hall’ opposite, through the open windows of which the music of a full brass band was heard playing the most inspiriting airs.

There is a great comfort in the attendance of the civil and well-behaved Irish servants who wait on our apartments, and a still greater in the excellent French cooks, who contrive to send us up a dinner every day which would not disgrace the best restaurant in Paris. The constant rattling by of omnibuses and other carriages, and the variety of London-like noises which are constantly to be heard, and to which we had been so long unaccustomed, effectually chased away sleep; and very early on the following day we were glad to escape from our hotel and commence the duty of sight-seeing. The first day we drove over every part of the city, so as to be able to form a tolerably accurate idea of its *locale.* You *may* know, but I will suppose you do not, that New York is built on a long, narrow island, eight or nine miles long. It has the Hudson on the west side, and East River (a continuation of Long Island Sound) on the east. The latter communicates with Long Island Sound, *Hellgate* , a corruption of *Hurlqate.* On the north side, it is separated from the mainland by 166 *Duyvil's* Creek. By this and some other names equally *quaint* , it would appear that the sober-minded Dutch had strange fancies for profane names.

The city is built on the southernmost end of the island, and is traversed longitudinally by several streets, of which the principal are Broadway and Bowery. Crossing these again at right angles are numerous others which run from river to river, so that when standing in the centre of the city you have sometimes a view of the shipping on either side. This, however, is not very often the case, the city not being very regularly built, or the streets *always* either broad or straight. How different is the entire aspect of the city from that of Boston! It is less clean, more noisy, and a thousand times more *commercial-looking.* These differences show one the absurdity into which travellers from other countries too often fall—namely, that of condensing the whole *variety* of the States into one sweeping description; whereas, in fact, this great country is composed of as many different *nations* (if one may so call them) as it has different climates within its limits.

Boston and its inhabitants remind one forcibly of a Scotch city, and, when there, one might fancy oneself at Glasgow, and here I could sometimes almost imagine I had been transported to Liverpool. From what we have heard of Philadelphia, 167 we already believe it to be a sort of Bristol, and Baltimore, I have no doubt, will be the Bordeaux of the west. Broadway is the *fashionable* street of New York, and Bowery the business one. Both of these run through the whole length of the city, and, indeed, to the end of the island, merely changing their names for that of *avenues* when they 'go out of town.' Broadway is certainly, as far as the essential points of length and width go, a handsome street. Still (and it was, perhaps, because my expectations had been extravagantly raised) I was rather disappointed in the appearance of that famous street. The houses are built with little attention to uniformity, and the display in the shop windows is not so remarkable for splendour or beauty as I had expected to find. Every now and then, certainly, you come to a *store* of great magnificence, with its immense panes of plate glass, and its tempting display of finery within; but, unfortunately, there is, in all probability, along side of it a wretched oyster-shop, or worse still, a ten-pin alley. The upper part of the street, when you arrive at about No. 460, is the handsomest, and can even compete with Portland Place in the size of its private houses. *Lower* down in the street, you are too often disgusted by seeing mean and one- *storied* houses, where such houses should not be, and by shops displaying all varieties of shades in their brick or stone work. 168 All this takes from the outward merit of Broadway as a street, and renders it difficult for a stranger to agree with the Americans that it is the 'finest in the world,' or, as they affirm, far 'finer than Regent Street' in every sense of the word. The trottoir is occasionally perfect. The *slabs* are often six or eight feet long, and in many of them are inserted tablets of stone, which, on a first view, have very much the effect of tomb-stones; but, on a nearer examination, you may discover on them the name and business of the 'gentleman' before whose store they are placed.

The private carriages are numerous, but they are perfectly plain and destitute of ornament; the attendants, also, are unliveried, so that the passing equipages do not add much to

the gaiety or liveliness of the streets. The carriages are mostly of a green or blue, so dark that it might almost be called black. The coachman is generally of a still darker hue, and when this is the case a plain livery is adopted as a mark of servitude. It is not, however, considered in good taste to make any great display of this kind, and when, a short time ago, an American gentleman, who had been long resident in Paris, and had there imbibed some aristocratic ideas, made his appearance in Broadway with two footmen of regulation height behind his carriage, with powdered heads, bouquets, and canes, he met with such unequivocal marks of ridicule and disapprobation, 169 that he was soon obliged to content himself with a more simple and less conspicuous equipage. In general, the horses are good, and they would, I have no doubt, look even showy, if they were well ‘set up.’ This, however, is an operation rarely, if ever, attempted, as *use* , not *show* , is the object of their owners.

A great deal has been said in praise of the ‘beauties’ who are to be met with in Broadway; indeed, I have heard it asserted, even by Englishmen, that there are more beautiful faces to be seen during a walk through that street than in any other place in the world. One reason for this may be, that there are *more* female faces to be seen; for it is only in American cities that you can see the principal street literally thronged with ladies, and it would indeed be strange if, amongst all these numbers *many* were not to be found possessed of a sufficient degree of attraction to justify these encomiums. In Broadway, during the fashionable period of the day, ladies, in parties of two and three, may be met with every second, and as their complexions are generally good, and their dress, at least, not deficient in *showiness* , their *tout-ensemble* is often sufficiently attractive. The total absence of all appearance of shyness in these perambulating ladies may also partly account for some of the admiration that has been so liberally bestowed upon them; but whatever the cause, they certainly VOL. I. I 170 arrogate to themselves the palm of beauty, and I have not often heard their claim to it disputed. It is, however, equally true that the reign of their charms is as short as it is brilliant. In America, it would be considered absurd to talk of a lady possessing a single attraction after thirty, so accustomed are

they in this country to witness the early decline of youth and loveliness. During their daily promenades, the New York ladies are rarely attended by a gentleman, and never by a servant. It is, perhaps, to this remarkable independence of character and habits that they are indebted for the perfect self-possession and total absence of shyness which must be obvious to every one. To many, this would destroy the effect of half the charms they possess; not so, I imagine, with their own countrymen, for I have heard *them* boast of this very characteristic as a proof of the perfect freedom from prejudice on the part of the ladies of their country, and also of their conviction that there was no reason for them to be ‘ashamed of themselves!’

The dress of the New York ladies is generally overdone, gaudy and inappropriate; it is also costly and *extravagant* to the greatest degree—and to spend a large proportion of their husband's hard-earned gains in the purchase of Parisian finery, seems to be one of their great pleasures. The price of every article of dress is nearly treble what 171 it is in either London or Paris, and when it is taken into consideration that they *dress* much *more* than it is the custom to do in either of the above capitals, the tremendous drain upon the dollars may be, in some degreee, appreciated. Such feathers as I have seen in Broadway!—pink, blue, and red, and floating high in air on the winds of a cold November day. And then the satin gowns, of light and conspicuous colours, and the splendid velvets of every hue—and all this to walk in one of the dirtiest main streets in the world; the object of their promenade (always excepting the primary one of seeing and being seen) being, in all probability, to cheapen groceries in a huckster's store. But I am obliged to conclude.

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LETTER XVI.

ARISTOCRACY IN NEW YORK—EXTREME OSTENTATION—MUSEUM—INORDINATE RESPECT FOR RANK.

New York—November.

I MUST now tell you of a few more of the peculiarities which struck me during a walk in Broadway. One is, that you may here see (what I fancy you can rarely do in any other part of America) young men who are essentially *flâneurs* —idlers, in short, who appear to have nothing to do but to dandify themselves for the sole purpose of displaying their charms in a fashionable walk. I cannot help thinking that the time is not far distant when the universal love of trading and speculation will not be so prevalent in the United States as it has hitherto been. I have an idea, that in most of the other cities of the Union, *idleness* is still looked upon as rather discreditable than otherwise; and that a man who has no ostensible profession is generally held in small estimation. This is not the case *here.* Hundreds of rich merchants, who, having *realized* large fortunes in the south and west, have given up business, are established in 173 this city. Formerly, those very men would have betaken themselves to Europe, to avoid the reproach of idleness; now, they can live *here* in perfect comfort, and in the midst of a large circle of friends and acquaintances in similar circumstances. I was surprised to find that they have their *Court Guide* even in New York, and that, for one sixpence, there could be purchased, a 'true and correct list of all the wealthy citizens and merchants of New York. In this comprehensive volume was to be found, not only their places of abode, but the amount of their fortunes specified; in this style: Mr. Jonathan—, No.—, Broadway, formerly of Charleston, dry goods merchant—fortune, 200,000 dollars. Their only private ambition seems now to be that of surpassing their neighbours in the extravagance of their entertainments, and in the ostentatious magnificence of their habitations. The constant communication between America and Europe has already worked a great change in the habits and manners of the former country, and there is no doubt that every year the rapidly increasing numbers of the steamboats will tend to assimilate still more these different portions of the globe.

We heard such constant and such inviting strains from the brass band at the museum opposite the hotel, that one evening we paid a visit to its vaunted wonders. The great objects of curiosity 174 appeared to be an English dwarf, very little taller than Tom Thumb, and a most vicious-looking orang-outang. There were also some *dried* and hideous

Indians, who had been dug out of the Kentucky eaves; and stuffed animals from all parts of the known world. I was much amused by a small collection of wax figures, as large as life, and evidently in humble imitation of those in Madame Tussaud's museum, each of which was in a separate glass case. The first we came to was one Polly Jones, or Smith, I forget which, but she was a distinguished criminal who had figured in the last century; and next to her, and gazing lovingly in her face, stood, in full uniform, the unbending form of General Jackson, that great man and enlightened statesman, who, in the words of the song, was—

Always ready for action, Yes, Jackson is de boy; America would be widout him A turbot widout soy!

On his left hand the General was well supported, having Lord Brougham next him, considerably flattered and with his Lord Chancellor's wig on his head. Next in succession came Father Mathew, O'Connell, Sir Robert Peel, Sir James Graham, and the Duke of Wellington. In the centre, which was evidently the place of honour, was Queen Victoria in a splendid glass case, and adorned with 175 her crown and coronation robes. She looked remarkably well, as she sat on her throne, and extended her sceptre over the subjects of her forefathers. Near the door of the room there hangs, in a most conspicuous place, and framed and glazed, a common-place official announcement, emanating from the Lord Chamberlain's office. It is an object of interest *here* , solely because ‘Victoria R.’ is written upon it by the hand of the Queen of England.

This reminds me of a description which a New-England gentleman once gave me of his sensations, when, several years before, and during a visit which he made to England, he was presented by the American minister, to William the Fourth. The Yankee was a plain-spoken, independent individual, the last man in the world (as I should have imagined) who would have been awed by such a ceremony. The undue veneration for mere rank ‘I came out strong,’ however, in his case, for, in describing the ceremony, which he did in the most racy manner, he finished by saying— *Well, it's truth, if I never say another word,*

that my hair stood on end like candles, and that I hadn't a dry thread about me! This was at the moment of presentation, when, by his own account, his feelings were wound up to a positively painful state of excitement and fear.

The extraordinary respect paid by Americans to 176 foreigners who possess a title, has always struck me with astonishment. It is a perfect contradiction in their character; for, with the peculiar constitution of their government, their habits of self-dependence, and the almost total absence of any marked difference of grades in their own social life, one would naturally imagine that they would be inclined to consider the ‘aristocracy’ of less fortunate nations as a sort of necessary evil, peculiar to the corrupt state of government and society, which we must lament in the old world. This may be the case in the abstract, but it cannot be denied, that in individual cases, a *title* always has, and, I fear, ever will, command a respect in the United States far greater than would be its meed in any other part of the world. This is not a *mere* English view of the case, for I have heard the same remark made, and the same weakness regretted, by many intelligent Americans, who have been painfully aware of the ridicule it has often brought upon their countrymen.

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LETTER XVII.

FAMILIARITY OF HELPS—IRISH SERVANTS—JEALOUSY OF THE MOTHER COUNTRY—THE PARK THEATRE—FREEDOM ALLOWED TO AMERICAN YOUNG LADIES—THE GREAT RESPECT PAID TO LADIES IN THE UNITED STATES.

New York—November.

AFTER the unpleasant truths with which I closed my last letter, I feel bound to say, that the intercourse of the Americans with their own countrymen is characterized by a remarkable absence of affectation, and by great kindness and courtesy of manner. *Who* ever an American may happen to meet, and *how* ever ignorant he may be of his position, or his antecedents, his address, if he *does* address him, is invariably and uniformly polite. In

England, we are far too apt to utter in our inmost hearts, the admirable speech of the Spanish satirist—‘Let me know who you are, that I may measure my civilities according to your deserts.’ *Here* a man is equally civil to the president of the country, and to the Irish *gentleman* who acts as his servant. The fact, of every servant or *help* , if they prefer the name, calling herself a *lady* , and every white man, in the lowest grades of society, I 3 178 arrogating to himself the title of *gentleman* , goes far to prove the truth of what I have advanced, in regard to their love of affixing what is called a *handle* to their names. They wish to be called by the highest denomination to which in *their* country they can hope to arrive. Hence, too, the extravagant numbers of generals, colonels, and commodores; and the Mrs. *General This* , and Mrs. *Commodore That* , whom you are hourly meeting with. A *title* of any kind, no matter how humble, is considered better than none in the United States.

The absurdity of the people called *helps* is very great. The *help* ‘American born,’ is not often met with; but they may always be recognised by their extremely independent, not to say impertinent, air, their showy dress and familiar conversation. The help has high wages, without which she would not remain an hour in the house, and she stipulates for one or two entire holidays in the week, in default of which privilege she declines to engage herself. An English lady once told me, that she had heard a ‘help’ announce the arrival of a servant about to be hired into the house, in the following terms—the person she addressed being a fellow-servant. ‘Amelia, tell the *woman* in the parlour that there's a *lady* here waiting to speak to her.’

By far the greater proportion of the domestic 179 servants are Irish, or coloured people; and it would be difficult to say, which are held in the greatest contempt by the free-born citizens of the Union—the white man who voluntarily submits to servitude, or the nigger who is in a manner born to it; for both are considered out of the pale of society. To be called an ‘Irishman’ is almost as great an insult as to be stigmatized as a ‘nigger feller,’ and in a street-row, both appellations are flung off among the combatants with great zest and vigour. But with all this, the weight and power of these noisy gentlemen from the

Emerald Isle are very great. During the last elections their influence turned the scale in favour of the Locofocos; they are the most democratic among the democratic, and are always the first to promote any measure likely to produce a war with the old country. It is calculated that, in New York alone, there are fifty thousand persons from the sister isle; each man who has become naturalized has a vote, and this vote is almost invariably given to the radical party. Thus, the Irish in America endeavour to avenge the wrongs of their country, and if they are dangerous people in thraldom and under restraint, they are still more so with power, however limited, in their hands. The feeling against the mother country is, however, not confined to the *lower* orders of Irish in America. I believe the same feeling to exist among many of higher 180 position and more prosperous fortunes; nor are the English, Scotch, or German settlers exempt from it. It is sad, indeed, when one's foes are those of one's own household.

There are various *sets* among the portion of New York society which may be called aristocratic. The best of these is certainly that, whose members belong to the literary professions, and whose claim to distinction is not derived from their dollars alone. Between those still in business and those who have retired from it, there always appears to be a little jealousy, and this is, of course, fomented by the grand national animosity that undoubtedly exists between the men of the north and the southerners.

New York, as a place of residence, is decidedly expensive. An opinion as to this matter may, in some slight degree, be farmed from the prices paid at the hotels. In comparing them with those of either London or Paris, they are considerably dearer than either. I believe this is only the case where the meals are *taken* in a private room, a plan which, in America, is both expensive and unwise, and was relinquished by us, as such, after leaving New York. Firing of all kinds is very dear here, and wood particularly so, being at least double the price that it is in Paris. It is curious to reflect upon the change which a few years (comparatively speaking) have wrought in this respect. How 181 little did the early settlers imagine, when they were cutting and hewing, and burning the apparently exhaustless forests, that in so short a period their descendants would be paying for (as a

luxury) that which caused them such cruel labour to eradicate and destroy! Anthracite coal is also burned here, and though it is pleasant to the eye, and remarkably free from dust, its ill effects soon become apparent, by causing violent headache, and a feeling of painful oppression. I heard a clever medical man affirm that the burning of this native coal has a very injurious effect on the human system, and that, since its use has become general, apoplexy has increased to an alarming extent.

Among other amusements, we have visited the Park Theatre, to witness the performance of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, in Hamlet. The house, which is a large one, was very badly attended, and altogether my impression was that these English tragedians, so deservedly admired in their own country, did not *take* here; I confess, I was surprised at this, as *foreign* talent, especially that appertaining to the stage, is generally well appreciated. Of late years, however, I believe there has been a change in this respect, and that very little encouragement is given to *any* theatrical performance at New York, and none whatever to native talent; in short, it is only when a foreign *star* of magnitude appears on their boards, that 182 they seem even to remember that there is such a place as a playhouse. Dancing seems to be by far the favourite amusement here; and as to polking—I believe that in no part of the world has the rage for that violent species of pastime been carried to such an extent as in New York. There is something delightfully *degourdi* in the way they make their arrangements for carrying on their entertainments; and, (if I was correctly informed,) on these matters the *laisser-aller* of the proceedings must have great charms for the young and gay. When a ball is to be given, it is the young ladies of the house, not the mammas and papas, who invite the guests. *They* are not supposed to be any judges of the *who* , and are only necessary as supplying the means for the entertainment of the society. I believe that this remark is equally applicable to their dinner engagements, and, in short, to all social meetings where the young of both sexes most do congregate.

On the occasion of a ball, it not unfrequently happens that neither fathers nor mothers appear at all, and that the *bidden* consist almost entirely of young unmarried men, and of fair maidens equally juvenile and unshackled. As may well be supposed, the fun is

often both ‘fast and furious,’ and quite different from what it would most probably be, were any either elderly or staid people admitted to the festivity. A chaperone, within the 183 limits of a dancing room, would not be allowed on any consideration, and very few single ladies, after they have passed the age of twenty-five, are considered eligible for admission. Free, and independent as the constitution of their country, are the manners and habits of young American ladies, and so tenacious are they of their glorious rights as free-born citizens, that they are not content even with this exercise of power. One of their most popular amusements is to take a country drive with any young gentleman who may be the favoured admirer for the moment. The vehicle in which this recreation is taken, is a *gig* , and is usually drawn by a high and fast trotting horse, driven at the very top of his speed. The lady, on these occasions, wears her best bonnet and feathers, and the gentleman is sure to be smoking a cigar. The privilege of choosing their own partner for *life* , as well as for a Sunday drive, is generally insisted on by the fair sex, and is, I am told, seldom disputed. The choice (as in other countries) is, I fear, too often made from interested motives; but if it be so, and if a spirit of calculation worthy of their parents, *be* too frequently apparent, there is more excuse for an American, than for young ladies of other, and less exclusively mercantile countries. They see so little of their husbands, considering him often merely as the medium through which dollars find 184 their way into the milliners' shops, in exchange for caps and bonnets, that the amount of *money* he gives them is clearly of more consequence to them than anything else. With *them* matrimony is as much a matter of business as an operation in cottons, or railroad shares, is to their parents. It would be quite a pity if, with the capacity possessed by the fair Americans for driving a bargain, the softer feelings were often allowed to interfere and spoil the *operation.* A partner at a ball, who has chanced to receive encouragement as the owner of a *pair* of horses, is speedily discarded for one with *four* , and he, in like manner, must stand aside if the possessor of a still larger stud should chance to present himself. You will, I know, be ready to tell me that this pernicious system is not confined to the Americans, but that all over the world, wherever there is civilization, there will be heartless ambition, and a love of empty show. It is, however, not everywhere that it is

all so publicly manifest as in America; with us, the vice, though, alas! too well known to exist, is, nevertheless, generally reprobated, and is not allowed to stalk unreproved and *unsatirised* , through our ball rooms and in our streets. In Broadway, (talking of streets,) this peculiarity fully accounted to me for the want of retiring modesty in the countenances and deportments of most of the pretty pedestrians there collected. And what other result can be expected, 185 when young girls are thus prematurely launched into an independent career? What but hardihood of demeanour and unfeminine ease of manner? They are early thrown into the society of the young of the other sex, without being subjected to any restraint, or being taught that there is a *retenue* of manner which is generally considered as absolutely necessary to ensure respect and consideration in society. No warning whisper from an anxious mother is heard, hinting to them that it is time to *stop* , when gay and girlish spirits may have led them, perchance, to o'erstep the bounds of strict decorum—what wonder, then, that the ‘laugh without any control,’ should be so much too often heard, and that romping giddy girls should become dressy, uncompanionable wives, and negligent and careless mothers. In any other country in the world but this, worse consequences would much more frequently follow this extremely *décousu* manner of acting. It may be that America's sons are ‘so good or so old,’ that they are not to be tempted by ‘woman,’ whatever they may be by ‘gold;’ or it may be, that they are too busy for mischief to arise; however this may be, it is an undoubted fact that a young and pretty girl may travel alone, with perfect safety, from Maine to Missouri, and will meet with nothing but respect and attention the whole way. I wonder of what other country such a remark could be made, with 186 any degree of truth. It is my firm conviction that, if ever chivalry and courtesy to women are *entirely* ‘laughed away’ or banished from *our* part of the world, they will take refuge among the sons of the Union. Whether its stay there will be long, cannot be known—for, strange to say, these are virtues which do not seem to flourish most where cultivation and refinement are at their greatest height.

While descanting on the singular freedom which is allowed to the American ladies, I cannot resist paying my tribute to their strength of mind and energy of purpose, in which

qualities they stand certainly pre-eminent. The very character I have been describing will, if necessary, throw aside her silks and satins, and accompany her husband into the half-formed settlements of the far west. There she will endure, without a murmur or word of repining, the toils and dangers, and often sickness attending their new mode of life; and when (as too frequently happens) their husbands are reduced by one unfortunate speculation from wealth and ease, to poverty and privation, then it is that *their* fortitude smoothes the path of misfortune, and *their* courageous exertions lessen the force of the blow. There are also other recollections which crowd upon me while dwelling upon the failings and follies I have been discussing: recollections of gentle feminine friends, and refined and accomplished women, who stand in array before me, and 187 almost make me regret what I have written to you; but, whilst I allow that in the United States there are many, very many, to whom the censure does *not* apply, I maintain that they are the exceptions to the rule, and that the impression I received of the American ladies, on my former visit to America, was a just one. The *aristocracy* of American society is too limited to allow of its being quoted as affording any idea of the manners of the community at large.

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LETTER XVIII.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS IN NEW YORK—FREQUENCY OF FIRES—CROTON WATER-WORKS—INTOLERANCE TOWARDS THE COLOURED POPULATION—GREAT CIVILITY RECEIVED, AND EXCELLENT ARRANGEMENTS OF THE ASTOR HOUSE.

New York—November.

BY far the pleasantest walk, and in short, the only one I find at all enjoyable, in New York, is called ‘The Battery.’ It is a public garden at the end of Broadway, and occupies the southernmost extremity of the island. The air there is always fresh, and the view interesting; opposite, and on the other side of the Hudson, is New Jersey. To the last mentioned place the huge and gaily painted ferry boats are continually passing to and fro,

bearing along the restless and ever moving population of this human hive. Looking across the east river, there is Brooklyn, and seaward again, Staten Island and the entrance to New York bay are before you. There never was a spot so calculated to give one a just idea of the power and importance of a great commercial country; and the vast quantity of shipping, and the constant *movement* , are very striking to a spectator.

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There are several flue public buildings in New York, but they are, generally speaking, so badly situated that they produce little or no effect. The ‘Exchange,’ which is really a noble edifice, and built of dark coloured granite, is in Wall Street, which is, though a wretched, dirty-looking thoroughfare, the ‘Lombard Street’ of New York. The front of this building is embellished with eighteen columns, in the Ionic style of architecture; each of which columns is said to be thirty-eight feet in height, and to be cut out of one solid block of marble. The Custom House is also in Wall Street, and yields to no other in pretensions, being built after the model of the Parthenon, at Athens, and being withal constructed entirely of white marble. It is a sad pity that these truly magnificent buildings should be blocked up as they are amongst shabby houses, and placed in narrow and obscure streets; they would, in themselves, be an ornament to any city, but here they are, for everything except *useful* purposes, entirely thrown away.

There are many valuable public institutions in and about this great city. Others, far more competent than myself, have so often described them, that I shall refrain from doing so; my object being rather to give you an idea of that which is everchanging here—vide, the aspect of the country, and of the people who inhabit it, rather than to dwell upon the prisons, institutions, and form of 190 government: those features, in short, which remain comparatively speaking the same. The frequent recurrence of *fires* here, appeared to me very wonderful *at first* , and it was some time before I grew accustomed to them. They generally took place in the evening, before we had finished dining, and the breaking out of one of these almost *diurnal* illuminations was announced to us, and to the city at large, by the ringing of the bells of all the churches; the next sound that was heard, was that of the

fire engines thundering past, and with them there was an immense display of firemen in shining helmets. At first, we thought it necessary to be alarmed at these demonstrations, and we used to spring to the window in great haste to ascertain how near the conflagration was to the hotel; but after witnessing a few of these brilliant ‘ *feux d'artifice* ,’ we became too much accustomed to them to feel any uneasiness.

You will be inclined to ask why *fires* are so much the fashion in this particular city, and why they are so infinitely more frequent *here* than in any other of the United States. Various reasons for it are assigned by the natives themselves; amongst others, the carelessness and malice of black servants, and the rascality of the owners themselves, who are said to ensure their property to an amount far beyond its value, and then set a light to it. But amongst all the variety of causes alleged, none 191 amused me so much as the idea that the insurance offices themselves had not unfrequently a finger in the pie. Where this is the case, the property destroyed has, of course, not been insured at all. Fires never occur in the newly settled tracts and infant cities; and why? *Because there are no insurance offices to profit by them.* The last *great* New York fire took place about a year ago; on that occasion nearly a quarter of the city, (that lying to the south-east,) was consumed by its destructive ravages. It is already almost entirely rebuilt, but here and there the smoke is still to be seen issuing forth from a heap of smouldering ruins.

We devoted a day to the Croton Aqueduct, which is certainly one of the grandest works of the kind ever executed in any country. Its object is, to insure to the city of New York an unlimited supply of pure and wholesome water. The aqueduct commences at the Croton river, fifty miles from the city, and the grand reservoir there, which covers four hundred acres, is at an elevation of one hundred and fifty feet above the level of New York. The water is conveyed *through* hills, and over valleys and rivers, to the great receiving reservoir at York Hill. This reservoir is six miles from the city; it has an area of thirty-five acres, and is twenty feet deep. Two miles nearer the city, at Murray Hill, there is another reservoir, which covers four acres, and is thirty feet deep. From 192 thence there are large iron pipes, which carry the water into the very centre of the city. The bridge over

the Harlem Valley and River is a magnificent structure, and its beauty is enhanced by the charms of the surrounding scenery. Nothing in New York or its neighbourhood excited my admiration half so much as did this great national work. It is so *well* done—no expense spared in its execution, and no petty, and in the end *expensive* , economy allowed to stand in the way of its being brought to perfection. I am told that the expense of constructing these water-works amounted to two millions and a half of pounds sterling.

The churches in New York are decidedly handsome, and great outward respect is paid *to them* , and to all religious observances. In Broadway there is a church about half finished, which promises, as an architectural work, to put to shame all the surrounding buildings. Some of the streets and private houses can well compete with those in the best parts of London, and many of the *mansions* in Broadway are not inferior, either in appearance or extent, to most of those in Belgrave or Grosvenor Square. Union Square can also boast of very fine houses, but they are unfortunately built of red brick, and look very insignificant after the huge granite blocks of Broadway.

There is a most uncomfortable custom prevalent in New York, which is, I suspect, one they have 193 copied from those few among our French neighbours who have yet to acquire a taste for English comfort. I allude to their habit of setting apart a suite of immense, finely furnished, cold-looking rooms, for the sole purpose of what they call ‘receiving in.’ The consequence of this plan, of course, is, that there is no appearance of *domestication* in them, and that, when you are ushered into a room decked with the richest ornaments, and furnished in the most luxurious manner, you feel that it has a cold, bare, inhospitable look, and that you would infinitely prefer being in any corner of the house, however small, where you could see a book or a work box, or even a chair which had acquired other habits than the unsocial one of standing with its back against the wall.

The civility of the storekeepers in Broadway is very great, and the *choice* in the ‘fancy’ and ‘dry-good’ stores, almost unlimited. Everything *except* goods of American manufacture are to be procured, at a very high rate certainly, for custom house duties are ‘considerable

expensive;' and as a proof of the high prices paid for necessaries of life, I may way instance that ladies' (short) French kid gloves are a dollar (about four shillings) the pair, and everything else is in proportion. One of the store-keepers affirmed to us that 'goods of home make are not approved of, and never purchased, even if cheaper and better than the foreign.' This, you VOL. I. K 194 will agree, is extremely unpatriotic, but the ladies (as usual in such cases) are mostly in fault, for not tolerating any bonnets but French ones, or any muslins (though wove out of their own cottons) which have not come direct from the looms of the old country.

In mentioning the physical changes which climate, or other causes to us unknown, have worked in the bodily formation of the Americans, the smallness of their hands and feet must not be forgotten. It is true that the whole race, generally speaking, give one an idea of their having been *whittled* away into the human *laths* which they unquestionably are now. But, whittling or no whittling, the result is, that the ladies (*chaussê d* by Jacob and Melnotte) have the most lovely little feet in the world, and white taper fingers equally seductive; while the hands and feet of a great weedy Yankee would seem more compatible with the frames of the diminutive titmice of cockney celebrity.

No public carriages stand for hire in the streets on Sundays—a great proof, you will allow, of the respect paid by all classes of Americans to that day. The churches are very well attended, particularly the Episcopalian, and there is not observable among the congregation so great a disproportion between the show of bonnets and that of *bare heads* as is to be noticed in most of even the *fashionable* churches in *our* world. Young men in America 195 neither seem ashamed to go to church, nor to behave devoutly and respectfully when there. *Where* the large black population attend divine service I do not exactly know. They *may* be in some obscure corner of the house of God, in some portioned off gallery in the temple dedicated to Him who made all mankind, and whose Son died alike for the white man and the negro. But if they be there, their presence is kept so secret, that it does not annoy the prejudices of the more honoured of the earth, who may say their prayers in peace, and thank God they are not made as *those* men. These

poor outcasts of society are neither met with in railroad carriages nor in public rooms; in short, they are, to all intents and purposes, considered as creatures decidedly inferior to a domestic animal, and I feel convinced that the dog that lies upon their hearth meets with more respect than does the despised negro, with a soul to be saved, and human sympathies to be considered. Every one knows—or, at least, ought to know—the story of Boyer, the ex-Prince of Hayti. In case, however, you should be among the latter, I will repeat it for your edification.

Boyer had been making a lengthened stay in Paris, where he had been received as a gentleman and a man of education. He had been a frequent guest at the Tuilleries, and been received on familiar terms at the houses of the foreign ministers. But K 2 196 why recapitulate *where* he had been, and what description of reception he had met with. He was received *as a gentleman* —what more can I say?—and enjoyed himself in the best society of Paris. An unlucky fancy, however, seized upon Boyer, which was no other than to vary the pleasant monotony of his life by visiting the United States. The idea was no sooner conceived than acted on, and he and his sable suite took passage across the Atlantic, and in due time arrived at New York. In common with every one else who visits this country, he repaired to the 'City of Hotels,' the Astor House. When, lo! to his astonishment and dismay, he found the doors of the establishment closed against him and his! *They did not take in Niggers!* The poor Prince next tried to gain admittance to two other hotels, with equally ill success. There was no home in the free (?) city for the black man! At last, a despised liquor shop was pointed out to him, whose owner earned a wretched livelihood by affording nightly shelter to these contemned specimens of the human race; and there the man who was, in civilized Europe, a prince, and, what is a far more distinguished title, a *gentleman* , was glad to lay his head. At the theatre, similar slights and indignities were offered to him. Neither pit nor boxes opened to receive him, and the next day, indignant and disgusted at the manner in which he had been treated, Boyer and 197 his suite took their departure, and shaking from off his feet the dust of the

great republican city, declared that he must go elsewhere, if he hoped to find *freedom* , for that *there it was not.*

The Astor House fully deserves, in every way, the praise so universally bestowed upon it, and its successive proprietors the immense fortunes they have realized. There is more civility and prompt attention within its walls than I have met with in any other hotel I have inhabited. The cuisine, too, is excellent; there are no black servants, and the sherry cobblers are most worthy of commendation. I feel we shall leave new York with great reluctance, and we would willingly prolong our stay, but the autumn is far advanced, and we are warned against delaying our voyage down the rivers; for if cold weather should set in before we are well on our way, masses of ice will be brought down from the upper country, which will materially increase the dangers of the navigation. It is decided, therefore, that we are to take our departure tomorrow. I suppose my next letter will be from Philadelphia.

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LETTER XIX.

ARRIVAL AT PHILADELPHIA—RICHNESS AND PROSPERITY OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA—WILLIAM PENN—CONDITION OF THE BLACK RACE IN THE FREE STATES—THEATRES AT PHILADELPHIA—WATERWORKS NEAR THE CITY—MODE OF LIVING IN THE HOTELS—LEAVE PHILADELPHIA.

Philadelphia—November.

We were ten days in New York—not enough, I will allow, to permit us to form a *very* accurate judgment on many of the subjects of which I have been writing to you. I have, however, given you an account of the impressions I received, and you must draw your own conclusions therefrom. The journey to Philadelphia occupied about six hours, of which the first four were performed by railroad. Our way lay through a flat and most uninteresting country, with nothing to break the tedium, or to remark upon in any manner; nor was it

improved when we exchanged the ‘cars’ for a steam-boat on the Delaware river. There is no beauty in its banks, no woods, no anything but steam, steam, steam, on whichever side we turned our eyes!

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We arrived at the capital of Pennsylvania early in the afternoon, and repaired to ‘Jones's Hotel,’ in Chestnut-street. It is in a very central situation, and busy and noisy with the constant arriving and departing of guests. I shall find it more easy, I think, to give you an idea of this city than of any other—it is so regularly planned, and so ingeniously laid out. Half the streets are called after fruit trees. Here are *Walnut, Chesnut, Cherry, Mulberry, Spruce, Pine, Sassafras, Vine, Locust, Cedar* , and *Willow* , besides many others, too numerous to mention. *Penn* doubtless found a forest where he afterwards founded his city, but he went further than that fount for the names of his streets.

The streets all run from the Delaware to the Schuykill, (for the city is built between the two rivers,) and those, again, which cross the former ones at right angles run parallel with the water on either side. The *cross* streets are numbered from one to thirteen: impossible to lose one's way in Philadelphia, but very possible, indeed, to grow tired of the *prim* regularity and *quaker* -like sameness of its appearance. The *Friends* themselves are no longer distinguished for extreme simplicity of attire, but though I had been prepared, in some measure, for the neat formality of Philadelphia *generally* , I had not been for the change which has, of late years, taken place in the Quaker costume. 200 This sect, who form so large a proportion of the population of the city, present no longer to the eye of the spectator respectable brown coats and broad brims, nor do the ladies adhere closely to the demure bonnet and sad-coloured gown, which have so long distinguished the outward woman of the Quaker kind. They are still neat and modest-looking, but I perceived that a little pink bow or a blue flower is occasionally applied, in defiance of all *friendly* rules, and that, too, with a degree of coquetry which by no means lessens the attractions of the pretty Quaker ladies we are constantly meeting in our walks. Take it all together, I am not inclined to quarrel with the city of Philadelphia, for though dull, it looks prosperous, and

the absence of noise and bustle is very refreshing, after the surfeit of both which we had experienced at New York.

The cleanliness of the streets is very remarkable; every morning, the *trottoirs* are pumped over with a hose, when every impurity is removed, and a bright stream of water substituted in its place. I never saw such a display of *caoutchouc* shoes in any place as I have done here, and I wondered why, till the somewhat inconvenient ablution of the pavement convinced me of the great necessity *here* for those useful articles.

Commerce is entirely confined to the quays, which is one of the causes of Philadelphia having a far more aristocratic air than either New York or 201 Boston. I believe, too, that this look of 'gentlemanly leisure' is not entirely belied by the habits and pursuits of many of the inhabitants of this city. That they are, many of them, greatly given to intellectual studies is evident, from the number and nature of their scientific institutions, and also from the number of their public schools, and the nature of their charities. In their love for, and encouragement of literature, the *élite* of this city are decidedly *going ahead fast.*

There is no state in the union where greater facilities are afforded for general instruction than in Pennsylvania; but I am told that, notwithstanding this, a vast proportion of the population can neither read nor write. Many of these people still continue to speak their own mother tongue—viz., the Dutch; they are said to be extremely attached to all their own national habits and customs, and they even carry their *bigotry* so far as to pursue precisely the same methods of agriculture which were practised by their benighted forefathers a hundred years ago. I hear it often asserted, by the best authorities, that it is these ignorant and misguided descendants of the Dutch who have gained for the state of Pennsylvania so bad a reputation as far as honesty is concerned. They cannot understand that any personal benefit can accrue to themselves from the loan, and are, therefore, very unwilling to be taxed, in order that K 3 202 the state may be able to pay the interest of the money borrowed. The high-minded and respectable men in Philadelphia I have found very sensitive on the subject of defalcation, and thoroughly ashamed of the act; they are,

consequently, not unwilling to shift the blame from their *own* to any shoulders capable of bearing it; but considering the local advantages of the state of Pennsylvania, nothing can be more perfectly inexcusable than its being amongst the defalters. No difficulty whatever ought to exist in the repayment either of principal or interest.

No state in the union, I should imagine, possesses so much internal wealth, nor are the *natural* advantages of any other to be compared in any respect with those of this favoured state. It has railroads passing through it in every direction, and has also the Atlantic on one side, and Lake Erie and Ontario on the other. It has a rich and productive soil, abundance of iron ore, and inexhaustible mines of coal, both anthracite and bituminous. The public buildings here are very numerous. There are all sorts of literary and scientific institutions, colleges, hospitals, and charities, ‘supported by voluntary contributions.’ Every street has its *banks* , either *solvent, insolvent* , or actually *closed;* but reverses of fortune are so frequent in this speculating country, that the threatened or actual failure of a banking-house 203 excites, comparatively speaking, very little attention.

There are upwards of one hundred churches and chapels, for all persuasions, in Philadelphia. The amount of the population (which is about two hundred and twenty thousand) considered, I should say that there are more public institutions in this city than in any other in the world. Most of them are conducted with singular liberality and skill; and I was particularly struck by the facilities afforded to the labouring classes for improving themselves. Nearly all the public libraries are open to all *degrees* of the people, and many who possess libraries of their own, lend their books out for perusal among their less fortunate and poorer fellow citizens. Public lectures are also frequently given, the admission to which is either gratuitous, or the entrance money so small as to make the benefit accessible to all.

From what I have said, I think you will agree with me, that the northern states in America surpass England in the advantages of education which they provide for what *we* call the ‘lower orders.’

The only building in the city, to which any historical recollections are attached, is the *state-house* , or *Independence Hall* , as it is quite as frequently called. Here it was that the declaration of independence was framed on the 4th of July, 1776, and nearly a hundred years after William 204 Penn founded the city of Philadelphia. Poor Penn! his was, indeed, a life of anxiety and suffering! Throughout his long and exemplary existence, every act of his was dictated by the noblest and most patriotic motives. Posterity judges him more truly than those who gave him up in life ‘to the sharpest kind of justice.’ *We* honour him now for his untiring zeal in the cause of liberty, and his strenuous efforts to promote the growth of human happiness and prosperity; but during his eventful and chequered life he was again and again imprisoned ‘for conscience' sake,’ and for the uncompromising support of his religious opinions, and, finally, and in his old age, he was thrust into gaol for debt, having ruined himself in the endeavour to establish a new home for freedom.

I understand that when Penn first arrived in this country, there were already as many as three thousand souls in the settlement. These were composed of a motley crew of Dutch, Swedes, Fins, and English, and among them, even in those early days, there were many Quakers. It must have been a source of great regret to the philanthropist, in his latter days, that, notwithstanding all his efforts, he had never been able to effect the abolition of slavery in the colonies. And how? and why? has this freedom (such as it is) been effected at last in the northern states? Has it been from a conviction of the injustice of keeping fellow creatures in 205 bondage? I answer, *Certainly not.* It was because the discovery was made that free labour in a northern clime is more profitable than that of slaves. When this conviction was forced upon the northern states of the union, the slaves were not even then set free, but were most of them sent off to the south, and sold. The last enactment of the legislature, making free the children born of slaves, put the finishing stroke to the existence of slavery in the north. Thus, in the course of a very few years, its actual and ostensible existence had disappeared.

The black population in the north are *supposed* to have the rights of citizens, and they are allowed by the legislature to have the privilege of voting, sitting on juries, &c. In the city of Philadelphia there are, I believe, nearly fifty thousand free negroes, and I wonder in that number how many have ever ventured to claim any of these rights! From all that I have yet seen of the negro race, both free and in slavery, I confess I feel infinitely more compassion for them in the former state than in the latter. The black slave lives in the enjoyment of many positive advantages, which are denied to the negro race in the *free* states. He is cared for in sickness, treated with less apparent contempt, and, above all, *can* have no ambition; for that first and last infirmity of *most* minds is a sentiment totally unknown to, and incompatible with, his state and condition. Above all, he is *made to 206 work;* and any one who has seen and watched the degraded state to which idleness, among other causes, has reduced the free negro, must be at once convinced of the great *moral* advantage which the habit and necessity of employment gives to the *working black* over the free negro. It is a well-known fact that, in the north, several of the hospitals for the insane are crowded with these unhappy wretches, who, unused to the blessing of freedom, and with minds totally uncultured, have either rushed into madness through the medium of ardent spirits, or have sunk into idiotey from mere vacuity of mind. As long as the state of feeling and the laws of society close up every opening, by which these despised people might hope to advance themselves in life—and as long as no motive for honourable exertion is held out to them—as long as contempt and obloquy press them down with iron hands, and they are shut out of the pale of decent society—so long, I say, as this is the case, I maintain that the situation even of a ‘field hand’ on a cotton plantation is more enviable than that of the *nominally free* black *citizen* of the Northern States.

It would be too tedious to enter fully into the arguments which have been brought forward for or against the system that the American government has pursued in regard to the black population. When I began to write to you on this subject, 207 I intended to have said a good deal, which, on second thoughts, I shall keep till I shall have seen more of the condition of the slaves in the Southern States. Perhaps, after comparing the

relative conditions of these poor creatures, and drawing my deductions more from actual observation than from hearsay evidence, I may be able to send you, at a future time, some remarks which may be better worth your attention than I can at present.

I must now return to the amusements of Philadelphia. The theatres are large, numerous, and well built, and they are also better *filled* than they are at New York. We have been to the three *great playhouses.* In the first, which is the Walnut-street theatre, we witnessed the performance of the 'Lady of Lyons.' The principal character was sustained by Murdoch, their own clever tragedian, and one of the few whom the Americans themselves seem to appreciate, and are not ashamed to applaud. His acting is certainly very good; and time, and greater acquaintance with the 'the trick of the stage,' will doubtless make it better still. His voice is very fine, and (what is still more rare in this country) he acts with good taste, and without any of that vulgar *rant* which often renders American acting so disagreeable both to the ear and eye. It was worse than feebly supported by the rest of the company; but notwithstanding this disadvantage, the applause was rapturous. Perhaps 208 this was as much owing to the beauty of language, elegance of composition, and great interest of the play itself, as to the admirable acting of the principal performer. There is somewhat of a levelling spirit running through many of the expressions in the 'Lady of Lyons,' which is well calculated to find an echo in the hearts and imaginations of the Americans. I wish I could give you an idea of the rapturous applause which burst spontaneously forth from all parts of the house when Murdoch delivered that beautiful sentiment, 'An honest man is the gentleman of nature.' There might not, perhaps, have been a large proportion of *honest men* in that house—and to this opinion the broad fact of American defalcation would, unfortunately, incline one to lean—but still the sentiment charmed them, and I believe, that at the moment it was uttered, they would have been willing to pay both principal and interest to the uttermost farthing.

We were tempted to another theatre by the promise of admirable comic acting on the part of Burton, and of Brougham, the Irish comedian. The play was 'The Nervous Man,' and it went off admirably, for the audience thoroughly appreciated the humour of the piece, and

the irresistible drollery of the performers called forth prolonged shouts of laughter from every one present. At the Chesnut-street theatre, we saw the ‘Sonnambula.’ 209 It was very badly got up, the principal parts being filled by Mr. and Mrs. S—n, the latter of whom made but a very indifferent *Amina.*

There is a very pretty drive in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, and, as far as we could judge, there is *only one:* it is to the water-works about three miles from the city, and it appears a very popular promenade with all classes. On the evening we devoted to this expedition, omnibuses, private carriages, and pedestrians, were passing to and fro on the road which leads to the beautiful part of the Schuykill where the waterworks are to be seen. It was a lovely afternoon, and reminded us of a fine September day in England. There is a large mound, one hundred feet in height, on the summit of which are the reservoirs. On looking down from this mound, we saw the beautiful and silvery Schuykill winding on into the distance, between sloping lawns and shadowy trees. Immediately beneath us, a cascade, formed by a *weir* in the dammed-up stream, glistened and danced in the sunshine; and on the opposite bank of the river there is a large stone mansion, standing in what appeared to be a well kept and ornamental park. This abode had more the appearance of what, in English road-books, is called a ‘gentleman's seat,’ than any country-house I had previously seen in America. The river has been made to work some very simple machinery, by which the 210 supply of water is raised to a level with the reservoir above; and there is a large and handsome stone building on the high mound, which contains a library and *promenading* -room, and the ground about it is well and judiciously laid out in gardens and pleasure-grounds.

Philadelphia looks well from this commanding position, and some of its best public buildings stand out conspicuously from the mass of houses and streets. Among these buildings, those which struck us with the greatest admiration were the college, the principal hospital, and the prison. The former of these, called Girard's College, will (if *it* ever be finished) form one of the most magnificent edifices in the world. It is built entirely of white marble, and it has, I believe, already cost nearly a million and a half of dollars. This

building was commenced about twelve or fifteen years ago, but its progress towards completion is now stopped, on account of some disputes regarding the appropriation of the funds required for this desirable end. Six millions of dollars were bequeathed by a Frenchman, named Stephen Girard, (who was also a citizen of Philadelphia,) for the purpose of establishing a public college in that city. The execution of his benevolent and patriotic intentions was intrusted by his last testament to the city council. What has become of the money seems somewhat of a mystery; but we could 211 not help thinking, that if it *be* still forthcoming, and the good people in authority do *not* intend to complete their college, they could not do better than pay their debt to England with the *balance.*

In most American towns, the hotels may be ranked among the most showy, if not among the most beautiful buildings. They are generally of great extent; and that they should be so is very necessary, from the custom, so universally prevalent, of boarding and lodging at these establishments. I cannot help thinking that the mass of the population here, have a more (what we call) respectable look than in any other large city we have sojourned in. There is a greater degree of quiet settled *dignity* in their general appearance, and the more elevating pursuits of many of the Philadelphians render their society more attractive than that of either Boston or New York. Our stay here has been so short, that we are still virtually *strangers* to the few with whom we have chanced to become acquainted; but though short, it has confirmed me in the opinion I had previously formed, that a much fairer judgment of the character and habits of the people may be arrived at, by meeting them in public at their great hotels, and daily ordinaries, than by visiting them at their private abodes. At the hotels, in the principal cities, you have frequent opportunities of seeing 212 all classes: from the best and highest (viz., richest), to the needy speculator, and the successful adventurer. In these public places of resort, the wealthy Americans appear in their natural character, and free from that restraint under which, in their own homes, and in the presence of strangers, (particularly English ones,) they so often seem to labour.

There have, as yet, been a very few amongst our acquaintance, with whom we became sufficiently intimate, to feel otherwise (when they were receiving us) than that they were

playing a part. The ladies' parlour has been a great amusement to me here. Two of the *habitués* were a young lady and gentleman under an engagement of marriage. The loving pair invariably occupied two rocking-chairs, placed exactly opposite to each other. The movement of each was incessant, and did not seem to break the thread of any sentimental discourse, for very little of any kind was carried on. They both seemed gravely intent upon the swaying and soothing motion, which now brought them into close proximity, and the next moment interposed a yard or two of space between their faces. They were by far the most sleepy-looking lovers I ever saw. The rest of the occupants of the room were dotted about the spacious room on similar seats, most of them in a perfect state of idleness, and apparently only intent on getting through the time 213 between the meals as well as they were able. It is the custom for young engaged couples to have visiting tickets printed, with their respective names engraved on the same cards. They are then tied together with white ribbons, and during these intervals of rocking, the pair sally forth, and leave the tokens of civility at the houses of their mutual friends.

It is a source of regret to us, that we shall have no opportunity of seeing the legislative bodies of this Quaker State. The seat of government is not at Philadelphia, but at Harrisburgh, which is nearly a hundred miles from this place, and quite out of our road. Our week here has passed pleasantly enough, but I cannot say that I leave the formal city with much feeling of regret. My next letter will be, I hope, from Washington.

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LETTER XX.

DESCRIPTION OF BALTIMORE—EXCELLENT HOTEL—MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON—AMERICAN BOASTING—CHANCES OF WAR.

Baltimore—November.

A MORE uninteresting road, a more uncomfortable conveyance, or, altogether, a more tiresome journey, I never witnessed than that between Philadelphia and Baltimore, The

sun blazed into the cars, which, as I think, I have before told you are *all* windows, and are moreover totally deficient in blinds. The long-bodied carriage was crammed with people, who, one and all, objected to the admission of fresh air, and evidently enjoyed the oppressive heat of a red-hot stove placed in the centre of the carriage. We all left the land conveyance, after about three hours of very impatient endurance on oar part, and were hustled on board a sort of covered raft, which was then propelled by steam across the Susquehanna river. Having arrived at the opposite bank, we were again replaced in the cars, which were in waiting on the side. There was a great deal of fierce struggling for places, and much difficulty in obtaining anything 215 like sitting room, and the locomotive snorted slowly on as sleepily as before.

The hotel to which we betook ourselves is ‘Burnham's,’ and it is some distance from the station. On our way to it, we had an opportunity of seeing something of the city, and were as usual impressed, if not pleasurably, at least *greatly* , by the go-ahead aspect of the streets and people. You will say, that by this time we ought to have become accustomed to this peculiarity of American cities, and such perhaps would be the case, were the country that lies *between* them less like a still unsettled wilderness than it is, for one is not prepared to find a ‘Liverpool’ so near a half-cleared forest. Baltimore is a maritime city of so much importance, that it may well appear bustling and busy, and we looked with great interest at the forest of slender masts which skirted the quays, and at the innumerable schooners lying close together in the harbour. The sights and sounds of a maritime city are always interesting, but I confess, I should have felt greater pleasure in contemplating the apparent prosperity of the capital of Maryland, if I could have forgotten that we had now entered a slave state, and had left *free* America (comparatively speaking) behind us.

Baltimore is built on a hill, and its cathedral and several handsome monuments are well and conspicuously placed. Perhaps it is owing to the 216 irregularity of the ground on which the city is built, (which contrasts with the *flatness* of the other large towns we have seen in this country,) that we admire Baltimore, and its handsome buildings so much. The position of the city is altogether fine. It is situated at the mouth of the Patapseo river,

which river forms an estuary on one side of the town, some miles in width, and running into Chesapeake Bay. Many of the streets are large and handsome, and the general use of white marble in the ornamental parts of the houses, gives them a very *rich* appearance. Here, as at New York and Philadelphia, the supply of water for the use and ablution of the town, is abundant, and well arranged. There are a number of beautiful fountains in different parts of the town, some of which have considerable architectural pretensions, and not a few pour forth their crystal streams under the shade of marble temples.

At Barnham's Hotel, which may vie in comfort, and almost in extent with any other in the United States, we have pursued the same course as at Philadelphia—viz., dining and breakfasting at the Ladies' Ordinary. One great difficulty we experience is in the disposing of our servants. They, as English, and what is more considered, *white* attendants, cannot, of course, *mess* with the dark-coloured domestics of the hotel, and we have begun to consider the possession of these necessary evils as one 217 of the disagreeable circumstances attending American travelling. Their position is neither agreeable to themselves nor to their *masters* , and from its being rather an anomalous one in this country, often gives rise to ludicrous mistakes. It was only yesterday, that I rang the bell for our servant, and on its being replied to by the Irish waiter, I made known my wishes. After a long and evidently puzzled silence, I received the following reply—if reply it could be called—‘Oh, you mean, I expect, the *gentleman* that takes care of you.’ Sometimes it was—‘The gentleman who *goes* with you,’ but never the *servant.* To a well bred and respectful English domestic, such remarks as these, made in the presence of their legitimate employers, must be rather distressing, and of this we had a proof very lately. We were going out in a hired carriage, and after we were seated, the driver (a black man) instead of driving on, after the door was shut, persisted in remaining stationary. At last, he actually dismounted, and re-opening the door, begged our servant to take his place inside. It was with some difficulty that he was dissuaded from his purpose, and induced to drive on.

Baltimore is called by the Americans, ‘The City of Monuments.’ There are as yet so few of these public testimonials in this country to boast of, that Baltimore may well be proud of the *three* which ornament this city. The most remarkable of them VOL. I L 218 is (as you will say it ought to be) in honour of Washington. It is a Doric column, one hundred and sixty feet in height, and standing on a square pedestal. The height of this pedestal is twenty feet, and on the summit of the column is placed a statue of the great American hero and patriot. The statue is thirteen feet in height, and was executed by *Causici.* This monument is placed in a very conspicuous and commanding position: it being near the highest point of the town, and in an open space.

The memory of Washington is with the Americans a sacred thing: and great cause have they to be proud that it was *to their* country he owed his birth. Amongst liberators and popular idols, Washington may truly be said to stand alone, for of no other man (arrived at so high a pinnacle of fame and power) can it be said that he ‘bore his faculties meekly,’ and that no other ambition, save that for his country's good, ever found a place within his breast. The main cause, doubtless, of this singularity was, that Washington throughout life was humbly and sincerely religious: hence it follows that refusing to accept the worldly honours, which his admiring and grateful countrymen pressed upon his acceptance, he lived respected and beloved, both in public and in private life, and dying, left behind him an example of the 219 purest patriotism that history has ever recorded in its pages.

The table-d'hote at Baltimore is excellent. Unfortunately we are rather too late in the season for the far-famed canvas-back ducks, which, at their proper period, are to be eaten here in the greatest perfection. The rooms are always full, and the ladies extravagantly dressed, and glorying in their ‘braverie’ of silks and satins, and jewellery. Baltimore is celebrated all over the Union for the beauty of its women: indeed, there is a common saying of the Kentuckians, that the greatest boast of one of these gentlemen is ‘to have the surest rifle in his hand, the best horse in his stable, and a Maryland *gal* for his wife,’ I conclude, that the ‘half-horse, half-alligator’ inhabitants of ‘old Kentuck’ do not object to

some of the little peculiarities of the Baltimore young ladies; or, at least, to some of the habits that we noticed among many of those we had the pleasure of seeing at meal-times. I have every wish to make allowances for the singularity of some of their customs, and perhaps it may be partly owing to the melancholy fact, that the number of prongs to the forks (even in the best hotels) is generally limited to *two* , that the fair Americans make such an undue use of their knives at dinner-time. In the course of our travels, it has rarely been our lot L 2 220 to be indulged with a better description of a feeding machine, than a two-pronged iron fork; I *have* seen them with *one* , but this is rare, and would almost incline one to envy the chop-sticks of the Celestial Empire, as well as the skill with which they manage to feed themselves with those inconvenient articles of domestic furniture.

To a stranger, accustomed to the greater luxury of silver forks, of wider and more useful dimensions, it is deemed not consistent with feminine grace, to seize a large coarse knife, and thrust it into the mouth, with, peradventure, a huge oyster at the end of it. It matters not that the hand is small and delicate, and the mouth one of the most beautiful in the world; that they are so, only serves to render the atrocity of the deed more apparent and striking. I cannot altogether justify my American beauties when they lean both their elbows on the dining table; and gnaw a great lump of bread, which is held firmly in the little white hand, the appendage of one of the aforesaid elbows; and, lastly, it is impossible *quite* to approve of their system of helping themselves to a *public* dish with a spoon, just come of *particular service.* ‘Well, I guess, I'm tired some!’ said one of these pretty young ladies, throwing herself almost at full length in a lounging chair. It was immediately after dinner, and she appeared fatigued with the *exertions* of the repast. ‘Well, I 221 guess, I'm tired some. A-arnt you?’ addressing herself to another damsel, in a sky-blue silk dress, and the very prettiest foot I ever saw, but who had just startled me by seating herself with a heavy *flump* , and with a yawn most audible and expressive: ‘Well, I expect, I am,’ was the reply. ‘I feel like sleeping, and can't say that I am not quite bowled out.’ Oh, that yawn! and that dreadful nasal twang! I felt, then, how almost impossible it was to admire either the nose or lips, from which issued such sounds of ‘dreadful note.’

Our stay here will unfortunately be too short to allow us to avail ourselves of any of the letters of introduction which we had been compelled to receive. Perhaps, however, it is better as it is. Had we done so, our opinions might have been biased by the refinement and good breeding of the *few* , and I might not have written you so veracious and unprejudiced a description of the *mass.*

I have made one observation since we came to America, of the truth of which I become more and more convinced as we journey onwards. It is this—that, with all their faults, the Americans—great praise to them—are not *bores.* If I were to be questioned as to my private opinion on this subject, I should say, that the animal, as an indigenous one, is unknown, and has never existed in this country. In this respect, I think, that even justice has never been done to our Transatlantic *cousins.* The cause 222 of this (I am, as you know, very fond of seeking for original reasons) may be that *time* is essentially *money* to them; and that, being well convinced of this truth, they find it far too valuable to waste by bestowing their tediousness on their neighbours. I doubt, however, whether the Americans (even had they the time and inclination) have as much tediousness to bestow as we English have. If at a public table you chance to pick up some stray words of an American's conversation, you will generally find in them both strength and spirit, and almost always originality. On the other hand, if (as is often the case, even here) you happen to fall in with a prosy, tiresome talker, dwelling heavily on uninteresting trifles, or handling really important matters with the dull monotony of a small mind, a hundred to one the man is an Englishman. The state of *our* society is decidedly favour. able, by its quenchings of all originality of thought and action, to the rapid growth and increase of the race of Bores.

The mania for asking questions is certainly here sometimes rather troublesome; but whatever your replies may be, they are almost sure to elicit in return some quaint and original remark, which, if not actually *smart* , has at least the merit of being ridiculous, and will therefore, nine times out of ten, (I mean, of course, if the traveller is the least 223 capable ‘de saisir le ridicule,’) be a source of infinitely more amusement than annoyance.

Another class of beings which the Americans are justly proud of *not* possessing is that to which belongs the *hard* , heartless fine lady of the old world. The mother, *scheming* in bold and clever diplomacy for the marriage of a portionless daughter, cringing to and flattering those from whom she can gain any importance and enjoyment, but trampling ruthlessly on the feelings of all others; setting herself up as a model of good breeding, and yet, to those possessed of *really* refined minds, rendering herself to the last degree ridiculous by her overbearing manners, and the meanness of her aims and ends. With the descriptions of such characters as these, the pages of our English novels (which all find their way to the States) are constantly filled; and of all the varieties of our countrywomen, it is the one which most puzzles and disgusts the Americans. Such a woman is, they aver, (and certainly with some degree of truth,) *vulgar* in heart and soul, much more so, according to their ideas, than the knife-using females I have described; and such a woman is, I believe, almost unknown out of England. Thank God! the class, even there, is not a large one. It is one engendered by a state of Society most evil and pernicious, and in which heart and *sound* sense 224 have no place. The time *may* come, when the Americans, too, may have their dreadful dowagers, and their unfeeling and coarse-minded worldly women. As civilization increases, such baleful consequences may, and I fear must, ensue; but even When they *do* become *rife* in America, I have no doubt that there will always be a majority of the people in the country possessed of a sufficient value for what is *genuine* and original, to echo the sentiment I once heard expressed by a plain-spoken, but very sensible and gentlemanlike American, that ‘he would greatly prefer the companionship of a well-behaved Indian squaw to that of one of those fashionable and strong-hearted ladies.’

I have already remarked upon the very great *general* improvement which has of late years been observable in the manners and habits of the Americans. Of course, I can only draw my comparisons from the descriptions given by former travellers, who, only a few years ago, gave a very different account of them from what they merit now. Nowhere is this improvement more apparent than in their conduct at the theatres. The Americans are now particularly well behaved on these occasions, and I should say that there is less noise,

and less disagreeable vociferation, during a theatrical performance, than there is in any other country where the drama is at all a popular amusement. Their 225 national pastimes of smoking, chewing, and its filthy consequences, are never indulged in on these public occasions—at least, I can answer for the latter practice not being indulged in, in the boxes. Of late years, also, it would appear that their nether limbs have been under much better command than was formerly the case; indeed, in the Northern States, I have only once noticed a *leg* in an eccentric position—but that was certainly a very strange one, for it was hanging out of the window of a railway carriage!

The Americans have shown their usual sagacity and foresight in establishing the seat of government at a distance from the most populous city in the State. In Maryland, it is in Annapolis—a town thirty miles distant from this place. A large proportion of the inhabitants of this state are still Roman-catholics: the tract of land comprised in Maryland was originally granted to Lord Baltimore in the reign of James the First, as a place of refuge for the persecuted followers of the Romish faith. The state of Pennsylvania being, in like manner, bestowed as a place of safety to the *dissenters* , the boundaries between the two states were a cause of dispute for nearly fifty years.

I must not forget to describe to you the *other two* monuments which have contributed their share towards earning for the city of Baltimore its particular *sobriquet.* They are both erected in memory of the L 3 226 same event—namely, the unsuccessful attack made upon Baltimore, in 1814, by General Ross. One of them is called ‘Battle Monument’—and it must, by the bye, (if intended to honour *anything*) be to commemorate the *loss* of the battle by the Americans, if battle it might be called,.which seems to me rather questionable. The other monument is named after General Armistead, who certainly merited the honour by the gallant defence he made in Fort Henry, having held out for twenty-four hours during a heavy bombardment from the English ships. Fort Henry is about two miles below the town, at a point which commands the river. There is a large and handsome catholic cathedral here, which is built in the form of a Greek cross, and has a dome, the diameter of which is about seventy feet. This cathedral is considered the finest

building of the kind in the United States, and, indeed, it is almost the only one. There is a gallery in it which is appropriated to the ‘people of coloured blood.’ This is considered remarkably *liberal* , and is a boon which would not, in all probability, have been recorded in a free state.

There are several pictures in the cathedral, two of which the inhabitants are very proud of. One of these pictures represents the Descent from the Cross, and was presented by Louis the Sixteenth. The subject of the other is ‘St. Louis before Tunis,’ and was 227 the gift of Charles the Tenth. Neither of these pictures would be thought worthy of admiration in Europe, but here they are considered *chef-d'œuvres.* The new Unitarian Church is a fine building; the hospital, too, is large, and stands contiguous to a spacious and well-filled graveyard. This, though no doubt ‘mighty convanient,’ as an Irishman would say, must be, I think, rather depressing to the spirits of the unfortunate invalids. It is said that Baltimore is the most violently democratic city in the Union, and that the prevailing wish is for ‘war to the knife’ with England. I believe, however, that it is principally those who have nothing to lose who indulge in these insane aspirations. But this class are, alas! in the great majority, and they are also the most powerful, strengthened, as they are, by the numbers of discontented English and Irish emigrants who overrun the country. No one looks *poor* at Baltimore, nor have we seen a single mendicant in the town. Beggars are rare everywhere in America—but I remember that we *did* see a very few in the streets of Philadelphia. This may be partly owing to the number of charitable institutions, and to the extent to which private benevolence is carried, for there is almost an inducement held out to idleness in Philadelphia.

Is it not true that some of *our* most remarkable, and often our most picturesque buildings, are the ‘parish unions,’ where, in the workhouse ‘homes of 228 England,’ may be daily witnessed the sad and ‘slow starvation of the poor.’ Long may it be, before such a refuge (however pleasant its exterior) be needed in *this* country! Yes, even though emigrant ships from over-populated England, and from starving and miserable Ireland, pour in their thousands upon thousands, centuries must elapse before the wildernesses and prairies

of the New World are constrained to cry to those who seek in them a refuge and a home, ‘Hold, enough!’ ‘for we have no more room for you.’

But I must return to the *war mania* , which, among the poorer classes, is now raging in this state. Is is very evident that the better informed and more influential portion of the community are perfectly aware of the impolicy of coming to extremities with Great Britain, either on the subject of Oregon, or on any other. But though I admit that the well educated, and moderate men, are averse to a war, I cannot quite allow that even *they* are capable of carrying their moderation quite so far as to abstain from boasting of what they could and would do in the event of actual hostilities being commenced with the mother country. There is (it would appear) nothing too wonderful or miraculous for American valour to perform. Was not General Scott ‘ *thee* greatest general from *Aychillees* right down to *Mu-ratt?’* and ‘Wasn't it true that the Britishers whipt all the world, and 229 that they whipt the Britishers?’ Verily, they would rival Xerxes, whip the Atlantic, and challenge the Alleghanies. The idea of the possibility of their being worsted in the conflict never seemed to enter their heads. It is a pity that they should indulge so much in boasting and hyperbole; for it is generally the coward and the bully only who are guilty of these sins against good taste. No one can deny the claim of the Americans to a degree of personal courage bordering on recklessness, and to a carelessness of life, which is in itself a proof of the greatest physical bravery. Least of all should *we* fall into the error of despising those as foes who come of the same race as ourselves. There can be no doubt that it is better for both countries to remain friends, than to seek for causes of enmity with each other. To-morrow we take our departure, so I shall close this long letter.

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LETTER XXI.

ARRIVAL AT WASHINGTON—DESCRIPTION OF THE ‘WHITE HOUSE’—RAPID GO-AHEADISM IN AMERICA—LORD BYRON'S PROPHECY ON THE FUTURE POWER OF THE UNITED STATES.

Baltimore—November.

WE had a good deal of discussion between ourselves, as to whether or not we should take a look at Washington, before we crossed the Alleghanies on our route to the south. We at length decided, that as the journey thither, from Baltimore, would not occupy more than three or four hours, it would be more satisfactory to take a peep of ‘the city of magnificent distances,’ as it has been called, before proceeding further southward.

We left Baltimore after dinner, and did not arrive at Washington till late at night. The latter part of the journey (for we saw it by daylight on our return) is through a hilly country, covered for the most part with stunted trees, and copse woods. Congress was not sitting, so the empty town looked more than half deserted. It is always described by the Americans themselves as a dull place, and I have generally remarked, that it is an 231 unpopular one with them. This is owing, I think, to that very want which made its aspect particularly agreeable to us—namely, the absence of all show of business and commerce. I could hardly fancy we were in an American city: everything looked so ‘melancholy and gentlemanlike.’ The streets were wide and airy, and evidently laid out with an eye to *beauty* , as well as to convenience, We could have imagined ourselves in some English watering-place *out of season* , and deserted by its usual frequenters. Of course, we went to see the capital, though it was for the moment devoid of the interest which the actual sitting of congress must lend to it. The position of the capital is very fine; and the magnificent white stone building overlooks the city and the adjoining country.

The details of the little we saw, on this short visit of a few hours, I shall keep till our return from the Southern States, when it is our purpose to make a longer stay at the seat of government. The *exteriors* of the ‘Treasury,’ ‘Patent Office,’ and ‘Post Office,’ were all very handsome. The latter is built of white marble. The President's house, ‘The White House,’ as it is called, is as unpretending in appearance as its name, being a formal-looking mansion, of very moderate dimensions. The President himself not being at home, we went through the reception rooms, a ceremony which does not occupy a long space

of time, as 232 they are neither numerous, nor, excepting one, of very considerable size. They consist of three comfortable apartments *en suite* , all of which are comparatively small, when contrasted with the *large* drawing-room, the dimensions of which are eighty-four feet by forty-four. The rooms are well, and sufficiently, but quite plainly furnished, and almost everything they contain is of American manufacture. The carpet, which is a very handsome one, the mirrors, and a piano-forte, beautifully finished, were all, we ascertained, made *at home* . It is rather mortifying to the self-love of an English person to be obliged to acknowledge that the Americans are beginning to rival us in the production of these, and many others of the luxuries of life. The porter at the ‘White House’ was a very civil Irishman, who gave us all the information in his power, and certainly mentioned, with some degree of exultation, that the annual *allowance* of the President of the United States is less than that which the minister of Her Britannic Majesty receives for his diplomatic services at Washington. We concluded that the Irish porter had not been long enough in the country, or in his official situation, to have divested himself of all patriotic feelings, or of all sensation of pride in the riches and liberality of the government under which he had formerly flourished—I beg his pardon, perhaps I ought to say, starved. Nor had he, as yet, acquired the 233 democratic habits of endeavouring to prove, by kicking up his legs, or keeping on his hat in our presence, and other acts of incivility, that he thought it degrading to a *free* man to be respectful and attentive; and that he need not be there ‘at all, at all,’ if he did not happen to like it.

Yesterday, we returned to this place, eager to set forth on our route across the Alleghany Mountains. Where my next letter to you will be written from, I cannot say—perhaps from the shores of *la belle rivière* , the beautiful Ohio; but wherever our next halt may be, I am prepared to find interest in it, and about it. The idea is very prevalent in England, that America is, in most respects, *not* an interesting country; this may be from its want of historical associations, but the true cause of the prepossession arises, I am convinced, from the jealous dislike to the Americans themselves, which is entertained by too many of our countrymen.

Every account of America is received through the medium of a mental vision distorted by prejudice and *fancied* contempt. That we *really* despise the country which is beginning to be such a mighty rival to our own, is impossible, and that we *do not* , is proved by our jealous watchfulness of all her movements, and by the sensitive manner in which we receive any tokens of her increasing power and wealth.

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So great and rapid are the almost daily advances made by the Americans in their onward march towards internal civilization, and national greatness and power, that it requires much less of a prophet's eye than it did, ten, or even five years ago, to foresee, in some degree, to what a pitch of prosperity the United States will ere long arrive. It is curious to look back to the prophetic words, which, some thirty years since, were traced by the pen of a man, who, however remarkable for the wild flights of his genius, was at the same time occasionally capable of folding up his pinions, and bringing down his thoughts, with all a politician's wisdom, to the public events going on around him. *Byron* has foretold a brilliant destiny for America. His prejudices were, however, so decidedly in favour of liberty, and his respect so avowedly great for ‘the people who acquired their freedom by their firmness without excess,’ that one feels inclined to disagree somewhat with the impetuous poet, when we find him delivering such an opinion as the following:—‘In a century or two, the New English and Spanish Atlantides, will be *masters of the old countries* , as Greece and Europe overcame their mother Asia in the older or earlier ages.’ Byron *may* have made a true *guess* , but it is not pleasant to admit either the possibility of our own downfall, or the idea of America rising triumphant on our ashes. At any rate, let us be thankful that so 235 melancholy a consummation is not likely to be in *our* lifetime, and that the sad spectacle of ‘a world o'erthrown’ will not (though it *may* be shaken to its centre) be one which either you or I will live to deplore.* In the meantime, farewell, and expect a *voice* from the other side of the Alleghanys in my next letter.

* Since these letters were written, I have looked into Captain Marryatt's amusing American Diary, and as the following extract may be interesting as a pendant to Lord Byron's prophecy, I have transcribed it here:—

‘America is a wonderful country, endowed by the Omnipotent with natural advantages which no other can boast of; and the mind can hardly calculate upon the degree of perfection and power to which, whether the states are eventually separated or not, it may in the course of two centuries arrive. At present all is energy and enterprise; everything is in a rapid state of transition, but of rapid improvement—so rapid, indeed, that those who would describe America now, would have to correct all in the short space of ten years; for ten years in America is almost equal to a century in the old continent. Now, you may pass through a wild forest, where the elk browses and the panther howls; in ten years, that very forest, with its denizens, will, most likely, have disappeared, and in their place you will find towns, with thousands of inhabitants, with arts, manufactures, and machinery all in full activity.’

LETTER XXII.

RETURN TO BALTIMORE—DEPARTURE FOR CUMBERLAND—SCENERY OF THE POTOMAC RIVER—EXCLUSIVE EXTRA—SCENERY OF THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS—HEALTHY APPEARANCE OF THE INHABITANTS—A DINNER IN A MOUNTAIN HAMLET—ARRIVAL AT SMITHFIELD—BEAUTIFUL VILLAGES—IRISH LABOURERS—ARRIVAL AT UNION TOWN—AN INDIGNANT ‘BRITISHER’—BRADDOCK'S FIELD—ARRIVAL AT BROWNSVILLE.

Brownsville—November.

THE day after our return to Baltimore from Washington, we ‘took the rail’ for Cumberland, a town at the foot of the Alleghany Mountains. About noon we arrived at Harper's Ferry,

which is situated at the confluence of the Shenandoah and Potomac Rivers. Its situation is beautiful in the extreme, and was rendered still more so, by the bright autumn sun that gleamed down upon it, and glanced across the impetuous torrent which was the principal object of our admiration. This mountain-stream has forced its way through the blue ridge, the precipitous banks of which rise twelve hundred feet above its waters. Wherever we turned our eyes, wooded hills, interspersed with 237 monstrous masses of dark rock met our eyes, and (as one of the most lovely of *Nature's* works we had ever gazed upon) formed a striking contrast to the stationary line of railway cars stretching before the doors of the several hotels, and sending forth from their engines short and asthmatic puffs of smoke.

Within the hotels there was a loud and universal clamour for food. But a short time was allowed for dinner, and this, though no very great misfortune to the Americans, who seemed formed by nature to keep pace with the powers of steam in the matter of eating, is a considerable one to the hungry *humans* from any other country. The *tough* beefsteaks form also with us a serious impediment to the rapid deglutition of dinner generally, while to these people it seems to be much the same whether they are eating an egg, or an oyster, or a piece of beef as hard as if cut from an aged buffalo. Sometimes, indeed, they eat the above-mentioned delicacies altogether and from the same plate, and this, taken in conjunction with the glass of milk, (which I have so often mentioned,) I consider one of the most wonderful gastronomic feats it was ever my good fortune to see.

After re-entering the cars, which we did at the conclusion of this hurried and rather unsatisfactory meal, we traversed some beautiful scenery, the road, for a long distance, skirting the shores of 238 the lovely Potomac River; we wound about its banks for many miles, and so *slowly* , considering that we were impelled by steam, that we had full opportunity to admire its beauties. Still, though going *only* at the rate of twenty miles an hour, it was rather alarming to rattle would the sharp projecting blocks of granite, and that so closely, that at times there was not more than six inches between our windows and the rocky walls. In American engineering, it is not thought at all necessary that railroads should

be made on anything resembling a straight line, and it was really surprising to see our long line of carriages continued to follow round the sharp turns which the road frequently took.

In the evening, and after it grew dark, some unaccountable movement took place, which was, of course, followed by a succession of feminine screams. We were then given to understand that the train had run off the lines: happily it was speedily stopped, and no accident happened, but the mere fact of *having been* in danger was quite enough to render many of the ladies incapable of any exertion beyond that required for *kicking* and screaming. There was some difficulty in getting the door open, and in extracting the crowded and panic-stricken passengers. Luckily, we were not more than a mile from the town, and as the weather 239 was fine and dry, we walked on to our destination without much fatigue or inconvenience.

We only spent one night at Cumberland, nor did there seem much temptation to prolong our stay, even had we been willing or able to do so. In point of situation, however, it has everything to attract, both in regard to eligibility and beauty. It is on the north bank of the Potomac River, and as the railroad passes through the town, and also the Chesapeake and the Ohio Canal, there is every reason to suppose that it will rival in rapidity of growth any of the other mushroom-like cities of the Union.

We hired a huge coach, here called an ‘extra,’ to convey us, on the morning following our arrival at Cumberland, across the Alleghany Mountains to Brownsville. The carriage was capable of carrying nine persons in its interior: a moveable board being arranged across the centre, with a broad leather band to support the back of those who, in public carriages, are unfortunate enough to form the middle part of this human sandwich. When a carriage of this description is engaged for a private party, it is dignified by the name of an “exclusive extra,” the centre seat is removed, and you make yourself as comfortable as circumstances, and plenty of room, will admit of. *Space* , however, which in general, where travelling is such a great desideratum, is not altogether free from its 240 attendant evils in an ‘exclusive extra.’ But of this *anon.* The plan we were pursuing is one very

rarely adopted in this country. The public stage is the usual mode of conveyance, for the Americans are too little susceptible of petty annoyances, and not sufficiently alive to the delicacies of life, to find a carriage crowded with promiscuous company at all disagreeable, or to be willing to pay their dollars for empty places. On hiring a carriage, you must of course make up your mind to pay for the whole *nine* whom it *might* be made to contain, otherwise you are liable at any moment to have a stranger thrust into the vehicle.

We set off on a lovely morning: there was a *crisp* and almost wintry feeling in the air, but the sun shone brightly, and the fresh breeze came wooingly down from the mountains, as if to bid us hasten up and enjoy it.

During the first three hours of our journey, we gradually ascended the whole way. We looked back occasionally from our leathern ‘conveniency,’ and gazed upon the glorious country which was lying far beneath us. There was also great and varied beauty in the forest scene around; *firs* of several species were the prevailing trees, but there were very many fine oaks and cedars, and, in short, more kinds than I can specify, while a thick undergrowth of rhododendrons and azalias made it look, in many places, like an English ‘American 241 garden.’ Here and there, we peered up dark and gloomy ravines, the farthest of which were lost in obscurity, and appeared to be intended by nature for what they probably were—namely, the favourite haunts of wolves and bears.

We were constantly accosted by pedestrians, who requested a *lift* in our conveyance, and to do them only justice, they invariably offered us a fair remuneration for the service they demanded. The same reply was always made by our driver. ‘Well, I tell you it can't be fixed, any way. I've sold myself, body and soul, for the time being, to the Britishers inside, and they say they won't have no strangers in, so there's no use trying it on.’ The remonstrance and denial of the ‘gentleman’ who was conducting us evidently excited no little astonishment, for the burden of their grumbling replies always was, ‘But what on airth can the strangers want nine places for, when they can't any way take up more than four? What everlasting fools them Britishers are!’

The carriage was very light, considering its size, and it had wide *leather* springs, the only kind capable of supporting the violent shocks caused by the extreme badness of the road, with any degree of ease or comfort to the traveller. The unwieldy vehicle had a scarlet body, which was painted as fantastically as that of a red Indian, and on the panels were splendid and fanciful designs, of every VOL. I. M 242 colour of the rainbow. Our ‘team’ consisted of four neat little, thorough-bred horses, who went at a great pace *up* the hills, but were allowed to take their own time in descending. The road, as I said before, was in a most wretched state—full of holes, deep ruts, and large stones, and, moreover, there is scarcely ever any level ground, hill succeeding hill in rapid succession. On either side there are frequently deep ravines, close to which the road passes, nor is there any fence between it and those frightful precipices. Fatal accidents are constantly occurring in these places, owing to the restiveness of horses, or to the carelessness, and almost proverbial recklessness of the stage drivers.

The comparative *emptiness* of our extensive vehicle had one manifest inconvenience —namely, that it greatly increased the difficulty of keeping ourselves in our places. It was impossible, for one moment, to lose sight of the absolute necessity for holding on, without being punished for our temporary negligence in a most signal manner. The great object was to prevent our heads coming in contact with the roof of the carriage, when any particularly violent jolt threw us with merciless force into the air. It was difficult to imagine any poor human beings *more* in the situation of shuttlecocks. *Side tumbles* we could have borne better, but to be obliged to hold on with all our force to the seat, throughout the livelong day, for fear of 243 having our heads knocked in, was rather too much of a *travelling inconvenience. We* suffered from nothing but great fatigue; but I have heard of sundry travellers who had been much less fortunate. I find no difficulty in believing *all* the stories of concussion of the brain and other frightful misadventures connected with *stage* travelling across the mountains; and when I was told that a young lady's ‘back comb’ had been driven three inches into her head during one of these dangerous journeys, I accepted the story at once as truth— *and not as American truth either.*

We passed no extensive clearings, but occasionally we chanced upon little cultivated spots, each of which had a neat wooden house in the centre of the newly cleared, and already half cultivated ground. Before many of these newly erected and very far from comfortable-looking houses, rosy faced and happy looking children were playing about, and running towards us, as we passed by, to catch a glimpse of us and our equipage. In poor old England, nine out of ten of those dozens of scantily clothed children would have followed us up the steep hills, with the whining accents of experienced beggars; here, happily for them, the quiver full of children is not a misfortune, but a blessing. *Here* , the miseries of childhood are unknown; and *here* are no mothers, who, driven to despair by seeing their offspring starving around M 2 244 them, end both their children's sufferings and their own, by murder and suicide. And then, again, we have the hateful burial clubs, which alone, by the horrors they have entailed, and the deaths and sufferings they have caused, would make one's blood run cold to think upon! I say again, poor England! and never did I feel so inclined to envy the *under-populated* country we are travelling through, as when those happy looking children crowded round our carriage, and showed so plainly in every feature, and in every gesture, that the pressure of want had never been felt by them, or the hard hand of parish economy kept them down.

In some places the process of clearing had but just began, a tree or two only being felled, while the hardy woodman was busy at work upon another. In such cases as these, a wooden shanty was the sole protection from the inclemency of the weather; and he *guessed* that the wife and children had been left in the *settlements* till such a time as a house capable of containing them, and a *few* domestic necessaries should be prepared for their reception, in their new home in the forest. The further we advanced, and the higher the ground to which we attained, so much the more healthy was the appearance of every one we met. It is true that, in common with many other mountainous regions, the disfiguring *goitre* was often more conspicuous 245 than was agreeable, but in every other respect there was nothing to complain of in the *looks* of the peasantry we met with.

We had not performed more than half our day's journey, when we began to perceive signs and symptoms that plainly denoted our entrance into a colder climate. Patches of unmelted snow lay among the dark and drooping leaves of the rhododendrons, and in sheltered places the shining ice glistened out among the grass. At some of the larger houses, we saw sledges, of various forms and kinds, brought out, as if in preparation for winter use, and skins of beasts were hung out to dry in the still warm rays of a November sun. Game of all kinds is very plentiful in these extensive forests, and the bears (‘bars’ as they call them here) are said to afford excellent sport. Besides these animals there are plenty of deer, and a beast which *they* call a *painter* or panther, but which is, in reality, nothing more than an enormous species of wild cat. They have also wolves and wild turkeys in great abundance. Of smaller game there is what is called the partridge—a larger bird than our own, but not nearly so well flavoured; and another which our driver called a pheasant, but which, on making inquiry, we discovered to be a fowl possessed of much rarer qualities—namely, the *prairie hen.*

Towards noon, we had one continued and very long ascent which lasted a couple of hours, and 246 when we had surmounted it we found we had arrived at the centre and highest ridge of the Alleghanys. We were now at the height of about two thousand seven hundred feet above the level of the sea, and thought it high time to bait our horses, and recruit our own strength by a little rest, and such a dinner as we could hope to obtain at so great an elevation above civilized life.

The inn at which our driver drew up, though calling itself, as a matter of course, a *hoetel* , did not, in its outward appearance, give much promise of good cheer within. On seeing us stop before his house, the landlord, a stout, burly mountaineer, came out to receive us with a cigar in his mouth, and the warmest welcome I ever met with, even in that proverbially hospitable place, an inn. On this occasion, however, we were fairly justified in suspecting his joy to be even somewhat more interested than such welcomes usually are, as the house was not one of the usual stopping places for the stages, and our advent was

evidently quite an unlocked for blessing. There was but one *parlour* in the wooden building into which we were ushered. It was, in fact, but little more than an overgrown shanty, built of thin planks of wood, and surrounded by a *summery* -looking verandah, which seemed to us, shivering as we were after our cold drive, a very unnecessary appendage in these freezing regions.

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To our dismay, we found no fire in the chimney, which was as wide and high as those which we sometimes see in old farm-houses in England, and was adapted for burning wood alone. We had not, however, long to wait with chattering jaws and ruthless faces, for the landlord speedily appeared with his arms full of *oak timber* , and we were soon, one and all, speedily employed in blowing the welcome sparks into a blaze. The *all* of our host's establishment consisted, as we soon discovered, of a small, deformed boy and himself; in consequence of which paucity of attendants, the latter was obliged to officiate in the treble capacities of landlord, cook, and waiter. The fire, which soon burned bright and cheerily, was most welcome to us after our mountain drive; for the sharp, north wind had blown keenly through the ill-fitting doors and windows of our huge *glass-coach* , and we were chilled to the bone. After a wonderfully short delay, the *gentleman* of the house appeared with the result of his culinary art, and, after all the apologies he had made for scantiness of provisions, &c., we were agreeably surprised, both at the quantity and quality of the food which was laid on the table. The main constituents of the feast were lumps of salted bear's meat *cold* , and some hot venison steaks of excellent quality.

After hoping that we would excuse the simplicity of our fare, which (with the addition of some delicious 248 mountain honey) was all he had to offer, our host seemed to consider it a part of his duty to sit down with us, and do the honours of his table, ministering to our wants, and making himself agreeable according to the best of his ways and means. He was an intelligent man. Indeed I have generally noticed that those who have energy sufficient to induce them to venture into still uncleared and unsettled districts, are almost always endowed with considerable powers of mind and great faculties of observation. He

was a regular Yankee, except in his dimensions, which were more worthy of the lengthy race of ‘old Kentuck.’ Though in this solitary and necessarily hardworking situation, he still wore the invariable black silk waistcoat and broad-toed dancing-boots, which I have noticed alike as worn by the settler on the muddy banks of the Mississippi, and by the New England farmer, even when working themselves in their diggings and clearings. But to return to our rather amusing dinner. Our drink was water from the spring, with rye whisky, in case we should happen to have no taste for so simple a beverage; and our talk was of Oregon, California, the chances of war, sporting, and taxation. Altogether, the conversation was far from uninstructive, neither was it dull; and I could not help thinking how differently a man, belonging to the same class in England, would in all probability have behaved 249 if placed in similar circumstances. When dinner was over, we wandered out into the village, (if village it could be called,) while the horses were being put into the carriage. There were not more than a dozen log houses in it, and those were of the most primitive description. They were erected with some regard to regularity on either side of the way, and one of them (the most conspicuous, of course) was the blacksmith's shop. Our appearance evidently caused a vast deal of commotion and excitement in the mountain settlement. These people are very cute, even in the most remote parts of the country, in discovering a ‘stranger;’ and an English person is known and accosted as a Britisher the moment he is seen. That evening we arrived about five o'clock at a place called *Smithfield.* The name was not an auspicious one, as visions of fat oxen, over driven, and plethoric sheep, and dirty cattle-pens, flitted before our mental vision. Happily, however, the Smithfield of the Alleghanys is a place as widely different from its namesake as can well be imagined. There are a few, a very few, houses in it besides the inn, and these lie snugly together in a valley worthy of Switzerland. Through this valley runs a winding stream, over which is thrown a picturesque bridge. The spot is in itself so sheltered from every cold and biting blast, that though very far above the level of the sea, and in the heart of these vast M 3 250 mountains, the air was mild and balmy. We sat late in the evening on the parapet of the bridge, and watched the lengthening shadows, and the little children, as they drove down the cows from their pasturage on the neighbouring

hills. Our busy fancies soon carried us away to far off Europe, to that miniature republic of the Old World, the ‘laud of mountains and of lakes.’ It is true there were no—

Alps, The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps, And throned Eternity in icy halls.

But still the spot we were in reminded us most forcibly of a Swiss valley, and it only wanted the distant sound of the Ranz des Vaches to make the illusion complete. How much is there in this land to excite poetical feeling in the people, and yet, somehow or other, the muse does not seem to flourish in this part of the world. Wordsworth says—

Oh! many are the poets that are sown By Nature; men endowed with highest gifts, The vision and the faculty divine Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse.

This may be the case with the Americans, for as yet they certainly have not displayed any great genius for rhyming; so with conviction, and after much dispassionate consideration of the subject, we felt ourselves obliged to come to the conclusion, 251 that there is much truth in their own quaint distich:

A man no more can make his self a poet, No more a sheep can make his self a *go-it.*

We had just arrived at this important decision, when our attention was suddenly arrested by seeing a little fairhaired girl, of some seven years of age, come tripping gaily past us, while she sang the pretty little song of the ‘Spider and the Fly’ in such a clear, ringing, joyous voice, that it gladdened our hearts to hear her. Up, and all along the steep sides of the hills, were black and yawning holes—chasms they might be called—and out of these the villagers dug the fuel for their daily consumption., Over the greater part of these vast mountains there is found, within a foot or two of the surface of the soil, coal in the greatest abundance, and of the most excellent quality. It was a cheering sight to look in at the cottage doors and see the large fires blazing cheerfully within, while the whole family were gathered round the abundant supper that was spread on the table. It was long before we

could make up our minds to wander back to our night's resting-place; nor was it till many a star, ‘the poetry of heaven,’ had begun to gem the sky, that we bade adieu to that sweet and silent spot.

Our evening meal was excellent, but on the whole, we had a very small amount of comfort 252 during our fourteen hours stay at Smithfield. The stages rattled up to the inn-door, at the most unseemly hours of the night, and we heard the *whoops* and *halloos* of the passengers, and the vociferations of all parties with a distinctness which at first caused us no little surprise. Towards morning, we made the discovery, that *every one* of the window-frames in the room were broken, a melancholy fact, which was, doubtless, owing to there being no glazier within fifty miles of the good village of Smithfield: we lost no time in stuffing into the apertures some towels, and tattered remnants of carpets, and finally succeeded in keeping out the encroachments of external noise, and of the unwholesome night air. Our landlord did his very best to make us comfortable, and when, shaking us by the hand on our departure (which he did very heartily), and bidding us good-bye, he hoped we would ‘give him a call any way, when we crossed the *Alli-gainies again.* ’

There is, wonderful to say, a railroad in process of construction over these mountains, and it is advancing with great rapidity, considering the vast impediments which lie in the way of its completion. As in our own country, as well as further north in *this* , the labourers employed are mostly Irish; and a very sad set they are. Paddy cannot be quiet, let him be where he will; and nowhere is he more thoroughly outrageous than in this 253 ‘land of liberty.’ The last *emeute* which occurred, (and they are seldom more than a week at a time without getting into some serious scrape,) was the most formidable ever yet known. The offenders mustered in great force, and showed a degree of desperation, which caused serious alarm. Their wages are, unfortunately high, and rye whiskey, still more unfortunately cheap, so that they have little chance of behaving well, or quietly. On the occasion to which I allude, the *navvies* , to the amount of some hundreds, after indulging themselves with an unlimited quantity of their national beverage, agreed with one accord to make themselves merry. The species of recreation which they unanimously

chose, resembled, in some degree, that which, in the Malay language, is called ‘running a muck.’ Maddened with drink, they seized upon every kind of weapon within their reach, and it was soon evident that the indiscriminate slaughter of every well-disposed person whom they might happen to meet, was the end and aim of their intoxicated minds. Strong and decided measures were, of course, immediately taken to put them down, and, with the assistance of a strong body of military, the ringleaders were secured. Eventually, those who had played the most prominent part in the insurrection were, to the number of eighteen, condemned to solitary confinement for life. We were told, that on this occasion, more than a thousand 254 barrels of whisky (the primary cause of all the mischief) were sent floating down the hill-side, to the great grief of the recreant Paddies.

We journeyed on through the second day with no variety in the scenery, and nothing to remark upon, except that the road became worse every moment, and that our heads and limbs were in greater and more imminent danger than ever. In summer weather, this road must be a very pleasant one to travel over, particularly when the thick masses of azalias and rhododendrons are in full bloom, and the innumerable varieties of Alpine flowers are throwing up their brilliant blossoms by the road-side. Such a horticultural treat, during a journey, (the greater part of which is unavoidably performed at a very slow pace,) would almost reconcile one to any *shakes* or discomforts.

We had gone on in so very monotonous a manner for several hours, that we were beginning to lose all interest in what was in itself so *uninteresting* as this stage of our journey, when the carriage suddenly stopped. The sun had just reached his meridian, and after a dull and threatening morning, was peeping out for the first time between his curtains of clouds, when our attention was attracted by this unexpected halt. We looked out, and what a change of prospect was before us! We had emerged from the dark forests, and, to our great 255 surprise, were looking down upon the vast plains beneath us. Far and wide, and on every side, stretched the vast expanse of country: and cultivated lands, and broad shining rivers, and thriving towns, with spires glistening in the sunshine, all were spread, as in a vast panorama, before us. The driver looked into the carriage, and

pointed all these things out to us, and verily, he seemed as proud of the beautiful prospect before him, as is the Italian postilion when he introduces a traveller to his first glimpse of the eternal city.

We were a long time creeping down the long hill to Union Town. The road is beautifully made, throughout the entire descent, but it is nevertheless very steep, and our driver, partly perhaps because the horses were his own, and partly from the admixture of Scotch caution, (for he was from the *canny* side of the Tweed,) tempering the fire of Yankee recklessness, drove very slowly and carefully. The view varied with every turn in the road, and after a while, cottages (picturesque ones, too) by the wayside, became gradually more frequent, and symptoms of civilization increased rapidly. About two o'clock in the afternoon, we entered Union Town, a clean, nice-looking village, for it is as yet nothing more, with quite an English inn at the entrance. We asked for dinner, and they brought us the infallible beefsteak, and the cornbread, 256 the *no* wine, and the offer of new milk. Fresh eggs, however, were plentiful—so we had not, after all, much reason to complain.

We had a very amusing example here, of the power of womankind over the rough people, and also of the habitual respect and deference that is paid them. A stage was stopping to change horses, and when it drew up, we perceived that in its interior was seated a solitary individual. This individual was a gentleman, and we saw, with half a glance, that he was English. He was busily engaged in reading a newspaper, and with his feet comfortably stretched out on the back seat, was paying no attention to external sights and sounds. He was not, however, allowed to enjoy his luxurious solitude long; for immediately after the stage stopped, the master of the inn opened the door of the carriage, and civilly requested him to move to the opposite seat, as some ladies were about to bear him company on the road. The Englishman's face of astonishment and disgust was highly amusing. He stared at his interlocutor, and looked anything but inclined to comply with his request. The innkeeper continued to assure him, in a bland but still peremptory manner, that the move must be made, for that ‘the ladies’ were, on all occasions, to be considered first. This doctrine seemed entirely new to the indignant traveller, who, after keeping silence for

some minutes during the harangue, with a dignity 257 and solemnity worthy of his country, at last broke out with a degree of violence truly insular. He insisted (quite forgetting the country he was in, and apparently carried away by the force of his imagination to his own *purse-ridden* land) that he had engaged the particular place he occupied at Cumberland, that he had paid for it, and would not give it up for any one living. It made him ill, he affirmed, to sit anywhere else, and being an invalid, he required consideration quite as much as any *woman* in the world. His opponent only grew the calmer as the Englishman waxed more violent, and I fear, I must add, *abusive expletives* of anything but a gentle and conciliatory nature, fell thick and fast from his lips, and, by this time, a considerable crowd was collected, (among whom were the bones of contention—namely, the three angular and locomotive females.) We began to watch the contest with considerable interest, though we had little doubt as to what the result would finally be. Our countryman continued perfectly immoveable, and it soon became evident that nothing but a forcible ejectment would have any effect in causing him to quit his place. I quite pitied him, it *was* so difficult, after committing himself in this public manner, and with so many hostile eyes fixed upon him, to concede anything in this advanced stage of the business. He little suspected, poor man! the signal defeat that was in store for him. At length, 258 the Yankee seemed to understand that there was no chance of concession, on the part of his dogged opponent, so he quietly shut up the door of the carriage, saying—'Very well, sir, just as you please; you may stay there from this to eetarnity, for what I care.' Upon this the Englishman, evidently considering that he had obtained the victory, resumed his newspaper, perhaps his feet, and without condescending to cast even a look on the surrounding crowd, wrapped himself up in his studies. In the meantime, we, who were behind the scenes, looked on, and smiled at the ingenious device to which the innkeeper had recourse. Within an almost incredibly short space of time, another *stage* , which stood under a sort of open shed, was made ready for the journey, and the horses, which *were* to have been attached to the carriage in which sat the unsuspicious traveller, were affixed to the vehicle, which it was evident was intended by the treacherous innkeeper to take its place. The passengers were already seated in it, and there still sat the 'Britisher,' in

the enjoyment of his dignified solitude, and perfectly unconscious of the absurdity of his position. A shout of laughter, from the assembled bystanders, at length, compelled him to look up: the stage was on the very point of starting; already had the ‘all right,’ ‘go-a-head,’ been sung out, when perceiving that there was not a moment to be lost, the Englishman, 259 with a degree of moral courage, for which I honoured him, jumped out of his hiding-place, with his pride in his pocket, but with manifest confusion on his brow, and took his place in the contemned ‘back seat,’ amidst screams of laughter from the crowd, who were overjoyed that the Yankee had ‘come 'possum’ over the ‘Britisher.’ I did not envy him his drive with the ‘women scorned,’ during the tedious hours that must elapse before he would arrive at his journey's end.

After resting the horses for a couple of hours, we proceeded through a flat and very unpicturesque country to Brownsville, where we were to pass the night. I have forgotten to mention to you that, during this our last day's journey, we passed by ‘Great Meadows,’ a spot rendered interesting from the fact of its having been the field where Washington was first engaged in battle. His opponents on that occasion were the French, and their allies the Indians. Here it was that, according to history, he first heard the whistling of bullets, and found, as he himself said, ‘something charming in the sound.’ A heap of stones was pointed out to us as Braddock's grave, and this was the only sign or vestige that remained of Fort Necessity, a defence which was erected by Washington, and afterwards abandoned to the Indians. Ninety-three years ago, Washington had marched by nearly the same route over which we had travelled since 260 we left Cumberland. In those early days they had frequently to hack and hew their way through the thick and entirely uncleared forest, and those who have the misfortune to pass over the same mountain road *now* , (when so much has been done to render the way comparatively easy,) can form some slight idea of the difficulties which in those days lay in the path of the advancing army. On the year following that in which this hazardous expedition was undertaken, Washington again traversed the same route. On this occasion, he was aide-de-camp to the unfortunate General Braddock, who was afterwards defeated on the Monongahela River, whilst

marching to the attack of Fort Duquesne. The general, who was mortally wounded in the battle, died three days afterwards at Fort Necessity, and the command of the troops then devolved upon Washington, whose masterly manner of conducting their retreat afforded the first striking evidence of that great military skill and readiness of resources for which he afterwards became so remarkable, and which eventually exercised so mighty an influence on the destinies of his country.

There was something both in the scenery and in the somewhat damp cold of the air, in the neighbourhood of Brownsville, which forcibly brought to my recollection some parts of England, or perhaps I might with greater truth say of *Wales.*

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LETTER XXIII.

SLEEP AT BROWNSVILLE—EMBARK FOR PITTSBURG—COAL—THE BIRMINGHAM OF THE WEST—DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY—ON BOARD THE ALLIQUIPPA STEAMER FOR CINCINNATI—FALL OF SNOW—WATER PRIVILEGES—BIGGRAVE CREEK—INDIAN MOUNDS.

On board 'Consul'—November.

BROWNSVILLE is a most dirty town, dirty with smoke, and coal, and manufactures. It stands on the Monongahela river, across which is thrown rather a handsome bridge. We found our hotel remarkably comfortable. There was no appearance of public dining, ordinaries, or 'ladies' parlour;' and we had a sitting room to ourselves, opening into a pretty and well-kept garden, and a sleeping apartment within it, which was fitted up with every comfort. Our evening meal (*tea* is an important repast with the Americans) consisted of delicious kinds of bread, both corn and wheat, preserves of many sorts, strawberry, apricot, and peach, rich cream, and excellent *tea.* The latter luxury is almost always good in this country. I must not, in this enumeration of 'the delicacies of 262 the season,' forget to mention with respect a sort of pancake, which we had at Brownsville, in the greatest

perfection: it is made of Indian corn, and is brought in very *hot* , and in *relays.* It is, I fancy, called a ‘Johnny cake,’ and is generally eaten with molasses; but it is excellent with fresh butter, and is, I believe, one of the causes of the brevity of human existence here. Our attendant was a neat-handed little damsel of ten years old; she was a pretty intelligent child, and the niece of the landlord. In any other country she would have been still in the nursery, but here, where everything and everybody are precocious, she was head waiter, chambermaid, and, for aught I know to the contrary, housekeeper besides. Her attention to our wants was incessant, and though, like every one else in the country, admitting no difference of ranks, and behaving to us exactly as she would to any decently dressed person of the poorest class, there was nothing offensive in the way she lingered in the room to watch, what evidently appeared to her the magic movements of a crochet needle, or the mysteries of an English workbox. It is surprising how rapidly we grew accustomed to these little republican peculiarities, and how soon we began to understand that, however he may be *disgraced* by an ill-made coat, or a humble occupation, ‘a man's a man for a' that.’

Small pox was very rife in Brownsville and its 263 neighbourhood, and had, in many instances, proved fatal. A great prejudice exists among the poorer classes against vaccination, and this, added to the want of cleanliness, which is very remarkable, of course increases very much both the danger of the disease and its rapid spread through the country. Every one we met in the town of Brownsville had a face more or less begrimed with smoke and coal-dust. Altogether, it reminded me very much of some parts of my own dear country. And the next morning, as we stood upon the wharf, waiting for the steamer that was to convey us down the river, I could have fancied myself in a Staffordshire village, with the dingy-faced coal-workers around me. The situation of Brownsville is very pretty. It stands on the edge of the river, the banks of which are very high and prettily shaped; nor is the stream itself by any means a contemptible one.

It was eight o'clock on the morning of a cold, damp, winter's day, when we stepped on board the ‘Consul,’ a small steamer, which ‘carried the mail,’ and was bound for

Pittsburg, a *great* place, according to the Americans, and called by them (by way of eulogy) the ‘Birmingham of the West.’ We felt directly we embarked, that we were now at the commencement of another stage in our travels. Our land-journeying was for the time over, and we had before us more than two thousand miles of rivers, which were to be traversed by steam power. 264 Already, since we first landed in America, had we compassed about twelve hundred miles by railroad, and altogether it had been done with very little expense, either of convenience or money.

Very miserable and dirty our little steamer was; it was impossible to be on deck a minute without being covered with black specks, or *greased* by some horrid invention in the neighbourhood of the funnel. As to remaining below, no *female* but one born and raised on the land could dream of it for a moment: the alternative was, however, very far from agreeable, as independently of the evils of dirt, grease, and smoke, there were others on deck in the shape of ‘loafing characters,’ whose neighbourhood was decidedly objectionable, and whom at the same time it was difficult to avoid, from the crowded state of the vessel.

The coal excavations on either side of the river, in the high and almost perpendicular hills which skirt it, are extremely curious. These hills are, in fact, the *banks* of the river, and are enriched with coal of a most excellent quality. Throughout the whole way, as we moved along, we noticed, even up to the summits, the great black openings from which the coal is taken. From these dark apertures there extend wide inclined planes, several hundred feet in length, which reach downwards to the level of the river. At the extremity of these sloping *roads* , if such they may be called, are 265 stationed large flat-bottomed boats, into which the useful mineral is precipitated, with but very little cost of money, time, or labour. A vast quantity of coal is thus sent off in these flat-bottomed boats—which are, in fact, a species of raft—to New Orleans, at which place it is now in general use. The voyage thither is by no means quickly performed, as the length of time which is employed in it varies from two to three months. A sort of wooden shanty is built on the raft, and a party of three or four men are generally seen together on the boat in charge of the cargo. These men, like so

many of our own bargemen, are generally lawless, reckless characters, and bear but an indifferent reputation for honesty and the rest of the social duties.

It was late at night, and very dark, when the ‘Consul’ approached the town of Pittsburgh, and I could then see that at night its resemblance to our own great manufacturing city was in some respects not exaggerated, nor its nickname misapplied. Far and wide shone the furnaces in the murky darkness, and brightly blazed the flames, as they shot and streamed upwards, high in air, through many a black chimney of the busy city of Pittsburgh. As we approached the city, the murmuring sounds, peculiar to a thickly-inhabited and manufacturing town, became louder and louder, till, at length, they settled into a confirmed *din* , as VOL. I. N 266 our steamer touched the shore, and was made fast to terra firma.

We had some difficulty in finding our way to the hotel to which we had been directed, and which was in the heart of the city: but we *did* at last contrive to reach it, and were at once convinced that *such* an hotel would not have been out of place in the oldest and dirtiest manufacturing city in the world. It was a great wide-spreading, open-mouthed building, lighted from top to bottom with most unpleasantly smelling gas, and noisy with bustling waiters and flippant chambermaids. We were shown into large lofty gloomy rooms, with dingy red curtains and carpets, and looking as if the dust and dirt with which they were encrusted had been accumulating on them for a century at least. Take that hotel altogether, it was the oldest looking thing *of any kind* I had yet seen in America, and so complete was the illusion contained in the *venerable* sights, sounds, and smells of the place, that I found it difficult to believe I was actually in the *new* city of Pittsburgh on the Monongahala, and not in the ‘Hen and Chickens,’ or some such place in Birmingham or Leeds.

The next day a great part of the illusion was destroyed, and excepting in the matter of dirt and smoke, we were obliged to confess that the inhabitants of Pittsburgh are somewhat premature in arrogating so much importance to themselves. 267 When they compare their town to any of our principal commercial cities, it is evident they are too boastful, for

however much we might be deceived at night by the lurid glare of the furnace fires into an undue respect for the outward merits of the place, we could form a truer opinion when broad daylight brought other things to view. Notwithstanding the reputed prosperity of this rapidly-arisen city, there is very little that is flourishing in its appearance. Business is, of course, carried on to a great extent, but there is not much of the *movement* which generally is observable where its claims are paramount. There are very few carriages in the streets; poor-looking stores, and a generally *untidy* and *neglected* appearance in everything and everybody. All this was what first struck us as we walked through the streets the next day to the steamer. *Some* of the windows in most of the houses were broken, so as to convey a general idea that a 'popular movement' had lately taken place to the detriment of order and glass, and the streets were moreover ill-paved, and many an unseemly gutter running through the town emptied its unpleasant contents into the river. These were our *first* impressions of Pittsburgh, nor did we stay long enough for a chance of being able to correct them, so I give them to you as they were received.

I can, however, speak more favourably of the N 2 268 advantages of Pittsburgh, as far as regards the site on which it has been built, and which are very great as regards *natural* beauty. The town is situated in the angle formed by the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahala rivers, which, when united into *one* , take the name of the *Ohio. Behind* the city, and rising immediately at the outskirts of the town, are a range of hills of considerable elevation, extending from river to river, and enclosing, with the aid of the two above-named rivers, the triangular plain on which the town is built. Here and there, and at small distances from the scene of their daily occupations, are the country *villas* of the rich manufacturers; and on every side, the hills, adorned in many parts with picturesque woods, rise up in 'beautiful confusion,' and prove, both externally and internally, (notwithstanding all that the art of man can do to destroy the works of nature,) that 'earth still fills her lap with treasures of her own.'

There are two bridges across the Alleghany and Monongahala rivers, through which the numerous steamers on each are constantly passing up and down: the roads across these

bridges lead respectively to *Manchester* and *Birmingham.* Behind the latter *village* is *Coal Hill* , which rises several hundred feet above the river. The strata of coal are frequently as much as ten feet in thickness, and are often found at an elevation of three 269 hundred feet above the level of the river. Beneath this there is generally found no *other* stratum, till you get beneath the level of the *bottom* of the river, when the mineral is again discovered.

Pittsburgh has sprung into importance with almost as much rapidity as any other town in the union. Fifteen or twenty years ago it was a mere insignificant village, and now it has a population of forty-five thousand. It is already to North America what our Staffordshire city is to *us* , and it is probably destined at some future period to become the *Birmingham of the world.*

Pittsburgh has communication by water with the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico, and also with the great lakes. Besides the numerous foundries, there are many other manufactories in the city, several of which are of cotton. We were told also that, in the town and its immediate neighbourhood, there are nearly two hundred distilleries.

The day following that of our arrival at Pittsburgh, we took berths in the Aliquippa steamer for Cincinnati, and we expected that we were to be two nights and two days in performing the voyage. There were not many passengers on board, and the captain was a very civil obliging Scotchman; so, in American parlance, we ‘got along’ very well. The food was by no means bad, and the boat a remarkably good and safe one, the only 270 inconvenience and annoyance from which we suffered came in the shape of an old Irishwoman, who insisted on smoking her ‘dudeen’ in the ladies' cabin, and was a serious infliction.

The meals on board the steamers are served in the *grand* saloon, which at other periods is inhabited solely by gentlemen. Within this saloon, and farther *aft* , is the ladies' saloon; within, and all around which, are a series of doors, each opening into what is usually a good-sized berth, containing two sleeping-places. There is another door in these private ‘state-rooms,’ as they are called, which is half glass, and shaded with a muslin curtain.

This door opens upon a balcony or gallery, which extends all round the stern of the vessel, from paddle-box to paddle-box, and forms rather an agreeable walk, except when the stewardess is hanging out the towels to dry, which happens, on a moderate average, sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. It is, however, very important to be able to leave one's berth without the necessity of traversing either the ladies' or gentlemen's saloon. Into the berths which are within the former, or ladies' saloon, husbands alone are admitted, and no unmarried men, even if they have sisters to protect, have the privilege of *entrée.* Into the saloon itself, which is the especial property of the ‘females,’ gentlemen are sometimes admitted, but only on special invitation.

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In the afternoon, and very soon after we left Pittsburgh, it began to snow, and anything more dreary than the aspect of every exterior thing it would be difficult to conceive. We could just imagine, as we gazed at the surrounding prospect through the thickly descending snow-flakes, that in summer it must be beautiful. The river, of which the Americans are so proud, the beautiful Ohio, winds along between high *bluffs* , which are often diversified by gently sloping hills. The bluffs which form so striking a feature in the scenery, rise up at many places abruptly from the water's edge, and are generally covered with noble-looking trees. These stately woods contain almost endless varieties of timber; as oak, walnut, beech, sycamore, maple, and elm, and numberless others, abound there, if we may give credit to a ‘son of the soil,’ who took upon himself to enlighten us on the subject. During the first day we were constantly passing small islands, none of which were cultivated, and all appearing as if they were occasionally subject to submersion.

For the first ninety miles of our river journey, and till we had passed Wheeling, the navigation was rendered very difficult from the shallowness of the water, and the frequency of the *bars* which stretch across it. There is generally, between the bluffs and the river, a narrow strip of land, and on these strips, (the most chosen spots in the world 272 for fever and ague,) one is almost certain to see a new settlement. The Americans who make up their minds to find a ‘new home,’ are so partial to the immediate

neighbourhood of *water* , that they will forego every other advantage, and even run the risks of sacrificing the health and lives of themselves and their families, rather than give up the immense benefit of water privileges. There have been instances known where men have lost, (through the terrible fever of the country,) *every child* , and yet, after digging a grave for them with their own trembling and feverish hands, have continued by choice to struggle on with disease and difficulty in the very clearing where their families have found an early grave.

The names of the new settlements are frequently characteristic, as they often recall to one's mind the species of animal which had been dispossessed of his home when the white man came into the wilderness. Our pilot named to us, amongst others, the following, ‘Beaver,’ ‘Fish,’ ‘Turkey,’ ‘Possom,’ and ‘Racoon Creeks.’ There are not wanting, also, appellations which bring before one's imagination the long past days, when the aborigines of the country lived and flourished. Of ‘Indian Creeks’ there was no deficiency, and occasionally the original name was retained in the Indian language. About ten miles below Wheeling 273 is ‘Big Grave Creek,’ so called from an enormous mound which is here visible, and which is supposed to have been raised by the former inhabitants of this continent. We were informed that this mound is forty rods in circumference, and seventy-five feet in height. On the summit is an area perfectly smooth and level, and of about sixty feet in diameter, with a large and deep concavity in the centre. From this hollow space, bones and other relics are said to have been taken. Though there can be no doubt that the Indians *did* use these tumuli as burying places, it is now gene rally admitted by geologists that these remarkable mounds, (the origin of which has been attributed to so many causes,) are not the work of human hands. The supposition that they were raised by the Indians as fortresses, in case of attack from hostile tribes, is, in these days, considered ridiculous; and it is now ascertained beyond a doubt, that these natural monuments owe their origin to a higher power, even to that which laid the foundations of the world from the beginning. On this subject, I fancy, the wise men of the west have ceased to differ, and it appears, even on a cursory view, so simple a solution of the mystery, that the rivers,

in their tumultuous course, forming eddies n particular places, should *necessarily* have shaped the alluvial deposits into the form they now bear, N 3 274 that one almost wonders their real origin should have been the subject of so much controversy. That the Indians should choose these elevated spots, both for burial grounds for their dead, and for places of safety for their fighting ‘braves,’ is not surprising, though it is equally certain that the red man's hand was never employed in their formation.

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LETTER XXIV.

ARRIVAL AT CINCINNATI—IMPROVEMENT IN AMERICAN MANNERS—THE CITY DESCRIBED—MISS L—AND THE INVALID—GERMAN SETTLERS—LEGIONS OF PIGS—PROFITABLE ARTICLE OF TRADE—LADIES' ORDINARY—DEPARTURE FROM CINCINNATI—THE BRIDE—INCREASE OF POPULATION IN OHIO AND KENTUCKY—ESCAPE OF SLAVES INTO THE FREE STATES—THE IRISH IN AMERICA.

board ‘Ben Franklin,’ on the Ohio—November.

WE passed two nights on board the ‘Consul,’ and were not sorry when the morning sun showed us we were approaching Cincinnati. No one can help admiring the beauty of the spot on which has been built ‘The Empire City of the West,’ for it is all that can be desired for such a purpose. Imagine a valley about twelve miles in circumference, surrounded by hills clothed with fine trees, and intersected by the beautiful Ohio, which, winding through the centre of the rich plain, divides the state of Ohio from that of Kentucky. A portion of the town of Cincinnati is built on the low ground, but it also extends high 276 up on the hills, which are everywhere enlivened with the white houses of the suburban villas.

In many of the streets (as at Philadelphia) there are rows of trees planted between the carriage road and the trottoir. When we consider that the utmost limit we can give to the *age* of Cincinnati is fifty years, we may well acknowledge that it is a wonderful city for its

‘time of life.’ Fifty years ago, the Empire City was in its infancy, and now within its limits fifty thousand souls draw the breath of life.

The first thing we did after landing, was to hire a carriage, and drive at once to the highest ground, in order to obtain as comprehensive a view as possible of the town and adjacent country. The first object that arrested our attention, as we ascended the main street, was Mrs. Trollope's Bazaar. It is very near the Broadway Hotel, and is pointed out with a *little* triumph, as one of the lions (for its absurdity) of the place. This signal failure in speculation, and consequent cause (according to the Americans) of a great deal of bitterness and uncomfortable feeling on the part of its clever, but certainly misguided foundress, is a sort of *Moorish* building, of a very fanciful and *gingerbread* description. As a fancy bazaar, it never answered, and is now made use of in various ways. From the number of ‘Doctors’ names, which we saw engraved on the entrance door, we imagined that ‘Trollope's 277 Folly,’ as it is called, has become the emporium of pills and draughts, instead of perfumes and delicate ‘dry goods.’

Mrs. Trollope, and her entertaining writings, form a frequent subject of conversation among Americans, especially when they meet with English people. In Cincinnati this was particularly to be remarked, and no wonder, as it was the theatre of her unsuccessful operations, and also that from which she drew the lively description of life and manners, under which the Americans have so greatly smarted. It would be, perhaps, *stretching a point* to say that Mrs. Trollope is *popular* in America, but at the same time I feel convinced that, were she to revisit the American continent, her reception in the States would not be an unpleasant one. Truth is very rarely palateable, and no one who has chanced to have been in the United States at the period of Mrs. Trollope's visit, can altogether deny the justice of many of her remarks, or the truth of most of her descriptions. Both people and things have, however, changed in this country since those days, and the improvement in their manners and habits of life has been rapid and great. Of this the Americans are *as* fully aware, as that *for* such improvement there was no inconsiderable need; and I consider it no mean proof of their candour that they date their advance in refinement from

the appearance of 278 Mrs. Trollope's most entertaining work on the ‘Domestic Manners of the Americans.’

Cincinnati is certainly on the whole a very fine city, but like many others in America, there is a great want of uniformity in the buildings, and a considerable deficiency of the public edifices sufficiently grand to attract the attention of the traveller. There seemed to be plenty of business carrying on in the stores, and there was no want of movement in the streets, but the former lacked everything like elegance and beauty of display, and the crowds in the latter seemed too much wrapped up in the weighty concerns of business to have much leisure to *waste* on the thoughts of dress or deportment. Before dinner we were ushered into the ‘ladies' parlour,’ in which we found (rather an uncommon sight here) a gentleman sitting alone. *Sitting* , however, he was not, for he was lying at full length on the sofa, wrapped in a large cloak, and an interesting *halo* of invalidism thrown round his person. The *person* only was in fault, for unfortunately the usually touching state of convalescence failed to throw any interest round an invalid who was short and stout, and moreover was neither young nor good-looking. Having nothing better to do, we amused ourselves with watching the new variety of ‘human natur’ before us. He was apparently wrapped up and absorbed in the expectation of some important coming event, 279 for he was constantly extending his languid hand to ring the bell, and when it was answered, he invariably asked the same question of the ‘help’—namely, when it was likely that Mrs. and Miss L—were expected *in.*

As time wore on, he began to wax extremely impatient, and, though he occasionally broke through the tedium of suspense by crawling to the looking-glass and settling his collar and brushing up his wig by its friendly aid, it was apparent from the rapid changes of his complexion that the sickness of hope deferred was making dreadful havoc within him. At length, and to my infinite relief, for I was growing somewhat wearied of the wanderings and ponderings of the çi-devant jeune homme, a fine handsome girl bounced in, with a noise and a fracas which, in the delicate circumstances of the case, I confess I thought rather unfeeling. She seized the invalid's shaking hands with both hers, and wringing them

violently, exclaimed, ‘My! Mr. B—, how glad we shall be to see you about again. Didn't we nurse you first-rate? If ever you feel like sickness again, you come to the Broadway hotel, and we'll fix you right away.’ Then followed a recapitulation of the delicate attentions which had been paid to this thrice happy individual while suffering from a brain fever, during which, to use his own expression, he felt like dying. The trials he had endured, 280 and the attentions he had received, were dwelt upon so long, that the poor man grew perfectly bewildered with the excess of his gratitude. The young lady was really a magnificent specimen of full-blown beauty, fair and rosy, and though perhaps rather too much inclined to *embonpoint* , carrying it off well with plenty of height and a great deal of activity. The fair boarder (for such she was) was evidently the reigning *belle* of Cincinnati, and by way of enlivening the invalid, with whom, notwithstanding his age and infirmities, she was coquetting in a most unmerciful manner, she described with great *gusto* a ball which, on the previous night, had been given by the élite of Cincinnati society. At this ball she had, by her own account, demonstrated great powers of endurance. ‘You wont realize it, I dare say, Mr. B—,’ said this *delicate* young lady; ‘but I tell you I danced the polka *till I hadn't a dry thread about me.* ’ ‘Possible!’ was the only remark made to this singular boast by the devoted listener, who, notwithstanding his evident adoration, was apparently beginning to sink under her amazing volubility. At last, and after many hopes expressed of meeting again soon, the *visitress* pulled a splendid and very bridal-looking veil over her face, and a pair of white gloves on her hands, and with a broad stare round the room, bounced out of it as noisily as she had entered. As I was preparing to make 281 my exit, a few minutes afterwards ‘l'enfant cheri des dames’ lifted up his languid head, and addressed me thus —‘Now, ma'am, isn't that young lady about the most beautiful female you ever saw?’ I pretended not to hear the remark, and made my escape, leaving him to his reverie and his recollections.

A great proportion of the inhabitants of Cincinnati are Germans; there are many names from *Deutshland* above the shop doors, and an inn is as frequently a *Gast Haus* as an hotel. It would hardly be believed to what extent the German settlers in the New World

contrive to lose all their proverbial love of their *Fatherland.* Not only are they *more* eager and willing to become naturalized citizens of their new country than any other people, but they are always the *most* ready to reprobate the institutions of the government to which they once professed allegiance, and to heap abuse on what they call the *slavery* of the country they have disowned.

We are told that Cincinnati is *the* great commercial city of the west, and there are certainly manufactories in it of every sort and kind; including cotton, woollen, hardware, and dry goods of every description. Most of the western steamboats are built here, and, turn whichever way you will, you are certain to hear the voice of the busy monster, *steam* , either clanking its machinery, or 282 puffing and snorting with high pressure engines, on the river.

But of all the sights and sounds which make themselves seen and heard at Cincinnati, those which arise from the presence of the swinish multitude strike the stranger with the greatest astonishment. It is, literally speaking, a *city of pigs* , and in consequence, the sobriquet of *Porkopolis* is nearly as frequently used, when speaking of the Empire City, as the more euphonious name by which it is known in the maps and guide books. The immense extent to which pigs do here preponderate may be in some degree guessed, when I tell you that they are slain by *thousands* in the day. Alive and dead, whole and divided into portions, their outsides and their insides, their grunts and their squeals, meet you at every moment; and thus, in some shape or other, you fall in with swine and swine's flesh throughout the livelong day.

Hoping to escape for awhile from these ugly inhabitants of the town, we took a second drive into the country, but, alas, on the suburban road their name might truly be called Legion! We met the unclean beasts by hundreds, grunting along under the very wheels of our carriage, and, in the true spirit of monopolizing stupidity, endeavouring to keep the whole of the road to themselves. We thought to make matters better, by looking *down* from the heights on which we were driving, but 283 there they were again! In *pens* , and

all ready for the knife of the pig-killer, there were crammed together whole herds of swine; nor could we turn our eyes on either side of the road without being horrified at the sight of slaughter-houses, in which doomed pigs were feeding, and that on aliment of a kind the most revolting that the imagination can conceive. All these offensive sights marred the beauty of the country road, and sent us home thoroughly disgusted, and almost ready to register a vow that the flesh of the unholy animal should never be tasted by us more.

You will think that the grunting creatures of the Empire City have so impressed themselves on my mind, that they have become an *idée fixé* , and so in truth they have; nor can I hope to forget them till I have something more than an ‘ounce of civet,’ with which to sweeten my imagination. Those horrible Cincinnati pigs! Horrible when living, and nearly as atrocious when death has claimed them for his own! We could not look into a warehouse in the street without being agonized by the sight of thousands of dead corpses, heaped and piled upon one another, up to the ceiling—all singed and white, and cold looking. There they lay, huddled together without any regard to decency, or any consideration for the feelings of the survivors. There were hundreds and thousands of barrels lying before the doors, 284 all of which contained pickled pork, and all tightly packed and ready for exportation. In short, what with the universal announcement over every third house, that ‘tripe and pigs' feet were to be had within,’ and the confirmed fact that every third person you meet is unquestionably a pig merchant, who can wonder that the impression made upon the mind of a foreigner by the general aspect of Cincinnati, is of a most material, and far from romantic nature?

The salt pork used in the English navy, is supplied in a great measure from this monster piggery; but it is only of late years that this has been the case. The English ‘provision merchants’ who engaged in this branch of traffic, found, for a considerable period after the undertaking was commenced, that the pork supplied by them did not give satisfaction, being neither well packed, nor properly *cut up.* At one time it was almost feared that the speculation, which promised to be so lucrative, would, in consequence of this unlooked for misfortune, be pronounced *not to answer* , and that the idea of disembarking pigs from

their head quarters of Porkopolis must be abandoned altogether. The thought, however, happily suggested itself, that it would be wise to try the experiment of sending out *packers* , and *cutters* and *hewers* , from home. This was, accordingly, done; Paddy was brought over from Cork or Liverpool, and the 285 American artists having learnt to *fix* the pigs in the most approved manner for the English market, the useful creatures are now become a most flourishing branch of trade, and one which mainly tends to keep up the wealth and importance of the city of Cincinnati.

The ladies' dinner, which was not considered as exclusively that of the fairer sex, was very amusing at Cincinnati. The repast in itself differed but little from those to which we had been accustomed at the ordinaries in more northern cities. There was always a large turkey, with a considerable quantity of greasy stuff about it, which is called dressing, and I remarked that every one who ate of the bird particularly requested to have a ‘side bone.’ I sometimes fancied they imagined a turkey to be an *octagon* , at least. There were innumerable little homœpathic specimens of the culinary art reposing in saucers, and ate of by the ladies alone, and lastly, a very little piece of soft and nondescript pudding (also in a saucer) was placed before each guest, and then the dinner was over, and every one rose suddenly and retired.

Directly opposite to our accustomed seat, sat the Polking Beauty of Porkopolis. Impossible to do justice to her vivacious coquetries, or to the admiring responses of the sentimental pig merchants who swelled her triumphant train. She looked as happy as beauty, youth, fine clothes, and 286 the admiration she excited could make her; and when, on the last day of our stay, we left the dinner, table to repair on board the ‘Ben Franklin’ steamer, there still sat the fair Miss L—, as gay, as lovely, and (I must say the word) as *rowdy* as ever.

The ‘Ben Franklin’ was to convey us (in company with a good many other passengers) to Louisville; she was a fast boat but remarkably uncomfortable, and our first meal on board, among a crowd of hungry feeders, was an unhappy mixture of tea and supper, and

not an agreeable repast, take it altogether. After supper was ended, those who had the *entrée* of the ladies' saloon returned to it, and then, and not till then, I perceived in a retired place, and evidently shrinking from observation, the blooming boarder of the Broadway Hotel! She was not alone, for a gentleman (evidently her *husband* , and *not* one of the Porkopolian *lions*) was paying her a vast deal of conjugal attention. The truth of the matter was soon apparent. It was a runaway match, and the fugitives from parental authority had hid themselves in some obscure corner of the vessel till such time as a considerable portion of the Ohio river should be interposed between them and their probable pursuers. The *knot* was, however, safely tied; the deed (as I afterwards learnt) having been done 287 three days before; in short, on the very morning of her cruel flirtation with the elderly invalid. That splendid veil had not been put on for nothing, nor had the white gloves been without their use. The fair bride was bound for St. Louis, so we saw but little more of her, but we quite agreed with the stout but unfortunate gentleman above named, that she *was one* of the most beautiful *females* we had ever seen, and it appeared that her independence of character fully kept pace with her personal charms.

The Ohio at Cincinnati is of considerable width, and runs between the State of Ohio and the much more interesting one of Kentucky. We greatly regretted that we had not time to visit that beautiful State, and all its great and natural wonders. To a person fond of farming, Kentucky offers great attractions, and the lover of the picturesque would find endless subjects for admiration; the Mammoth Caves alone would, I imagine, repay the exertions of a traveller coming many long miles to see them. From the description I have received from eyewitnesses, these celebrated eaves, which are about seventy miles from Cincinnati, are of an extent, the immense amount of which is even yet unknown. It is said, that for *three hundred miles* you can travel underground through, and over, the various *roads, paths* , and *rivers* which nature, and 288 nature alone, has formed in this wondrous subterranean world! The climate in the eaves is so mild, and so perfectly equable, that invalids, even in the worst stages of consumption, are frequently sent to them by the advice of their medical attendants, in order to prolong, by a few more weeks

or months, their melancholy and hopeless existence. I knew one poor suffering lady, who was recommended, as a last resource, to try the *air* of the Mammoth Caves. She was in a deep decline, and had long been perfectly aware that her days were numbered. Her reply to the physicians was, ‘Let me not be buried alive, and before my time; the short period that is left me on earth would (if I followed your advice) be nearly valueless to me. No, let me enjoy, while I can, the breezes of the upper air, and breathe my last with sunshine and daylight around me.’

We have now *steamed round* nearly two sides of the great State of Ohio, the river forming its boundary, on the east and south, for about four hundred miles, and dividing it from the Slave States of Virginia and Kentucky. During these many miles of river navigation, we had ample opportunities of verifying the remarks made by so many travellers on the widely different aspect of the country on each side of the Ohio, and of drawing unprejudiced comparisons between the 289 appearance of the Free and that of the Slave States. The *difference* is certainly very remarkable, and nowhere are the advantages of employing free labour (where the climate will admit of its being done) so apparent as they are here. Ohio became a State of the Union several years after Kentucky had been incorporated with it, and *now* the population of the former is just double that of ‘Old Kentuck.’ You will ask the probable reason of this disproportionate increase. It is because emigrants will not venture to settle in a State where they have a chance of coming into competition *as labourers* with slaves. Kentucky possesses advantages fully equal to those of Ohio. (I might, perhaps, say even greater) in regard to soil and climate, yet, notwithstanding this, so much more extensive has been the emigration to the latter State, that its population amounts to a million and a half, and labouring hands are so abundant that the farmer, in most parts of the country, can hire (whenever he requires it) an industrious, hard-working German at half a dollar a day, and frequently even for lower wages.

The people of Kentucky are so fully awake to these advantages, that they are now, I believe, quite unanimous in their desire that slavery should be abolished in their State. I understand that, on one occasion, ten or fifteen years ago, this VOL. I. O 290 desirable

consummation was all but effected, when, at the eleventh hour, some difficulties were raised on the part of the *free* States, which caused the scheme to be abandoned. If the curse of slavery were once removed, there is no doubt that the prosperity of Kentucky would soon equal, or perhaps surpass, that of any other State in the Union; white labourers would then be plentiful, and the owners of the soil would no longer be impoverished by the numerous idlers in the shape, both of what are *supposed* to be *working* negroes, and also of old and incompetent slaves whom they are now obliged to support. I am told that some of the large slave-owners in the southern parts of Kentucky and Tennessee are beginning to employ their slaves in manufactures, and that they have now two or three cotton and woollen factories, which are in successful operation.

As may be supposed, the Abolitionists on the north bank of the Ohio, do not fail to take advantage of their favourable position; on the contrary, their efforts towards advancing the cause of freedom are great and unceasing. It is owing to this, and to their constantly endeavouring to induce the slaves to run away from their owners, that so strong a feeling of jealousy and dislike is felt between the two States. The running away of slaves into the free State of Ohio is not nearly so common an event 291 *now* , as it formerly was, and many causes have conspired together to put a stop to it. Among others, I may instance the fact, that those very advocates of freedom who induced the poor deluded negro to attempt his escape from bondage, frequently gave him up again themselves *to justice* for the sake of the high reward, which is always offered for ‘runaway negroes.’ Sometimes, a fate still worse awaited them, for there are not wanting miscreants, who are base and cruel enough, to persuade the blacks to escape with them to Texas, and there (or perhaps in the still more lawless state of Arkansas) to sell them again for their own profit. The Kentucky slaves are, at length, beginning to understand that their condition is not so bad but that it might be worse, and *that* even in their fancied paradise, the *Free* States, they might find cause to regret the land of their bondage. After all, I verily believe that their owners are more to be pitied than themselves.

Though, as may naturally be supposed, emigrants will not resort from preference to a Slave State, yet it has been found that when their lot happens to be cast there, they do not, at least in the northernmost Slave States, consider themselves as degraded in the social scale, by consenting to work with the black labourer. We saw them toiling willingly together, and I have reason to believe 292 that it is only on the large plantations in the south that an insurmountable prejudice against such an approximation exists.

Kentucky is a great agricultural county, and there are many Scotch and Irish farmers located on its rich lands, all of whom are ‘going-a-head’ at a great rate. We made many inquiries as to the state of feeling towards the Old Country, which prevailed among these prosperous settlers. From all we could gather, we came to the conclusion (and that with great regret) that the English and Scotch emigrants, when ‘well to do,’ are very far (generally speaking) from cherishing any warm feeling for, or sentimental recollection of, the land of their birth. One of their great aims seems to be to *swamp* all memory of their former lot, and to deny their country altogether. As to their countrymen, they endeavour to lose sight of *them* as much as possible, particularly if they are less well off as to this world's goods than themselves, and, in short, they give up their nationality as far as it is in their power to do so, at once and for ever. With the Irish, who come out to this country, the case is widely different. Paddy is never known to show a cold shoulder to a former friend, or to disown a compatriot, however poor and destitute. He is, even when thousands of miles away, proud of his own green island, while 293 living, and when death cuts him short, in the midst of his rye-whisky and his waggery, his mortal remains are followed to their (probably impromptu) burial-place by all the Irishmen in the neighbourhood, and he gets an ‘ *iligant* wake,’ even in the distant country where his own improvidence, and Ireland's misfortunes have induced him to seek a home.

END OF VOL. I.

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